

ROLLO *in* Hawaii



By
Max Nodaway

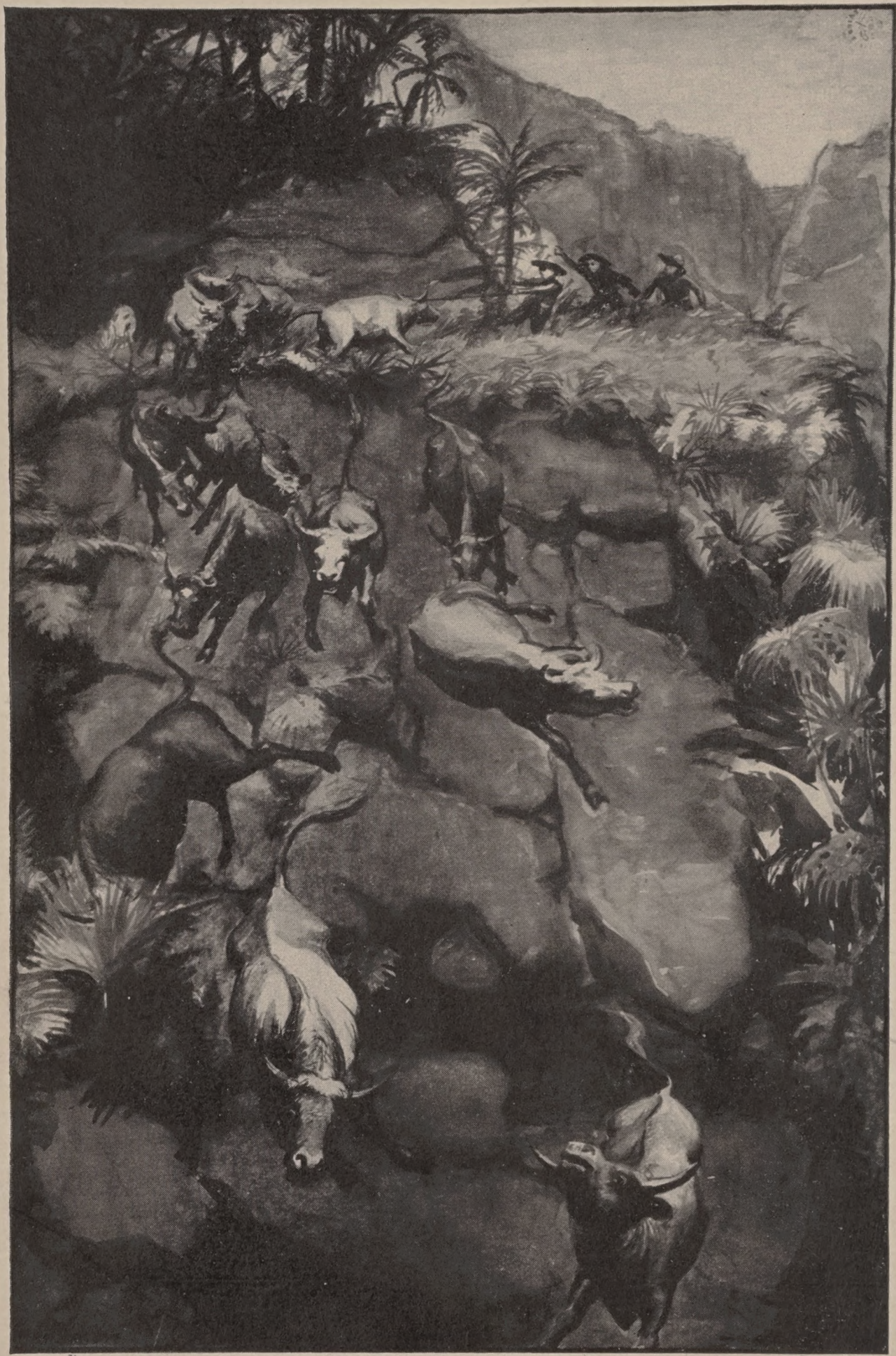


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Desperate and insane Stampede of Wild Cattle down a Sheer Precipice, 200 feet into the Canyon below.—The Mountain Jungles of Hawaii are noted. Many localities abound in Wild Bullocks, Boar and Goats.

A Romance: Thrilling, Instructive, Entertaining.


Rollo in Hawaii

BY

Max Nodaway

A Tale of Thrilling Adventures, amid Volcanoes, Fire
Fountains and Tropical Wonderlands; into which
is woven a vivid description of those Mystic
Isles, where Fire and Water have built
up a Delirium of Chaos and Beauty.

Profusely Illustrated



Chicago
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1908

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PRONUNCIATION OF POLYNESIAN LANGUAGES.

A very simple rule: Give the vowels the broad Italian sound as in the word America: viz.: Ah-may-ree-kah. By this you can pronounce correctly nearly every Hawaiian word. The Hawaiian alphabet has 12 letters;—a-e-i-o-u-h-k-l-m-n-p-w. O and U have their simple sounds, as in Lulu and Nora. There are two diphthongs, the words Mai and Kau being pronounced as the English My and Cow. The consonants have their usual simple sounds. W at the beginning of a word or before two vowels has the sound of w in our word way. In a final syllable before a single vowel it has the V-sound. Nearly all words are accented on the penult. All syllables end in a vowel.

ROLLO IN HAWAII.

CHAPTER I.

The Wreck of the Chinese Smuggler.—Boomguy Translates from the Strange Diary.—Who was the Mysterious Princess Minelulu?—Barney Tells a Weird Tale.—The Clipper Fay Yan is "Blown into Toothpicks."



FOR six days the good ship Wanga Wanga ploughed its way southwesterly through the sparkling waves of the Pacific Ocean, toward the region of coral reefs and cocoanut groves. Each day the trade winds blew fresher and warmer from the northeast, and each night the Pole Star sank lower and lower. Then the Southern Cross peeped up with its diamond studded crucifix from the Southern horizon, and the air became soft and balmy.

"This is very jolly," exclaimed Rollo, "let us sing—

" 'A life on the ocean wave;
A home on the rolling deep,' "

"And I'll warble in the rest of it," returned Russell:

" 'Where the pollywogs wiggle their tails,
And the water's only three feet deep.' "

"*Sail-ho! a wreck!*" yelled the watch in the crow's nest of the foremast.

"Where away?" shouted Captain Semmes.

"On the lee-bow,—black hull;—two masts gone by the board;—no one at the helm;—looks like a Chinaman."

"A floater b' gosh!" exclaimed the first mate, examining the strange craft through his spyglass. "Ah! there's the name on her after gables;—'*Clipper Fay Yan, Hong Kong.*' I've seen her in Honolulu harbor, more'n once. Always something suspicious about that craft, and now, like a crowing hen, she's come to a bad end."

"Hard a port your helm!" shouted Captain Semmes; "run her two cable-lengths to windward of the old fossil. Mr. Bates, take a couple of kegs of powder and a fuse aboard the Chinee, and blow her into toothpicks and shoepegs. She'll send some good ship to the bottom if left here;—right square on the route between 'Frisco and Honolulu."

"Aye, aye, sir," returned the mate; "we'll waltz her into Davy Jones locker in just two jerks of a porpus tail."

"He makes no more ado about destroying a thousand ton clipper, than he would in splitting a basket of kindling wood," remarked Mr. Hadley.

As they approached the derelict, a sudden idea flashed into Rollo's head. "Russell," he exclaimed, "if we could get some relic of this smuggler of Cathay, what a splendid addition to our museum; a Chinese logbook, or a volume of Confucius, for instance."

"Capital scheme, Rollo; ask Mr. Bates; he's been very friendly to us since we left 'Frisco."

"Can't do it, gents," returned the mate briskly, as Rollo made his request. "Got no time to play P. T. Barnum; not *this trip*. But you're welcome to jump in, if your Guv'ner's willing, and scour the ship for your own bric-a-brac."

Rollo and Russell glanced at their uncle, and he nodded assent. In a twinkling they tumbled into the boat, together with several seamen. Mr. Bates handed them an extra pair of oars, and the little craft went down on a run from the davits. In ten minutes they were climbing

into the cabin of the unlucky Fay Yan, by a hawser hanging from her stern.

"There's been devilish work here," exclaimed the mate after a brief examination of the wreck. "Lockers stove in, and the captain's desk broken into bits with an ax; the ship's safe blown open with gunpowder; everything valuable removed. Even the logbook and ship's papers are destroyed. I found the remains of them burned to a crisp in the stove of the caboose."

"Mr. Bates," said one of the seamen, "the hold is half full of water and more coming in steadily. She'll go to the bottom of herself inside of a fortnight. The Chinese crew have hacked the big beams almost in two, all over the craft. Looks as if they wor hunting for hidden swag of some kind. The old tub will go to pieces of her own free will in the first Kona storm."

"Don't you believe it, Jim," spoke up another seaman; "she's half junk and half clipper. Not enough iron in her to sink her below the gunnels. The spikes wouldn't load a bobtailed howitzer. Them hacks in her beams point straight to *opium*, sir. I know something about it: sailed two seasons in a smuggler myself. The young one's got some'at to show you, Mr. Bates."

"Only a little blank book," returned Russell, handing it to the mate. "I felt something hard in the mattress, and cut this out. It must have been a lady's state-room; ribbons and hairpins laying around, and a bright colored Mother Hubbard hanging in the locker."

"What the mischief is this language?" mused Mr. Bates, scanning the written pages. "Javanese—Tagalog,—Maori—? No; I know the earmarks of all those lingos."

"I'll wager it's Hawaiian," said Rollo. "I counted the letters,—only twelve; outside of the English words."

"Here, Boomguy," continued Mr. Bates, "you're a heathen Sandwich. Bear a hand to unravel this yarn."

"Sure, boss," returned the Kanaka seaman. "I read you; listen!"

"Moku Fay Yan, July 15th, 19—

"Ua haalele makou i ka pae aina o Kina i ka ponei. Hauoli launa-ole kuu naau, i ka hoi ana i o Hawaii, kuu aina hanau. Makena no hoi kuu aloha ia oe, e ka malu ulu o Lele. Ua piha kuu pepeiao me na kini kini lealea o ka Molokai Bell, a me na mele pupu-kamiohe o Waimanu. Eia no wau ke hoi mai la, e kuu makua aloha. Ke hoi pu me au kahi Barney kuu hoa aloha nui. Pa mai! Pa mai! ka Makani o Hilo."

"Now, what does all that zig-zag Choctaw mean?" demanded the mate.

"Like this, boss," returned Boomguy, translating into broken English.

"Ship Fay Yan, July 15th.

"We have leave the land of China last night. My heart is full joy, because I go home to Hawaii, my birth country. Oh! how my soul is full of love for you. Oh! shades under the breadfruit trees of Lahaina. My ears are ring with the sweet peals of the College bell of Molokai. I listen full of happiness for the flute notes of the land shells in Waimanu (Valley of sweet songbirds.) I am coming, oh! Motherland; and with me Barney, the dear friend of my heart. Then blow, blow, blow, ye gentle winds of Hilo."

A murmur of admiration escaped the lips of the rough sailors.

"Bravo!" exclaimed Bates. "She was a poet, too, and no mistake. Let's see; left China, July 15th, bound for Honolulu. Not the captain's wife; for she had a lover on board, an Irishman. Educated too, for she can write English. Here's what she wrote last, hand all a tremble."

"Oh! God help us! the captain and white crew have



“When the night was hot they lay on deck like so many hogs. With my disguise I passed through them, like a fox among a flock of sheep.”



Barney was discovered insensible, only five minutes before the Smuggler Ship was blown into fragments. "There he is," exclaimed Russell. "He's alive; pull him out gently."

disappeared. The Chinese sailors are acting like madmen, chopping the inside of the Fay Yan into pieces. What does it mean? They have tied Barney hand and foot in the captain's stateroom, and keep me prisoner. Later—It is two o'clock in the morning. They tell me the hulk is leaking and will soon sink; that Barney is *dead!*—jumped overboard. *I don't believe it;* he's too smart for them all. Hush! they are coming after me. Oh! you who find and read this, save for me my Barney, and bring him back to his

Minelulu of Paliuli."

"Now for the kegs of powder and fuse," ordered the mate.

"Russell," whispered Rollo, "while they're getting ready to blow her up, let's make one more round. Put your ear to every panel and knock hard!"

"I'm with you," returned Russell. "If that young fellow is left here on board, he'll be blown into eternity in twenty minutes."

They had made the range of the whole ship again,—cabins, forecastle, between decks, and even re-explored the waterlogged hold.

"Do you suppose those water breakers are all full?" said Russell pointing to a row of hogsheads, lashed along the deck to the gunwales.

"Everyone. Boomguy kicked them all," he said.

Rollo gave a push to the one nearest the middle of the row.

"It's empty and moves!" he cried; "bring a capstan bar, and we'll stave in the head."

"There he is," exclaimed Russell, as the end of the big barrel fell in. "He's alive! pull him out gently."

The inmate of the empty breaker was nearly insensible, but revived in the air, and sat up dreamily to drink from

a cocoanut shell, which Rollo filled with water and brought to his lips.

"We are your friends," said Russell; "where are the captain and the white men?"

"Gone! all but me," returned the young man, closing his eyes again. "I wouldn't leave Minelulu. Where's them haythen Chinees?"

"Evidently they've disappeared too," returned Rollo, "and taken the girl with them. What's your name?"

"Barney Morrissey," he replied, very faintly.

"Hurry up, boys," cried Mr. Bates from below; "in five minutes we'll touch off the fuse."

"Hold on there!" yelled Rollo. "We've found the Irishman. Bear a hand, Boomguy; we'll put him in the boat."

Barney essayed to rise, but failing in the effort, fell insensible in a heap on the deck. The boys carried him to the stern, where Boomguy, grasping the limp form with his right arm, was lowered by them into the boat.

Ten minutes later, just as the boat was raised over the gunwales of the Wanga Wanga, the whole deck, the cabins and interior works of the fated Fay Yan shot up into the air with a terrific explosion. Then with a grating sound as the timbers rumbled together, the hulk broke in two, and went down with a groan that sounded almost human.

"Smuggling ships, like whistling girls, will come to some bad end," remarked Captain Semmes.



The Crew was drunk with Saké. "So when the drunken bastards took after me wid their knives and hatchets one night, I jumps overboard and makes as if I wor a drowning, by splashing an' yelpin' in the water."

CHAPTER II.

A Sudden Eruption of the Volcano.—The River of Red-Hot Lava Three Miles Wide.—Mauna Loa 144 times as Large as Vesuvius.—They Decide to Visit it; Rollo and Russell Get Busy.



HE reader may wonder what brought Rollo and Russell so far into the Pacific; we will go back a few days, and recount the events leading up to the blowing up of the mysterious smuggler ship.

"Rollo," said his uncle, "while I am getting these letters ready to mail to your father and mother in the East, find the Daily Chronicle and read what it says today about the new eruption of Mauna Loa; you called my attention to the early report last week."

"Yes, sir," said Rollo, "and I've been posting up a little at the library about Hawaii;—a wonderful country. I bought two books about the group at Cunningham's yesterday:—'Six months in the Sandwich Islands,' by Isabella Bird, and 'Life in Hawaii,' by the missionary, T. Munson Coan. Oh! here's quite an article in the paper this morning. Listen!"

"'Honolulu, Oct. 3rd (by wireless from Hilo). The outbreak of the volcano is assuming proportions that indicate an eruption of unusual activity. After weeks of severe shaking Mauna Loa has broken out in two places, and two lava flows are in progress on opposite sides of the mountain. The most dangerous of these issued from

a huge crack that opened in the flank of Mauna Loa in the densest part of the forest back of Kau, and plunged down over the plains in a few hours, reaching the sea the next day. It swept over Captain Brownson's beautiful ranch, destroying more than a thousand head of horses, cattle and goats. At one point this river is three miles wide. So sudden was the fiery inundation that Captain Brownson and family barely escaped by hard running across the valley Waipaa, a few minutes after the vast titanic fissure opened.'"

"Wait a bit, Rollo; call in your cousin Russell from his room. I want him to be interested too; for he may visit Hawaii some day."

"Not until old Vulcan pulls down his blinds and closes up business in the Sandwiches," said Russell, suddenly entering the room. "I was listening as Rollo read. Just imagine us three,—coat tails standing out straight behind, legging it like jackrabbits for the seaside, and a red-hot Mississippi roaring along close behind us. Excuse *me*."

"And yet," said Rollo, "in this book of Mr. Coan's, with many chapters on his volcano adventures, there is hardly any mention of loss of life. The island is so big,—four thousand square miles—that there is plenty of room for both the population and the eruptions. Now listen, here's more of the same kind."

"On Wednesday night, a large incandescent spot, as dazzling as the sun, suddenly appeared at the summit of Mauna Loa, fifty miles away. This illuminated the great valley and table lands between Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea with almost the brilliancy of sunshine. A telephone message from the upper station of Sam Parker's ranch, nine thousand feet elevation on Mauna Kea, reported that a lava stream could be seen from there, issuing from an old crater of Mauna Loa about five miles to the east of the big summit crater, Mokuaweoweo; ("ain't that a jawcracker," said Rollo). It had already

reached the timberlands, shaping its course almost directly for the town of Hilo. Some of the younger inhabitants are badly scared; but the old residents view the situation with calm interest; knowing that only about once in twenty-five or forty years can Mauna Loa gather fury enough to send its products from Mokuaweoweo to the seaside (fifty miles); and even then, over ten or twelve months must elapse before the fire dragon's approach becomes dangerous.'

"Uncle," said Rollo, "I see just how it is. The earthquake period comes before the lava begins to run; after that the great vapor clouds are blown away, and the mountain ceases quaking."

"I'd rather be shaken to pieces than cremated in red-hot metal," put in Russell.

"And I'd almost give my ears to see this great mountain in its throes of agony," continued Rollo. "Such chances only come once in a lifetime."

"And just think," continued Russell, "when Krakatoa in Java was in action, it's explosions caused such violent concussions and air-waves, that they traveled around the world twice before dissipating. If you'd been near the Straits of Sunda, you wouldn't have had any ears left to trade off for a sight of this little diversion. But it's very interesting. After all is over, I wouldn't mind going down with you to see it, and hold a post-mortem over the consequences."

"Oh, fie!" exclaimed Rollo. "As much as to say that you'd enjoy a tragedy on the stage, looking over the broken glass, after the actors had packed up and gone home."

"Boys," said Mr. Hadley, their uncle, "you know that we intended to visit Panama next. But if you both agree that this opportunity should be grasped, to see what I suppose and believe to be the greatest wonder in the world, I am willing to consider it seriously. The Austra-

lian steamer leaves tomorrow night. Honolulu is directly on her way, and she touches there."

"There are some volcanoes in Central America, too," suggested Rollo mischievously; "it might be dangerous for Russell to go to Panama, for fear that they too might start in the explosion business."

"I'm no more afraid of a volcano than you are, Rollo," exclaimed Russell, testily, coloring up to his ears. "If you want to walk right into the entrance to the bottomless pit, you'll see me ahead of you, not behind you."

I record this remark of Russell's, because a few weeks later, when the party really arrived at the edge of what appeared a bottomless pit, Russell was in the lead, and the most adventurous of all.

Later in the afternoon, Mr. Hadley entered their comfortable suite in the St. Francis Hotel.

"Boys, I have just been chatting with Mr. Bishop, an old friend of mine, and a former sugar-planter in Hawaii. He tells me that there is very little danger in making an expedition to the volcano, providing we have good guides and muleteers. In fact hundreds of other tourists and scientists will visit the mountain, but it is so big and vast that we may not meet *any* of them."

"Yes," said Rollo, "Mauna Loa is 144 times as large as Vesuvius and covers more than 2,300 square miles. It has erupted enough matter in its lifetime to cover the state of Ohio two feet deep. Russell and I have spent the day in studying the geography and interesting points about Hawaii."

"And what have you discovered, Russell?"

"They have a combined area of over seven thousand square miles, and are entirely of volcanic origin, which makes the soil very rich and well adapted to sugar-cane, rice, oranges, coffee and other tropical productions. There are seven principal islands lying just within the tropics; 2,100 miles southwest from San Francisco, and

about the same distance due west from Mazatlan, Mexico. Only the island of Hawaii has an active volcano. The mountains of the other islands have been gashed and worn by the winds and rains of a hundred thousand years, into deep canyons and lofty peaks. Some of the valleys are two to four thousand feet deep, frequently with sheer precipitous sides, clothed with wild tropical vegetation. Compared with the luxuriouness of Hawaii's forest bowers, the trees and shrubs which cover over the wild lands and mountains of the United States are but a garb of poverty. They export 420,000 tons of sugar annually. The favorite diversion of the Islanders is *raising Cain generally*. Beg pardon, I mean c-a-n-e, cane."

"That's very good for a short description. Now, boys, if it's decided that we visit Hawaii first, I wish you would go down at once and engage passage for us. Then buy the necessary supplies and pack your trunks with all dispatch."

"What supplies, for instance?" asked Rollo.

"Why, fans and mosquito-nets; and hammocks to hang in the tree-tops, so the cannibals and cobras and boa constrictors cannot make a breakfast of us," put in Russell.

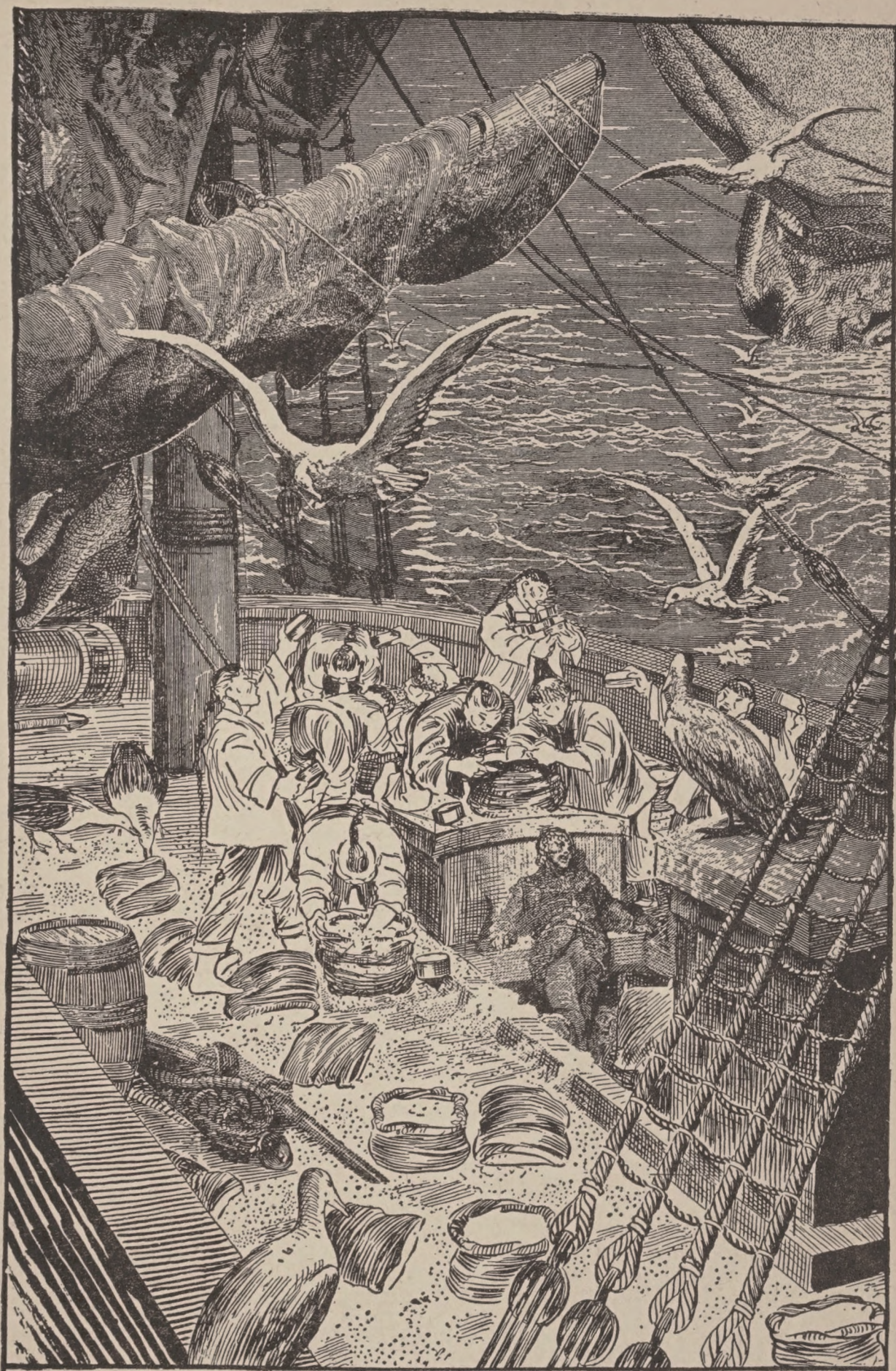
"Nonsense," returned Rollo, "there never were any reptiles or cannibals in Hawaii; Miss Bird's book says so."

"And this is no kid-glove party," continued their uncle. "Mr. Bishop tells me we'll have to rough it like cowboys in the mountains."

"Take your rifles and shotguns, with plenty of ammunition; for he says game is plenty in the interior."

"Then we'll want ponchos, raincoats and rubber boots," continued Rollo.

"Yes, and saddle-bags, leather leggings and Mexican spurs," continued his uncle; "heavy waterproof woollen shirts, leather cartridge belts, hunting knives and revol-



THE CHINESE MUTINEERS SEARCHING FOR OPIUM.
"The Fay Yan was freighted with 20,000 mats of Rice,"
said Barney; "and the spalpeens fed them to the Albatrosses,
strewin' it around the deck."

vers; don't forget your waterproof match-boxes and generous water canteens."

"Shall we leave our overcoats and heavy underwear?" asked Russell.

"By no means. Take every rag of them. Mr. Bishop says the cold winds on the upper slopes of the mountains cut through one like sharp icicles."

"Wouldn't a fireproof rowboat with asbestos bathing suits come in handy?" suggested Russell. "We're liable to get in beyond our depth in that white-hot river of metal the Daily Chronicle tells us about."

The next day by noon the supplies were all assembled, and had been packed in dry goods boxes, which Russell and Rollo addressed to Prof. Geo. Hadley, Hawaiian Hotel, Honolulu. Besides the articles already mentioned there were three Spanish saddles, with big pommels (adapted for lassoing wild bullocks), cans of condensed milk, coffee, meats, cocoa, etc., with a small outfit of camping utensils, ropes, hatchets and a broad-ax.

"How is your protege, the wild Irishman, getting along?" asked Mr. Hadley, the next day.

"Slowly, but quite satisfactorily," returned Rollo. "That is the doctor's report. He keeps him in his own state-room and admits no visitors. Barney was completely exhausted, and almost asphyxiated for want of air in the barrel; but Doctor McGrew thinks he'll be all right by the time we reach Honolulu. We went in just for a minute this morning, and he grasped our hands, and covered them with kisses and tears. He was going to express his gratitude for saving him from the explosion, but the doctor forbade talking. We're just on pins to hear his story, for it's both romantic and tragical."

CHAPTER III.

Barney's Tale.—The Opium in the False Keel.—Mutineers Burn Matches under his Nose.—Jumps overboard and Pretends to Drown.—They Feed 20,000 Bags of Rice to the Albatrosses.—The Secret Locker near the Rudder.



HE next day Barney was so much recovered that the doctor allowed him on deck for an hour. The passengers were nearly as much interested in the mystery as Rollo and Russell. The "girl in the case" added zest to their curiosity.

"Now tell us how you came to be on the Fay Yan, and who was Minelulu?" said Rollo as they sat a little later in the steamer's reading room.

"Ah! shure I will," returned Barney; "an' may the divil fly away with the dihraty haythens that carried away the blissed darlin', and shtole the dope I wor a goin' to give back to the man as owned that illigant little ship. 'Twould have made yer hair stand on end wid joy, to see that gossoon of a boat a'whiskin' over the waves like a white albatross."

"By the dope, you mean the opium?"

"The very same; and wasn't there a matter of four ton of it? an ivery blissid pound worth a twinty dollar gold plunk in the Frisco market!"

"But it was contraband, Barney. The captain did not intend to put it through the custom house, did he?"

"An' faith; that's mor'n I can tell ye. He was as kind to me as one of the blissid saints. The last thing he sez,

when he found I were a'goin' to stay by the ship an the girl, 'Barney,' he sez, 'you're a broth of a boy. Kape yer eye on the drug, and when ye twig the shpot forninst they're a buryin' it, come to me in Hilo, and if we save it, I'll buy you a swate little coffee plantation wid a couple of waterfalls a jumpin' into it; yes, and a volcano on it, too (to brace up the landscape); and ye can marry the Kanaka lass and live like two canayry birds in a banana garden.' "

"That sounds very nice, Barney," put in Russell; "but why didn't the Chinese sailors take you with them?"

"Because I niver confessed the hiding place of the dope. They burned matches under me nose, and poured a big poteen of whiskey down me throat, but divil a bit wud I discover the cachay. The ship was freighted wid twinty thousand mats of rice for 'Frisco, and the spalpeens histed them wan by wan out of the hould, an' fed them to the albatrosses, a strewin' it round the deck."

"Did they find any opium in the rice mats?"

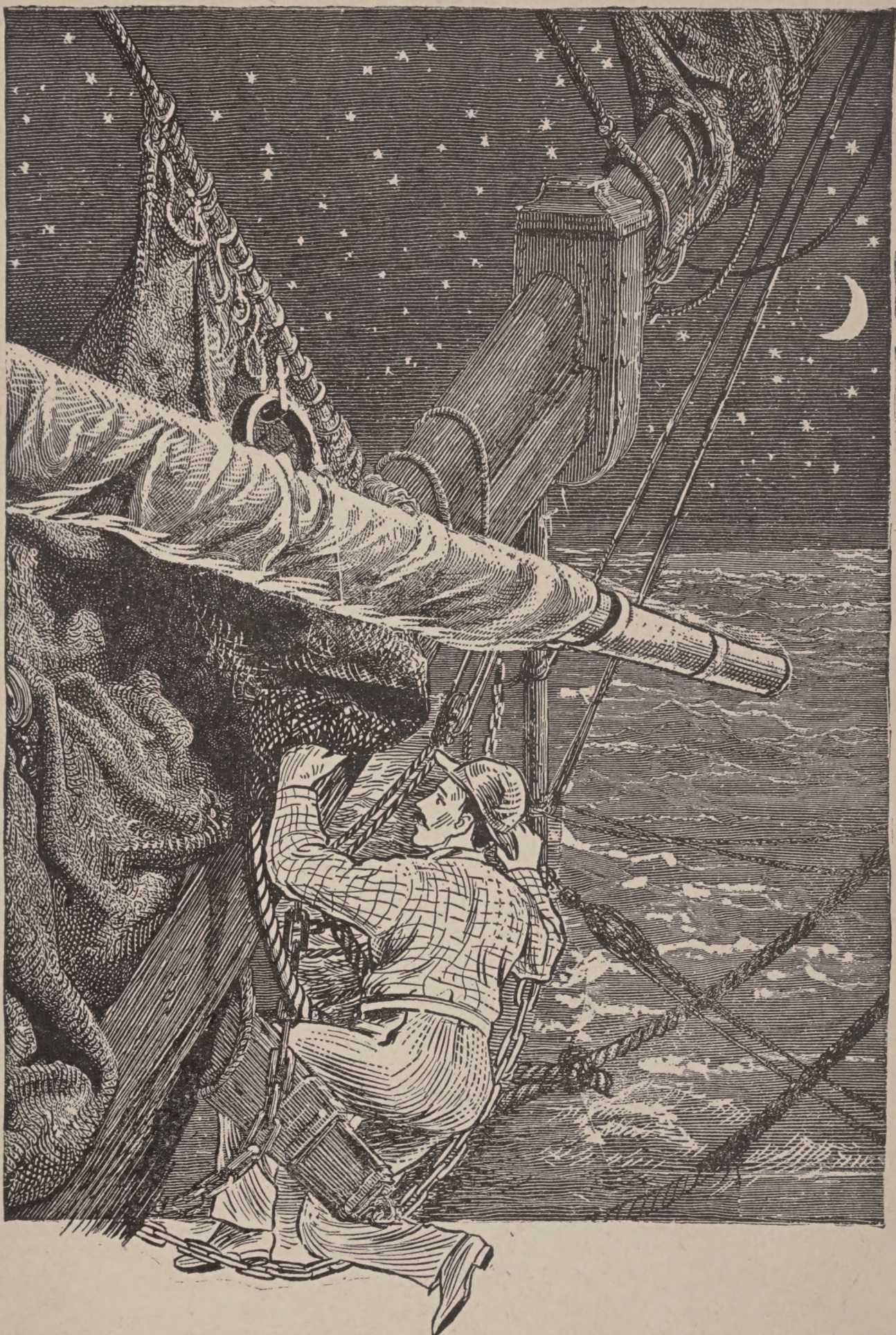
"Yis; a matter of five hundred pounds; each in a sardine can in the middle of the bag; and this gin them the divil's own appetite to find the rest of the valybles."

"So they finally dug into it, did they?"

"Yis; the yellow sons av the owld dragon bored for weeks into the bowels an vitals of the Fay Yan, and dis-kivered the swag in copper cylinders in the false keel."

"*False keel!*" exclaimed both the boys. "Then she was built on purpose for the smuggling trade," continued Rollo.

"The very same, perhaps. But that wor Jardine's business, not mine. Only the captain knew it. He towld me the night he lowered his bags of gould from the cabin windows, an' rowed away with the white officers. 'Barney,' he sez, 'miny and miny a time did the fly coppers (detectives) search the boat from jib to rudder in Honolulu harbor; but niver did the ferrets twig the big fortune



BARNEY PLAYING SPY ON THE MUTINEERS. "I hangs all night in the chains under the bowsprit. Then I swims to the after-cabin and sneaks into a porthole by a hangin' rope."

in opium a-layin' in that rathole, between the upper and lower keel. Barney,' he sez, whin I refused to desert the gal,—‘Stick to the ship: there's a fortune in her keel timbers, and if the yellow devils take to the boats, ye'll find a plenty to eat and drink in the secret locker, forninst the rudder. We're a-goin on a beeline to Honolulu, and back in a jiffy, with firearms and help to overcome these murtherin' Manchus.' So when the drunken yellow hay-thens tuk after me wid their knives and hatchets one night, I jumps overboard and makes as if I wor a-drowning, by splashing an yelpin' in the water. Then I dives and comes up the other side of the Fay Yan. The first day I hangs in the chains under the bowsprit, and at night I swims to the after cabin, and sneaks into a port hole by a hanging rope. Thin I crowld into the howld, and breakin' open the captain's secret locker, found a plenty uv canned oysters, an' wines with shipbread and potted meats. I slept in the locker, but toward morning I creeps on deck,—(the Chinees devils wor drunk with sake and opium) an' I staves in the head of a water hogshead, and lowers it into the sea. Whin I had lashed the big barrel to the rudder gear, I climbs in and squats in the bottom all day, lookin' through the bunghole. Every day the Chinees took a boat and rowed around the Fay Yan an hour or two; most like to get in trim for a long pull to Hawaii.

“In the evening I could shtand it no longer and I shwam to the forechains, climbed to the bowsprit, and lay down in the bow to aise me cramped up legs. I cud hear the big Manchus a fightin' with the little Cantons and Shanghais from South China, down in the after cabin. They were playing Fantan, and fuddling themselves with arrack and sake. I could smell no end of opium fumes, and enough smoke from their villainous Loo-choo tobacco to knock down a rogue elephant.”

“Didn't they keep a guard or watch on deck during the night?” asked Rollo.

"Niver a wan; except when the night was very hot, and then they slept on deck a layin' aroun' like so many drunken hogs. I found one of their Mandarin sack coats for meself, and cut off the cue from a Chin-chu that was lyin' drunk. With these on, I mor'n once passed right through the crowd of sleepers, like a fox among a flock of sheep."

"That was very brave in you, Barney," said Russell. "So they never discovered you or suspected your presence?"

"Yes, they did. Just after the yellow nagurs fell onto the opium, I hoisted meself after dark over the taffroil into the rigging, and climbed into the crow's nest. From that pint I cud see all the cussedness goin' on above decks, and some av the villainous business below, a hewin' into the keel.

"Suddintly two Manchus spied me and come up the rigging with their knives. I wasn't afraid of thim, but for fear they'd recognize me face, I covered it up wid a handkerchief. Then I made a yelp like the viry owld Scratch himself and saulted over ther viry heads, plunk into the say. Whin I come up, I sneaked into me old friend, the barrel by the rudder.

"However, they niver a onc't dropped their peepers into me hogshead. But the waves wor a throwin' the tub up and down, and knocking it sideways all day, and smashing its ribs agin the swingin' rudder, and ivery bump stove a bruise in me skin. Finally one night the barrel went all to pieces, an' I climbed on deck agin, more dead than alive. I found the locker broken into and the eat-ables gone. Nothing left but a small bottle of wine. I drank that, but it must have been drugged. I wor almost insinsible whin I broke into another hogshead, an' crawlin' in I fixed the lid in wid me inside. That's the last I remember."

"And the bunghole didn't admit enough air for your

respiration," broke in Russell, "and we found you unconscious."

"Now, Barney," continued Rollo, "tell us about the fair Hawaiian lady,—this Minelulu of Paliuli; who is she, and how in the world did she come to wander to China, and then drift into this Chinese smuggler?"

"And how did you make her acquaintance?" added Russell. "She seems to be profoundly attached to you."

Barney's answer to this was an astonished stare.

"Russell forgot to tell you," said Rollo, "that we found her diary in the stateroom, and Boomguy translated a part of it to us."

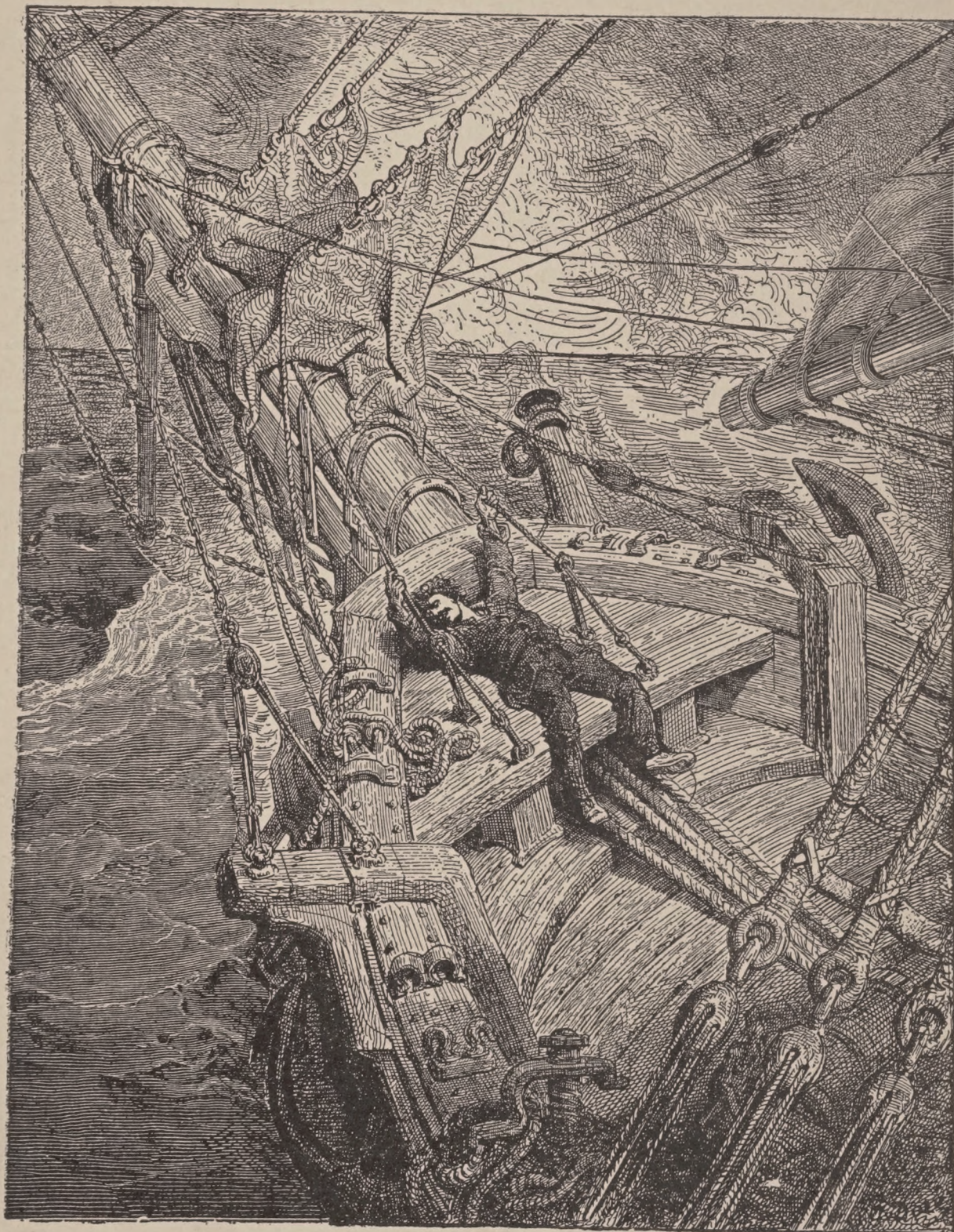
Barney slowly put his hand into an inner pocket, and pulled out a locket of ivory, strangely carved with Chinese dragons and Oriental characters. It was evidently water-tight. He touched a spring and it flashed open, displaying a young lady's photograph. Her queenly head was crowned with a wreath of flowers, while a similar garland encircled her throat and covered her shoulders.

"Why, she's nearly white!" exclaimed Russell. "And has a very intellectual face," added Rollo.

Barney raised his arm and holding it aloft, said, "Masters Rollo and Russell, I owe to yez me life; and no true Irishman wud go back on sich benefactors. But, by all the blessed saints, there's one thing I can't tell yez, so help me howly St. Patrick; because I've given me word of honor to the leddy;—and that's the story of how she came to China. And yez may cut off me right arm, but I'll not tell the secret of me bringin' her home in the smuggler. Only wan thing I *will* tell, an' that's with your promise to kape it yourselves entirely, an' ask me no questions. So help you, St. Bridget, me patron saint!"

"We promise you faithfully," said both the boys, fervently, although they were fairly eaten up with curiosity to learn the whole story.

"Well," said Barney, speaking very slowly, and with-



"When I could stand it no longer, I climbed up the bow-sprit into the bow, to aise me cramped up legs. I smelled no end of opium fumes, and the reek from their villainous Loo-choo tobacco would knock down a rogue Elephant."

out his usual Irish brogue; "this Lady Minelulu is the *Princess* of the Emerald Valley. She's descended from the Kings of Kailua. She's an heiress to the throne of Hawaii! and we will see her again. She will be the *ruler of her people!*"

"Boys," said their uncle, coming up to them suddenly, "Mauna Loa is in full sight, and we will soon see the blaze of light from the big volcano."

Only a few seconds elapsed before the three boys had tumbled on deck and joined the excited passengers, gazing over the taffrail. All were eager for the first sight of the world's mightiest wonder. There, toward the south, was the island of Hawaii, lying along the horizon like a monster whale. Its nearest peak, Mauna Kea, an extinct volcano, shot up into the air nearly 15,000 feet. Though directly within the Equatorial zone, between the tropics, nearly one-third of its grand dome was on this day crowned with a ghostly mantle of snow. The crimson rays of the setting sun were reflected from the summit of this Great White Mountain;—(so named by the Hawaiians), like the scintillations of rubies and sapphires. Beyond Mauna Kea arose the graceful and vast dome of Mauna Loa, the world's largest active volcano, far bigger than its mate, the White Mountain, but like it, wearing a dazzling white night cap. Encircling each of these Titans, and clinging to their flanks, were continuous regiments of fleecy clouds that walled them around like the rings of Saturn. High in the heavens, above Mauna Loa, rose a pine tree shaped cone of smoke, which told of the wild work of fire and destruction going on below it.

"What is that big cup-shaped mountain on the next island to the west?" asked Mr. Hadley of Captain Semmes.

"That is Haleakala, on the island of Maui. It is 10,000 feet high, and contains in its bowels the world's greatest *volcanic chasm*, the crater called the 'House of the Sun.' Only one other in the universe is as celebrated in its im-

mentsity and that's 'Tyco Bragh,' a volcano in the moon. It is ten miles long, more than two thousand feet deep, and would comfortably hold the whole city of Chicago in its basin."

"Yes; I've heard of it," exclaimed Russell, "and that's another of the great wonders of the world. I'm looking forward to its exploration with great pleasure, because it's *extinct*, and far less dangerous than—"

"Ah!-h-h-ah!" cried the delighted passengers; "*there's the fire river!*"

And, almost like a thunderbolt, a break in the dome of Mauna Kea revealed a part of Mauna Loa, and startled them all by the display of a dazzling ribbon of fire, running a zig-zag course over the brow of the mountain, from among the fields of ice and snow.

"It's even brighter than the orb of the setting sun!" exclaimed one of the passengers.

"Yes, sure enough," answered the captain; "the brilliancy of Pele's fire-works, though 75 or 100 miles distant, throws the Wanga Wanga's shadow on the waves and tips the mountain tops of Maui with gold, like the gleam of the rising sun."

*"Ka kaiewa na pali o Nuoloolo;
Iho mai ke ahi, a anuanu na pali!
Haa-lulu na oawa i ka Pele.
Kai-koo ka Moana i Kui hiwi."*

The boys glanced around, and found Boomguy standing by Barney's side. They were chanting a tragic poem together.

"And can you talk Kanaka too?" exclaimed Russell.

"An shure I can that same. Didn't I live foive years among the sugar plantations? If I wasn't a bogtrotter, I'd be a full blooded cannibawl."

"Now, what's the translation of that little epic chant you were intoning?" asked Mr. Hadley.

Barney and Boomguy looked puzzled. "Here it is," said one of the passengers, Prof. Hitchcock of Lahainaluna.

"The lava cliffs of Nuoloolo do wave.

The frost cometh down from the mountains.

See the valleys all a-tremble at the coming of Pele.

The ocean is swept by the tidal-waves.

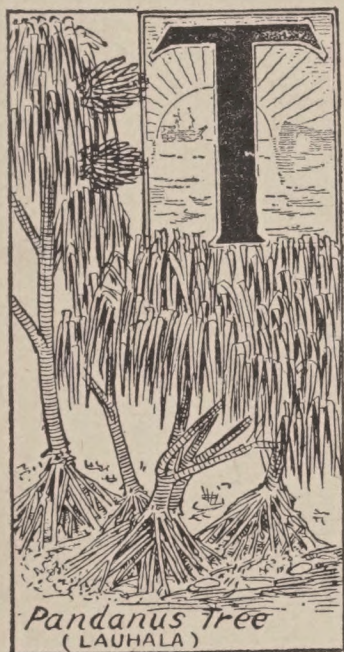
They rise and devour the hill tops."

"That sounds very much like the Kalevala of the Norsemen," said Mr. Hadley.

"Yes, or one of the poems of Ossian," added Rollo.

CHAPTER IV.

Honolulu, the Tropical Paradise.—Uncle Sam Fortifies an Old Volcano.—The Boys Have an Exciting Surf-ride.—They Plead Guilty to "Poodle-dog" Diet.—A Wonderful Menu at the Chinese Restaurant.—They Read Barney's Love-letter from the Princess.



HE next morning found the Wanga Wanga lying at her wharf in Honolulu harbor.

"Hurry up, Rollo," exclaimed Russell, "the sun is rising over Nuuanu valley, and you are not up to see the glorious landscape. This is our first morning in the golden tropics."

The boys were soon on deck, where Barney joined them and acted as dragoman.

"Mountains all around, in every direction, except toward the sea," remarked Rollo; "and oh! Russell, what a beautiful city! It's just a bower of tropical magnificence, and runs far up into the beautiful valleys that slash into the precipitous mountain."

"That's Punchbowl," said Barney, pointing to the lofty hill of red rock overhanging the town.

"Good name," said Russell; "looks just like a big bowl turned upside down. Ah! a battery on its top! Look through the spyglass, Rollo! See the fort! Those huge guns could make a wreck out of the biggest battleship afloat before she could get into the harbor."

"And that's Diamond Head," continued Barney, pointing to the precipitous volcano, jutting into the ocean a

short distance to the southwest. "Whin the light shines on them donnicks forninst the sunset, they sparkle like saffires an' dimants; but divil a pricious stone or gowld or silver or dacent metal did they iver find in the whole bunch uv these Pacific cannibal Islands. Not even peat in their bogs."

"And Uncle Sam is building a big fort like Gibraltar on Diamond Head to protect the harbor entrance?"

"Yis," continued Barney, "and if iver the sogers in thim two forts go on a sthrike, an' begin shootin' into the town, they won't lave enough of it to bury in a sardine box."

"Boys," said their uncle, "I shall be busy until noon getting information for our expedition to the volcano, and calling on my friend, Prof. Alexis, of the Royal Hawaiian University. Now, if you wish, you can take Barney with you after breakfast, and do your sight-seeing through the town and suburbs; we will meet at one o'clock for dinner, at the Hawaiian Hotel."

"Agreed!" exclaimed both, eager to begin exploring the wonders and beauties of this new world before them, while Barney's eyes sparkled with the prospect of such agreeable employment.

In an hour they were ready. By this time it seemed as if every one of Honolulu's population had hastened to the wharf to welcome home-coming friends, or watch the bustle of debarkation.

"Everybody wears a smile and a garland of flowers," exclaimed Rollo, "and brings a few extra wreaths to throw over some friend's shoulders."

"And such rich and rare ones, too," returned Russell; "roses of every hue, japonicas and rare exotics in endless profusion; why, in America, each one of these wreaths would cost several dollars."

"And in this counthry they don't cost a cint," added



"I slept in the locker that night; then towards morning I crept on deck. I could see the Chinees devils layin' around in the bow, drunk with Saké and Opium."

Barney. "If flowers were worth two bits a bushel, the Kanakas cud all be millionaires."

It was a strange and motley crowd. Every half-civilized nation on earth seemed to be represented on the docks. Barefoot Chinese gardeners, wearing wide umbrella-like bamboo hats, were vending fruits and vegetables in immense wicker baskets, depending in nets from each end of their shoulder sticks. Yokohama jinricksha men were flying to and fro between the shafts of their Japanese sulkies and carts. Portuguese, swarthy South Sea Islanders, and Negretto Papuans were engaged in long lines, rushing the barrels, bales and boxes of merchandise from the steamer's hold to the wharf-sheds. Old gray-headed Kanakas carried calabashes swung on shoulder sticks, filled with many colored fish, floundering lobsters, dried shrimps, or strange looking crayfish, and villainous smelling seaweeds and shellfish. Most picturesque of all were the Hawaiian women and maidens. The former were clad in *holokus* (Mother Hubbards), the national feminine dress, of red, green and yellow hues. In a temperate climate the costume would be regarded as gaudy, but in warm countries, warm colors in woman's attire do not seem to be out of place. Most of the younger women rode on horseback, astride of Spanish saddles. Their lower limbs were swathed with a long strip of bright colored calico or silk, the ends of which were arranged to flutter like flags behind them, as they tore along the highways and plains in a furious gallop. Garlands were never absent. The tiara of white and pink flowers with which her black hair is adorned, and the queenly grace with which she rides her prancing steed, her clear brown skin, and sparkling eyes and teeth, give to the Hawaiian lady a place among the things appropriate and beautiful of the world, an individuality both unique and inimitable.

"What a difference between the frosty grimness of

an assemblage in a temperate clime, and the jollity of this tropical crowd!" exclaimed Rollo. "Hear them talk and see them laugh! Everybody is chatting and jabbering, and no one without a jovial smile on his or her face. Then, too, they tell about the laziness of those who live under the vertical sun. Why, Russell, as far as I can see and hear, Hawaii is a veritable beehive of industry, and for its size they say it's one of the wealthiest countries in the world."

"Rollo," said Russell, "shall we hire a jinricksha and circumnavigate the town Japanese style, or ride the trolley cars American fashion?"

"An' shure yez can't climb thim precipices on a trolley or a Jimreckless," put in Barney. "It's a balloon ye'll need to see all the wonders of this town and country in wan day."

"Or ride on bronchos, Hawaiian way?" added Rollo. "If they'll buck-jump high enough, we can get a bird's-eye view without a balloon."

"Auhea oe," called Barney to a Kanaka standing near with three saddled horses. "Makena ka poe-poe o na lio! me he ku-kai-pele la ka momona. Me he anue-nue hoi ka hoai-lona. Kala pakahi a poo ka la." ("Such wonderful plump horses! each one as fat as a match! And cast shadows like wilted rainbows! One dollar each until sundown.")

"Alua kala," returned the young man, holding up two fingers. He was clad in a cotton shirt and trousers, with a brilliant crimson sash twisted into a belt. "Pii loa ka ma-nie-nie." ("Two dollars! Bermuda grass has gone way up.")

The boys moved on, but the Kanaka was at their heels in an instant, and the bargain was soon made at a dollar and two rials (\$1.25).

"Here, Barney," said Rollo, "just leave your Irish blarney behind, until we've seen the sights. I know you

can talk good United States, for I've heard you. Now we're off for Waikiki and a surf ride."

The horses were fresh, and cantered gaily along through the beautiful avenues. On every side were gardens of palms, roses and cocoanuts, bowers of vines, broad-leaved breadfruit trees, bending under their load of vegetable biscuits, cannon balls of fragrant dough as large as a child's head. Elegant residences, surrounded by cool verandas, stood well back from the highways; these were surrounded by rich tropical exotics, such as Travelers' and Royal palms, Eucalyptus and wide spreading Hibiscus and Banyan trees.

"Every dooryard is a botanical garden, different in beauty and variety from its neighbor," exclaimed Rollo.

The boys galloped out beyond the fertile plains of Waikiki. Then they dismounted and climbed the heights of the old volcano, Diamond Head, to its ancient crater, many hundred feet above the sea.

"What's the Hawaiian name of this volcanic cone?" asked Russell.

"Leiahi," replied Barney ("chaplet of fire") and from this big hole thousands of years by gone, was scattered the black ashes that make the plains in and around Honolulu so fertile. Only think! a hundred years ago it was a barren dusty level. Now the planting of trees and gardens brings frequent showers from the mountain."

"And made it the world's most beautiful and fairy-like tropical city," added Rollo. "See these big guns and bastions, Russell; Uncle Sam is fortifying Diamond Head, and some day it will be as impregnable a fort as Gibraltar."

"It will dominate the Pacific as that rock does the Mediterranean," added Russell. "Now let us go surf-riding like the Kanakas. See, there's a heavy swell coming into the bay."

On reaching the cocoanut groves of the shore, they

found Kalani, a gray-headed Hawaiian, with an out-rigger canoe, about to start out fishing. He supplied them with surf-boards and paddled them out to where the breakers were rolling the highest. Two Kanaka boys, about twelve years of age, accompanied them.

"Why, the surf boards are very much like my mother's ironing board," said Rollo. "I always thought they were miniature canoes."

"We read in the Bible," answered Russell, "'A horse is a vain thing for safety.' Well, I guess a surf-board beats a sea horse and all the other water craft for difficulty to handle. Ah! there go the little heathens and Barney, too, plunk into the sea, and breast down on their boards. Here's a big roller; it breaks! and they're off right in front of it! Hurray!"

By this time both the boys and the old fisherman had divested themselves of their clothes, which the latter tied up in a watertight calabash. Just as the roller reached the canoe, he shouted: "Hoe! Hoe! Pa mai ke kai koo!" ("Paddle furiously! the big breaker is upon us!")

Rollo and Russell bent to their paddles to keep the canoe's bow toward shore, while old Kalani sat steering, and paddling as if for dear life. It was an exciting race. The little brown savages and Barney kicked their legs high up, and rode down the breast of the big foaming breaker for many hundred feet. Then all hands turned in, to bail out the canoe, which was half full of the brine which had overflowed the gunwales.

"Now, we'll try it ourselves and 'astonish the natives,'" cried Rollo.

The boys were good swimmers, and soon took their places on the surf-boards before the onrushing billow. But in a twinkling it rolled them over and over, and bumped them several times on the sand. When Barney and Kalani hoisted them into the canoe by the legs, they were very glad to return to their natural element.

"Russell," said Rollo, "the delights of this surf-riding are not quite what they are cracked up to be. I'm thinking that being run through a thrashing machine would be almost as jolly."

"I'm with you, Rollo. Surf-riding may be a mighty good thing in the abstract, but excuse me from the concrete, particularly this sharp coral concrete. When you've been thumped several times on a coral rock, and swallowed a quart of brine (more or less), the poetry of the thing disappears. But, wasn't it glorious to see those little Kanaka rats beat the big canoe in the race?"

An hour later found them at the gate to the grounds of the Hawaiian Hotel, where Mr. Hadley met them.

"Uncle," said Russell, "before we register, why not lunch at that jolly little Chinese restaurant we passed on Beretania street?"

"Capital," added Rollo. "That salt water cobbler we drank has given me a shark's appetite, even if we did have a duck for dinner."

"We'll try it, boys, but don't order any puppy stews or rodent side dishes."

"We found 'Little Poodle Dog' diet in 'Frisco very satisfactory," returned Russell, winking at Rollo.

"Shame on you, boys! you don't mean to say that you sampled the bow-wow dishes in China-town?"

"Oh! no," said Rollo, laughing; "we lunched several times at the popular restaurant known as the *Poodle Dog*; so called, I suppose, because the poodle dog is very conspicuous by his absence."

"And because they didn't need a *barker* outside to draw the crowd in, either," added Russell.

"Now," said their uncle, when they were seated in the Chinese hostelry, "this is evidently both Oriental and Hawaiian. The proprietor, Ah Wong Su, has a Hawaiian wife and Japanese waiters."

"Yes, that's evident from the bill of fare," added Rol-lo. "Listen!"

Soup.

Periwinkle broth with rice.—Green turtle with alligator pears.

Fish.

Mullet, broiled in ti-leaf wrappers.

Tipsy shrimps in pineapple champagne.

Entrees.

Chicken Chop Suey.

Chili Con Carne.

Rice Curry, stewed with dried rabbit.

Ham Omelet of Sea Gull Eggs.

Shark's Fin Fricassee with *pepeiao* (a la Pekin).

Roasts.

Young suckling pig, baked in *imu*, stuffed with Ewa oysters.
and grated breadfruit.

Vegetables.

Sliced yams in cream.

Boiled Kalo with salmon sauce.

Sweet potatoes, stuffed with alligator pears, baked in *imu*.

Taro Gems with ti-root syrup.

Lobster Salad with Chinese cabbage.

Drinks.

Kona coffee with goat's milk—(cream if preferred).

Kwantung Tea.

Sugar Cane Saungaree.

Hawaiian Dishes.

Young goat baked in *imu*.

Broiled squid with poi.

Dried shrimps with poi.

Raw fish with chopped peppers and onions, ku-kui-nut garnish

Wild peas with chopped seaweed and peppers.

Boiled Fat Corned Beef with poi.

Boiled salt pork with poi.

Dried shark broiled (with roasted candlenuts).

Boiled pig giblets with poi.

Desert.

Roasted plantains with hard sauce.

Baked bananas with lemon sauce.

Mango pie.

Papaiya pie.

Ohelo Shortcake, Volcano House style.

Guava Marmalade.

Mango Plum pudding, banana sauce.

Bird's Nest pudding,—Poha Jelly or Mango Marmalade.

Sliced sour guavas in honey.

Sliced Iholena Bananas with cream.

"A dinner with flavor Tropical, Oriental and Occidental, all at the same time," remarked their uncle.

"It beats murphys and salt intirely," added Barney. "If the pig is of Irish descent, he'll give the dinner the Tipperary flavor too."

"Hadn't we better assure ourselves of the pig's ancestry by closer acquaintance?" remarked Russell.

"That's getting inside information on the pork market," added Rollo.

"Very good, boys," said their uncle, laughing. "Here, my pretty little Japs, we'll take roast pig all around—a regular dinner. Shall we secure inside information on the poi status, too, boys?"

"Yis, indade," put in Barney. "Whin ye can ate pig an poi like a Kanaka, it'll make your hair stan' on end wid joy."

The dainty *ainesu* maidens bowed low and smiled coquettishly, ducking their heads and sucking in their breath, as is the custom with Japanese servants, to express willingness. In a few minutes they had the table groaning with delicacies, among which were four rations of poi, served in beautiful polished koa-wood bowls. The boys shied at the novel food staple for some time, until encouraged by the example of Barney, who ate it, Kanaka style, by carrying it to his mouth with a dexterous twirl, after dipping in his fore-finger.

"It's like custard without the sugar in," remarked Russell.



"I climbed over the taffrail into the crows-nest, where I cud see the cussedness above decks, and the Manchus choppin' out the Keel in the hold. Whin the divils come after me, I saulted into the say, sneakin' back to me old friend, the barrel by the rudder."

"To me, it tastes more like a smooth porridge of condensed milk and baked beans," returned Rollo, smacking his lips over the broiled mullets and the salad of shrimps, peppers and onions. "I think I could eat it all right if I had fasted a week or two on an island five hundred miles from any other dish."

"Boys," said their uncle, "don't cultivate any prejudice against poi. It may be our best friend some day, when we are far away from civilization. Professor Alexis tells me that it is one of the most perfect foods known to man. For thousands of years it has been the bread and butter of nearly all the Pacific Islanders. With all the profusion of other delicacies around them the Polynesians want little else than this poi, and would regard its loss as the greatest calamity."

"Yes, we saw hundreds of acres of the growing taro today," added Russell. "It looks like a calla lily, and grows in the water like the lotus plant. Barney says some of the roots are as large as your head."

"And moreover," continued their uncle, "it produces more food to the acre than any other plant, save the banana. Mr. Alexis tells me that one acre well tilled will support twenty-five to fifty people the year around. An acre of wheat land in the United States will hardly support one person. We should have great respect for such a philanthropic vegetable. The ancient Hawaiians built terraces, strengthened by rock walls with great labor, for the taro culture, far up into the deep watered valleys. These water pans or *taro patches*, as they are called, are now being appropriated by the Chinese for rice culture. Try these greens; they are the tender leaves of the taro plant, baked, and are very delicious. And Barney tells us that the root or leaves if eaten raw are so acrid they will throw a person into convulsions.

"That acidity disappears entirely with cooking," continued their uncle, "just as it does with the tapioca

plant or manioc. It leaves the starchy root as dry and mealy as a potato, and with a delicious flavor in my opinion, that cannot be excelled by any other vegetable grown. It is so sweet and wholesome that many physicians prescribe it as a diet for their most delicate patients. I prophesy that kalo, like bananas, will some day become a staple article of food everywhere."

"I think I'll stay well and put my trust in the old reliable bread and butter and French fried potatoes," put in Russell, eyeing the calabash of poi with evident distrust. "What's in this dish so carefully covered with a wire screen? Here's the tipsy shrimp salad you ordered, Rollo, I guess. Whoop! Great Dragons and little Polywogs! *Look out! Live shrimps*, and—they're *more than tipsy!* the champagne has given them the *delirium tremens!*"

The boys' exclamations were drowned by the pretty little shrieks of the dainty *ainesus*, who crowded around, pretending to be scared out of their wits by the scores of shrimps that hopped high in the air, falling on the guests. When the inebriated creatures had been captured, two of them being rescued from behind Mr. Hadley's neck, under his coat collar, their subdued silvery laughter could be heard from behind the screens at the end of the room. "They've learned how to act that little comedy very nicely," said the Professor.

"Try some of this mango pie and the ohelo shortcake, Russell," said Rollo. "Why! I always thought your mother's apple pies and shortcakes were as near to the ambrosial food of the gods as we could get on this mundane sphere, but this—"

"Say, Barney," interrupted Russell, a little jealous and hurt at this aspersion on his mother's goodies, "how comes it that you haven't grown fat on these delicacies of the Pacific, after living on potatoes and salt in the Irish bogs?"

"An' shure, me stumick and me corporosity 'aven't got over the surprise yit," returned Barney with a flash of Irish wit. "An' whin I came to Dublin the first time with Dennis O'Leary, who niver ate anything better than pig and dandylion greens wance a month on Sunday, he were in that same perdicymment. We sthroled into a cafe to git a bite, an' Dennis, he couldn't read the *maynoo*; so he sez to the waiter, 'We'll take them all, wan by wan.' Then he winks to me a-whisperin'; 'They'll no ken we're green, Barney.' Well, the first snack were *consomay*, an' Dennis smacked his lips wid it. The nixt was a glass jar of celery, lookin' like a patch uv mustard a-sproutin' in the fence corner. Then the waiter dumped on the table a *blood red lobster*, the size uv a young pig, an' claws like the jaws of an alygator. At this Dennis jumps up a-shoutin'; and remonstrates wid his fists. 'Waiter,' he sez, 'we've drank your dishwater,—we've ate your flower garden, but the divil fly away wid us if we can stummik yer *murtherin' big red bug!*' "

The boys laughed heartily at this,—Dennis' first introduction to a civilized dinner; when their uncle remarked: "By the way, Barney, a letter for you. I found it at the postoffice."

The young Irishman looked at him incredulously.

"I believe he takes it for an April-fool joke," whispered Rollo to Russell.

"It's a tilligram from me great-uncle, the Lord Mayor of Dublin," said Barney, swelling up as if with aristocratic pride. "Rade it to me."

"Just as you instruct, Barney. It's postmarked Hilo, Hawaii; (that is several miles from Dublin):—a lady's handwriting too!"

"A love-letter, as sure as cocoanuts ain't bananas," again whispered Rollo.

Lau-pa-hoe-hoe, Hawaii, Oct. 9th.

My Dear Friend Barney,

Now is the winter of our discontent made beautiful by the coming of a messenger, bearing glad tidings. The evil doers in darkness are vanquished, and those who dwell in the light have triumphed over them, and taken their ill-gotten possessions. The pillage, wherewith they did defile themselves, seizing it by fire and sword and bloody hands, behold! is it not hidden from the sight of man in the tombs of the kings, even the secret places of our ancestors.

Nevertheless those who do evil in the sight of Heaven do pass to and fro in the land. In their rage they go up and down, seeking to slay those who have foiled their wicked machinations.

I go to my own people. They are still wrapped in darkness, but their love for their Princess is great. My heart bleeds for their degradation. They cleave to their idols, but I go to bring to them the light of the Gospel. Will you not join me in this work of aloha (affection)? Aloha for humanity, and aloha the one for the other. My soul is full of tender recollections of your kindness and devotion to me in Canton. Seek you now the Kahuna, Hiwahiwa, in the Valley of Songsters (Waimanu). He will guide you in my footsteps, even into the Emerald Valley. Here are the passwords which will bind him to you as a faithful friend and servant; just as he is loyal and true to me.—“Ka hoapili no wau o Mine-lulu, ka mamo o”—add to this the name of my sailor great grandfather (you know it).

Nāi me ke aloha (yours with devotion),

Minelulu of Paliuli.

“Barney,” said Professor Hadley, “tell us truly; now, do you know where the Emerald Valley is, or is it only a myth?”

"Be all the saints and angels, shure that same is a mystery to me, and I've no more ken as to where to look for it than you would, in searching for the Garden of Eden. But I belave this much, from what the girl let drop, that it's a secret place in the mountains of Hawaii, unbeknownst to any civilized men, where the medicine men and the witch-craft men (*Ka-huna anaana*) go to get their orders from the High Priest of Pele (the Goddess of Fire). The girl, Minelulu, towld me that the valleys around it are like a paradise, and that she is heir to them all by her mother, who was descended from the Great King. And more than that even, the sandal-wood logs (here he lowered his voice to a whisper) are worth *a hundred dollars apiece in Hong Kong.*"

At this point there was a faint call of "*Barney*" from some point outside the restaurant. In a twinkling the young Irishman snatched up the letter and disappeared. When the boys reached the street, even the horse he had ridden had vanished.

"Here's Professor Alexis on his gasoline runabout," exclaimed their uncle. "Mount your horses, boys, and come along. I promised to accompany him up to the Nuuanu Pali this afternoon."

CHAPTER V.

Russell Learns how to find the End of a Rainbow.—
Where Kamehameha Hurlled an Army over the Precipice.—
Some More about the Mystery of the Emerald Valley.



AFTER the boys were introduced to the Professor, Russell asked him:

"Mr. Alexis, what sort of a thing is this Nuuanu Pali we are going to see? It isn't a bull-fight or a monkey and cat show is it?"

"Oh, no," laughed the Professor, "the *Pali* is the end of this long wide valley of Nuuanu, which climbs up, back of the city, through a gorge in the mountain. There the gorge descends by almost sheer precipices thousands of feet to the coast level, and windward shores of Oahu."

"Rollo and I could descend the precipices easily, couldn't we? with a little help from—"

"Oh, yes; almost instantly; all you have to do is to let go and tumble. That's the way the army of Oahu went down, over a hundred years ago, a thousand or two feet. Their bones are bleaching now, on the rocks below the declivities. They had a little help, too, as you suggest, from the invading army of Kamehameha."

"How unpleasant it must have been for the Oahnans! And what good did all that athletics do, anyway?"

"Not much, except in the final results. That was Hawaii's Battle of Waterloo. It settled forever the petty wars and quarrels of the tribal chiefs, for a thousand years back, and gave the group one King."

The boulevard ascending the valley led our tourists past many magnificent avenues of cocoanuts, palms, banyans and other huge fronded tropical trees. Tropical palaces and gardens of exotics could be seen on every hand.

"Some of these are the residences of the former Queens, Princes and Chiefs," said Mr. Alexis. "There is the beautiful Royal Mausoleum. Many of the wealthy Chinese and Japanese merchants live here."

"It's going to shower!" exclaimed Russell to Rollo. "See that exquisite rain bow spanning the valley, and bright but moist looking clouds behind it. I wonder where the big battle began. I'll ask this young white man passing us on horse back."

"Yes, sir," returned the horseman; "you can almost see it from here. Just ride to that second shower, then turn *mauka* (toward the mountain), and when you reach the right leg of the rainbow, that's the spot from which John Young and Isaac Davis, the only white men in the army, opened fire; they used cobble stones and cocoanuts for balls in their bob-tailed cannon."

"Thank you," returned Russell, and remarked later to Rollo, "I wonder which is the most permanent feature of this landscape, the rainbows or rainbow chasers, like you and I?"

Arrived at the notch of the gorge, they were impressed with both awe and admiration at the suddenness with which the mountain tops broke under their feet into dizzy precipices, displaying for 50 miles down the coast a fairy-land of pretty villages and plantations. Not the least picturesque was the postroad that wound a zig-zag way to the shore along the face of the cliffs.

"See," said the Professor, "from this peak your eye can sweep both sides of the island. The upper part of Nuuanu valley is a beauty spot, made interesting by the gardens and quaint homes of the Chinese and Jap gar-

deners. Beyond that you see on the right a few miles beyond Honolulu, the salt lagoon of Ewa, upon which all the big nations have cast a longing eye."

"I don't see anything remarkable about that," said Rollo. "They might raise a few oysters in it."

"I don't believe they could even raise a fuss in it," added Russell.

"Uncle Sam thinks differently, and is cutting a deep channel into it through the coral reef from the ocean. Before long it will be the biggest naval station in the world's biggest ocean. Congress is appropriating *millions* for its development. That's the famous *Pearl Harbor*."

"Boys," said their uncle, "this Honolulu harbor looks puny to you now, with its few dozen big ships anchored there, but when the Panama canal is opened, all that will change. Look on the map and you will see that we are now gazing at the halfway house between the Old and New World. Nearly all the transportation lines of the Pacific cross each other at nearly the same point. With one glance you will see that Honolulu is the *focus* of these intersections."

"Boys," said their uncle two days later, "I haven't much faith in that Emerald Valley myth that Barney has been stuffing us with."

"Neither have I," returned Rollo. "No one that I have inquired of seems to know anything about it."

"Even the older missionaries and those who have made a study of the Hawaiian mythology and antiquities are quite doubtful of its existence. And yet, with all the high civilization that blesses the land, they confess that many of the people still cling to the old superstitions, particularly those living in the villages, remote from the ports, and in the less accessible valleys. It strikes me

there may be some secret fountain head, whence the priests of incantation receive their instructions, and where the fires of idolatry and fanaticism are still kept burning."

"And I believe it too," added Russell. "I was reading in the Hotel library last evening, a book written by King Kala-kaua, full of the legends and epic songs of old Hawaii; in them this Paliuli is frequently mentioned. One fascinating and striking *mele* (legend) I read clear through. It was almost as well told and even more fantastic than any of the tales of the Arabian Nights; not much behind the story of 'Aladdin's Wonderful Lamp,' or the 'Enchanted Horse.'"

"What was the name of it?" inquired Rollo.

"Here it is on this slip of paper—Laie-ika-wai; Ka Wahine-o-ka-liu-la. The librarian translated it to me,—'The Princess Hidden Under the Fountain, or the Mysterious Lady of the Twilight' (setting sun). She was born in Oahu, and concealed from her enemies in a grotto under a little lake; afterward guarded in the Emerald Valley in Hawaii by dragons and fairies. Kings, Princes and great Warriors sought her hand in vain. The romance was so fascinating that I forgot myself until the clock struck one."

"By the way, boys, have you seen Barney since he vanished so suddenly at the cafe?"

"Yes," said Rollo, "last evening he met us and begged to be allowed to accompany our party to the volcano. Now, I heard you say several times that you intended to engage a dragoman to look after our horses and baggage. Why not employ the Irishman? He's as sharp as a razor,—can talk Kanaka like an aborigine, with a smattering of Chinese and Japanese."

"And make it a condition that he'll find the Emerald Valley for us," exclaimed Russell. "That's a safer proposition than fooling with the volcano. I'd give anything

to explore that,—the 'Garden of Eden' and Heaven of Hawaiian mythology."

"Send him in to talk with me," returned their uncle. "By the way, here's an account in the Honolulu Commercial Advertiser, of the mutiny on the Fay Yan, and the rescue of Barney Morrissey by yourselves. I've mailed several copies to our friends in the United States. The item states that Captain Jardine and the white officers and crew of the Fay Yan were reported picked up by a tramp steamer, near Midway Island, and taken to Yokohama."

"That's a downright lie!" said Rollo; "I mean they're deplorably misinformed; for Barney tells us confidentially that Captain Jardine is right here in Honolulu (in hiding, of course). He met him in Manoa Valley, and Jardine told him that his boats landed on the island of Molokai, near the Leper Settlement; and his officers, who are not known on the Islands, have scattered to the different ports to get clews of the mutineers, and the place of concealment of the opium."

"And the article goes on to say," continued their uncle, "'that the Chinese mutineers made a landing on the island of Kahoolawe, and were seen there by some sheep drovers. They re-embarked in their boats for the Island of Hawaii, having a half white lady with them. Sheriff Lorin Anderson is hard on their trail with his deputies.'"

"Is it not wonderful," said Russell, "that news spreads so fast on these Islands which have no cable lines between them?"

"Not at all," said their uncle. "Remember Hawaii is the only country in the world with a complete wireless system in successful operation. Every principal island has its station. Then each island has a perfect telephone equipment. Hawaii was the first country to adopt telephones, having no patent royalties to pay."

"By the way," said Russell, "we have not reviewed that letter to Barney from his friend Minelulu. If we can unravel the meaning, it may assist us in our travels and explorations on Hawaii."

"I very much fear," said their uncle, "that she is an adventuress and will eventually lead Barney into difficulties."

"It strikes me differently," put in Rollo; "her letter breathes a lofty purpose. She speaks of the ill gotten possessions being concealed in the secret places of her ancestors. Now, wouldn't you take it from this, that the contraband opium has been captured from the Chinese and secreted in Paliuli?"

"But," said their uncle, "she says: 'I flee to my own people, who love their Princess.' Now we know very well that Uncle Sam would not tolerate for a minute within a Territory of the United States, such a sovereignty as Minelulu assumes to herself."

"But she gives Barney explicit directions how to find her, and names the guide who will conduct him to her presence," urged Russell. "To be sure, the whole letter is written with obscure expressions, and in a melodramatic style; but that only shows her shrewdness. It is couched in such terms, that no one else but Barney can make use of it. The romance and adventure connected with this Fay Yan incident is quite fascinating, to say the least."

"Now, Russell," returned his uncle, very firmly, "we came down from 'Frisco to visit the eruption of Mauna Loa, not on a wild goose chase, Don Quixote style, in search of lovelorn maidens in distress. To-morrow evening the steamer Mauna Kea sails for Hilo, and I want you boys to attend to getting our luggage and paraphernalia on board, and complete the final preparations for our mountain trip."

"Uncle," said Rollo, "both Russell and I would like to suggest one thing. We have enjoyed this comfortable

hotel very much, and there seems to be a number of excellent hostelrys scattered about the Islands. But Mark Twain visited Hawaii, and wrote a book called 'Roughing It,' and we would like to emulate him a little. We can get all the hotel life we want in the United States, but the kid-glove and swallow-tail coat style of roughing it don't suit us in a mild climate with wild mountains like Hawaii's. We are going to ask you if we cannot have more camp life and strenuous simplicity. It's less expensive than living at hotels, and Russell and I would enjoy more outdoor life. We can cook against any cowboy on the plains, or gold-hunter in California."

"All right, boys; you can buy a small water-proof tent, and when the weather is not too stormy, we'll become fresh air fiends. But remember, the whites, Kana-kas and Japs of Hawaii are all very hospitable. I have letters to several planters and some of the missionaries, and we should not hurt any one's feelings by refusing their courtesies."

The next evening found our party snugly ensconced on the comfortable Inter Island Steamer, Mauna Kea. Many other tourists were also passengers, bound for Hilo and the newly active volcano.

"We are indeed fortunate," said their uncle, "to have Professor Alexis in the party. He is an old resident, and has made a life-time study of the wonders of the Pacific, including Hawaii and its people."

"And will he join our expedition to the lava-flow?" asked Russell a little anxiously.

"Yes; I have persuaded him to join parties with us. You boys must do all you can to assist him in his surveys, in return for the information he will impart to us."

"Oh! good!" exclaimed Russell. "It's such a relief to have an experienced man to guide and keep us out of extreme danger."

"Most assuredly! You need not mention it, but the truth is that he goes at the solicitation of the territorial governor to ascertain whether the river of fire is liable to take such a course as to overwhelm Hilo and the surrounding plantations." And Mr. Hadley winked at Rollo mischievously, as Russell turned away with a blanched face.

It was a perfect tropical night, with the soft trade wind fanning their brows, and the full moon throwing a sheen of golden light over the corruscating wavelets. The route was southeast, and they passed on the left the long island of Molokai, with lofty green peaks at its windward end, and a rocky volcanic peninsula stretching out toward Oahu at the other.

"Do you see that high precipice jutting into the ocean?" asked Professor Alexis. "Well, just behind is Kalau-papa, the Leper Settlement in a deep cliff-bound valley. It was made famous by the heroic devotion of Father Damien, who gave up his own life to carry comfort and religious consolation to those doomed to die from that incurable disease."

They next passed the low-lying island of Lanai, whose mountains barely reached to the clouds. "It looks for all the world," remarked Russell, "like the back of an immense whale emerging from the ocean."

"And it is celebrated," added Professor Alexis, "for its big, delicious watermelons, and a settlement of Mormons from Utah, who are engaged in raising sheep and wool."

"Rollo," exclaimed Russell, the next morning; "wake up and come on deck. It's five o'clock and we have been anchored at Lahaina for hours. A more tropical looking place you never saw or imagined."

Rollo was up in a minute, and from the deck the boys watched with interest the busy scene around them. There was no harbor, but a calm, open roadstead in the

lee of Eeka, the mountain of West Maui, which towered 7,000 feet above the town. Lahaina, watered by several rapid streams, rushing down through deep canyons that gashed into the heart of the mountain, lay along the shore for several miles. It was a perfect bower of Coconuts, Palms, Breadfruits, Pandanus, Pride of India, Banyans, Eucalyptus and other tropical fruit and shade trees. Everywhere could be seen luxuriant sugarcane and banana fields, wide-spreading graperies, varied here and there by lagoons of rampant taro and rice.

Farther back from the town, the slopes and foothills were rocky, dry and red. But in every valley aqueducts were cut into the precipices and limpid streams of water led out to give drink to the thirsty earth, changing it into luxuriant plantations and gardens. These covered the lower slopes like tiaras of emeralds.

"It seldom rains in Lahaina," said Professor Alexis, "therefore the climate and garden products are very similar to those of Damascus in Syria. I call it the Damascus of the Pacific. Like that city, too, it is a seat of learning. That long line of buildings, two miles above the town, surrounded by those park-like gardens of mangos, bananas, palms and candlenuts, is the College of Lahainaluna, established by the American Missionaries some eighty years ago. From that institution go out educated Hawaiians, Japanese and Chinese to all parts of the Pacific. Apart from the white students, who attend the Oahu Colleges, the educated men of Hawaii are Lahainaluna graduates."

"And what a jolly time the boys must have on Saturdays and vacation days, roaming and hunting, fishing and botanizing in those wild jungle-clad canyons and mountains," exclaimed Rollo.

"It's a happy life they lead," continued the Professor, "but a busy one. They cultivate their own taro and rice,

and many support themselves as plantation overseers and clerks during the long vacation."

"It's a puzzle to me," remarked Rollo, "how so many rivers, brooks, and aqueducts can keep flowing or even exist in such a dry climate as seems to prevail on the leeward sides of these Islands."

"Listen, boys," answered the Professor. "Do you see those enormous banks of clouds that enshroud the mountains of West and East Maui? They are swept up from the ocean by the warm trade winds, and cling by force of attraction to the summits and flanks of the mountains. Ascend and enter those clouds, and you will find a drizzle drizzle of rain or dew almost from one year's end to the other. This water soaks through the porous volcanic rock, and enters the valleys through millions of little springs."

CHAPTER VI.

Hilo Produces Big Crops of Sugar and Volcano Eruptions.—Barney Engages Two Smart Scamps, Boomguy and Spun-yarn.—They Start for the Lava Flow.—Where Fire and Water Have Built up a Delirium of Chaos and Beauty.—A Garden of Good Things in the Wilderness.—The Hunters' Paradise.—An Exciting Stampede of Wild Bullocks.—Trail of Blood Across the Lava Fields.



“HERE we are at Hilo,” announced Professor Alexis as they emerged on deck. It was a glorious cloudless day, and the sun, rising out of the ocean, revealed to them a landscape as grand and beautiful as they had seen in any part of the world. “There is Mauna Kea to the right, towering in the air with its glittering peaks of snow and ice. This long slope covered with forests, leads up into the high tablelands of the interior. Hilo town you see, nestles along the crescent apex of the bay, surrounded and guarded by regiments of luxuriant cane fields and thriving sugar, pine-apple and coffee plantations.”

“But where is Mauna Loa?” asked the boys in a breath, gazing around in vain for a sight of the volcano. “We’ve come 5,000 miles to see it, and lo! it has vanished,” added Rollo.

“Over there to the left. The clouds are just breaking away before the sun’s sharp rays. Now you can see its vast dome and glittering white cap over that bank of cloud on the horizon. Its summit is fifty miles away, but its slope begins right here. You will not be disappointed.

In bulk it is several times larger than its more pretentious sister, Mauna Kea."

"And what is Hilo celebrated for?" asked Mr. Hadley.

"Coffee, sugar and volcanic eruptions; the last mentioned being the biggest crop, but with the poorest demand," returned Professor Alexis. "This gentle slope, covered with the richest tropical verdure, runs from a coast line some seventy miles long, up into the highlands, and offers nearly a thousand square miles of lands suited to sugar or coffee."

"And where are the signs of volcanic work?" asked Rollo in a disappointed tone.

"Do you see that ribbon of black, breaking through the forest above the town? Well, that's the lava flow of 1881. It came down from Mauna Loa's summit, and when within a quarter mile of the town, Hilo's destruction seemed inevitable. The lava's progress was incessant and only a miracle could avert disaster. On that day the whole population of Hilo gathered for prayer and supplication to their Creator, in the native mission church. From that very hour the demon of fire stayed his hand, nor moved that lava river another hundred feet."

"What is the present population of Hilo?" inquired Mr. Hadley.

"About 8,000, and in the district 20,000. Hilo is also celebrated for its rain-showers. They say it showers 366 days in the year, putting in an extra one for good measure."

"Faith! an' it's a foine town for weepin' widders," exclaimed Barney.

"How's that?" asked Rollo.

"They say in Owld Ireland, the crvin' widders git married first, because there's nothin' like a spell of wet weather to make good transplantin'."

"There was one exception," continued the professor.

"In the year of the great eruption (1881) the spacious valley between the two big mountains became so heated that hardly a drop fell in six months."

No sooner had Barney landed the baggage and supplies than he busied himself with preparations for the Mauna Loa trip. The sudden in-rush of tourists had caused a dearth in the supply of horses. He got wind of a sale at the Government Pound and purchased at the auction three excellent horses for the tourists, and a mule for himself. Then he hunted up Keawe, a former volcano guide, who was an experienced mountaineer and goat hunter. Finally he selected, after much search, two assistants to care for the animals and do camp work. One of these was a Chinaman named Ah Sin; the other Puako (sugar cane blossom), was a half white and wild bullock catcher. Both had been sailors on a whale-ship, and both were experts in all the mysteries and handiwork of nautical and mountain craft. Moreover, they were not far behind (I regret to say), in the knowledge and practice of the many deviltries of Pacific Ocean civilization. In short, they were not only as smart as whips, but also a pair of consummately precious scamps. Ah Sin had abandoned his pig-tail and chopsticks, and now enjoyed the picturesque nickname of Spunyarn. His companion sported a cognomen that smacked also of the forecastle, and in public life was called Boomguy.

"Why, isn't he the sailor who helped to blow up the junk Fay Yan?" asked Rollo.

"The very same," whispered Barney. "He took French leave of the Wanga Wanga, and bobbed up here suddenly, looking for a volcano job."

Our tourists found the people of Hilo and vicinity somewhat recovered from the many acute attacks of "shivers and fever," which the numerous recent earthquakes and eruptions had brought upon them. It was true that there was on the tableland above, a great river

of molten lava issuing from a rent in Mauna Loa's summit. This threatened to descend the valley between the two great mountains, and destroy the town. It was a year's job, however, for Madame Pele, the Hawaiian fire goddess, to engineer the fire stream to the ocean. Consequently Hilo was not only cheerful, but bustling and happy over the arrival of many tourists on their way to the crater of Kilauea, and the lesser flow on the coast of Ka-u. All night the fierce light from the avalanches of fire blazed down from the far away mountain heights, with an intensity almost equal to sunlight. It transformed the cocoanut shaded town into a beautifully illuminated festive garden.

With their horses and pack mules our tourists plunged into the primeval tropical forest that lay between Hilo and the interior tablelands. In the lowlands the noonday sun was fearfully hot, but showers of rain, the deep shadows of the jungle, and the canyon-like ravines gave frequent relief from its fervid rays.

For two days they followed the course of the Wailuku River (Waters of Slaughter, so named from a bloody battle fought on its banks in ancient days).

"It's better to flounder over the jagged lava slabs in its bed, and swim the dalles where it deepens," said the Professor, "than to bore and clear our way through the forest entanglements."

"The bottom of this valley must have been the favorite route of Pele's fire streams in ancient days," returned Mr. Hadley. "We see pits, blow-holes, crevasses and caverns everywhere; we can't be too careful of our steps."

"No, indeed!" exclaimed Russell. "I felt the twigs and grass giving away under me today, and went down to my armpits. But for my rifle and Keawe's sudden grasp on the nape of my neck, I believe I would have slipped straight through and landed somewhere on the Congo River."

This warning was not groundless. The next morning, soon after starting in the gray dawn, Keawe's packhorse suddenly gave a snort and despairing scream, and slid head foremost out of sight through the treacherous forest debris of leaves and rotting wood.

"Quick!" cried Rollo, "he's fallen into a chimney. I heard a splash. Lower me with a lariat; we'll hoist him out before he drowns!"

But Spun yarn and Boomguy had already thrown a lasso over a tree branch, and the Chinaman was quickly lowered into a cavity a dozen yards in depth.

"No use," he shouted back; "cussed horse,—heap dead! breakee neck downside."

After recovering the baggage, they tramped on through the jungle. Imagine to yourself, reader, gigantic trees a hundred feet high, whose trunks support pyramids of woven lianas, huge creepers, air plants and climbing ferns. Between them grow tall bamboo like saplings, tree ferns, palms and wild bananas. This is occasionally varied by jungles of Pandanus (screw pines), with tufted whorls of long narrow leaves, like giant pine-apple plants. These are perched high on tangled stockades of aerial roots and bear luxuriant cones of golden yellow nuts, not very dissimilar to bunches of bananas. Imagine again all these lashed together by cable like vines, to the falling trees, branches and logs, into abbatis, further fortified against intruders by lava slabs and boulders; and you have the typical volcano jungle; a veritable paradise for the naturalist but the terror of the sportsman and tourist.

"Here," said Professor Alexis, "is where Fire and Water have built up a delirium of chaos and beauty."

For three days they cut a narrow path with machetes and axes through this mazy forest, filled with ancient cones and winding crevasses, also a few swamps and torrents. Everything was green and rampant; the fern

fronds and huge leaves of the air plants mischievously deluged them with dripping water, as they brushed under them. This strenuous life gave them appetites so ravenous that nothing eatable that came in their way was neglected. As Spunyarn expressed it, in his "pigeon English" dialect:—"Vely muchee hungry. Eatee quick raw jackass,—no choppee tail, no cuttee ears topside!" A wild boar and young goat were noosed by Boomguy's dexterous riata, and Rollo and Russell shot several wild turkeys. Occasionally they feasted on the bananas, pine-apples, plantains and yams which grew wild along the streams. Their pack mules had not been heavily laden with provisions, for before starting, Boomguy assured them: "Me catch lassoo plenty wild bullock and puaa (boars). No use to kill jackass with too much pack. Suppose no bifi (cattle) then shoot wild kao (goats), jerk plenty meat in smoke."

So they depended on Boomguy for commissaries and determined, like Caesar in Gaul, to live on the country.

At three o'clock, when they had made a fair day's march, Keawe halted them in a grassy opening, and the horses were tethered to crop the rich herbage. Then he led them through the branches of interlacing trees, and over a log, fallen across a deep crevasse. Here they found themselves in a pretty little clearing, adjoining a small pond, surrounded by high cliffs. It was once the hiding place of a few runaway sailors and moonshiners, who had lived in seclusion for several years.

Only Keawe knew of it, for Boomguy and Spunyarn expressed surprise at its existence. The hermits had planted fruit trees and a garden, and built a comfortable thatched shanty under the jutting cliff.

In this deserted camp our tourists luxuriated on the little black trout (oopus), which swarmed in the pool, sweet potatoes, sugar cane, guavas, mangos and Kumquats (Chinese oranges). Meantime Keawe and his

assistants pulled taro from the patches and baked it in an under-ground oven. They also filled the paniers with delicious scarlet smoke dried shrimps. These shrimps swarm by the million in the mountain streams of Hawaii. Rollo and Russell found them easy to capture in a funnel shaped basket.

On the fourth day they suddenly burst forth from the heavy timber into a more open country, and soon ascended into the tablelands, hundreds of square miles of which lay between the two great volcanoes. Much of this was fairly wooded and grassed, but seamed and gashed in every direction by ancient lava flows.

"For thousands of years," said Professor Alexis, "these lava rivers have intermittently flowed from rents around the great summit crater of Moku-a-weo-weo, and gradually filled up the valley between the two mountains to its present elevation."

"And do all the lava flows come from the craters?" asked Rollo.

"By no means. In fact, there is not even a tradition of either of the two great craters overflowing. The egress of the fire rivers is always from a rent in the mountain's summit or flank. There are several hundred square miles of Mauna Loa's southwestern slope which are subject to these rents and flows. Sometimes the fire fountains break out not far from the ocean itself."

"This is what puzzles me," said Rollo. "How can the rivers of fire break through the solid crust of the earth, which the geologists tell us is many miles in thickness, when the chimneys of the two great craters are open, and so near at hand, ready to relieve the interior pressure?"

"You must bear in mind," returned the Professor, "that every lava flow in its course, forms long underground caverns, through which the liquid metal is conducted from the source. Now these mountains are built

up from the bed of the ocean by successive flows and layers of lava."

"Just like the layers on an onion," exclaimed Russell, "and consequently, these mountains are honeycombed from end to end with subterranean tunnels, through which the lava can be forced like water through a pipe."

"Exactly! and I believe there are several huge vertical funnels in the bowels of this fire-mountain, which connect with the interior of the earth. As the mountain grows in height by the eruptions, the crust of the earth under it sags a trifle into the molten interior. This assists a little in producing both earthquakes and an up-rush of lava through one or more of these funnels. The real cause of the eruptions I will explain when you are more familiar with the craters, and have seen the new lava stream."

"Then," said Rollo, "the whole island is liable at some time to sink back into the molten interior of the earth where it came from."

"Impossible!" returned Professor Alexis. "We know positively from records of the seismograph and seismometer, that the molten interior, although liquid, is several times denser than the crust. Consequently, the crust floats upon the liquid as a cork upon the water, and the two bear to each other about the same specific gravity as cork to water. There is no power in the universe, short of the collision of a huge comet or one of the planets, which could force the crust back into the liquid."

"That's an immense relief to me," exclaimed Russell. "Ever since I landed on the island, I have had a feeling that I was walking on a bubble or thin ice, which might collapse at any moment, and spill us into a white hot Turkish bath."

"Boys," said Mr. Hadley, "is not this one of the grandest landscapes you ever gazed upon?"

"Yes," added Professor Alexis; "we are now about

8,000 feet above sea level. Twenty-five miles to the east, you see the cocoanut fringed coast, and the sugar fields of Hilo. The shore as far as your eye can reach is embroidered, like a lace collar, with a wavy line of pearly snow-white breakers. Then the ocean, a sparkling zone of turquoise, stands up like a wall between the sky and Hawaii. That far away horizon cleaves the heavens from the earth. Between that fairyland of the shore and our feet, lies the wonderful, tropical, primeval forest, teeming with riotous life, and radiant in its luxuriant beauty."

To escape the annoyance of the wild dogs and evening fog of the tablelands, our tourists mounted a high hill on a spur of Mauna Kea, and camped in a cave under a jutting cliff. Mauna Loa now towered before them with all its grandeur and terrible beauty. For hours they watched the rapid changes in the kaleidoscope of Dame Nature, and the mighty dramas in which she was stage manager.

"To say 'magnificent and picturesque' of this scene is almost slander," exclaimed their uncle with enthusiasm. "There are no words in the language expressive enough to describe it. Now look at those regiments of huge fleecy clouds, driven tandem by the trade winds from over the horizon. They wing their way above the forest, like a bevy of wild geese, one behind the other. The advance guard is filling up the vast silent valley at our feet. You would imagine them now to be a flock of sheep as they spread themselves over the tablelands to sleep. Here come a more ambitious platoon of them higher in the air. They have joined hands now for a cotillion, and are waltzing away toward Mauna Loa. They lose their airiness and begin to boil. Now the chasm between the two volcanos begins to seethe from one dome to the other."

"It's like a caldron of eiderdown," exclaimed Russell, "a bed so soft and fleecy that one is tempted to throw himself down on its snowy bosom. How wondrous

strange it is to look *down* upon the clouds and see the *top sides* of them rolling along *under* our feet!"

"There must be thousands of square miles of cloud tops, now visible to our eyes!" cried Rollo. "Below them it is dark, almost black, probably raining, while all above is radiant in the blaze of the afternoon sun."

"And do you notice," added Professor Alexis, "that in all this vast ocean of eiderdown, as you call it, there are now only three little islands visible, the summit domes of Mauna Loa and Kea and the ragged pie-crust rim of Haleakala crater?"

"Look there!" cried Barney; "that long line of woods, —black and white spots, coming out in the open. They can't be goats; too big!"

"No!" exclaimed Rollo, looking through the spy glass; "they are wild bullocks, by ginger! and another herd in the valley;—and oh, Jiminy! one more bunch,—down that dark ravine!"

"Yes, boys," remarked Professor Alexis, "we are now in the famous hunting grounds of Hawaii. Turn your glass on the middle of that cliff yonder and you'll see a flock of black and white goats."

"And whence did they come hither?" asked Russell; "they are not indigenous, are they?"

"About a hundred and thirty years ago," continued the Professor, "Captain James Cook discovered these islands and was murdered by the natives. A few years after, Vancouver, who later succeeded Cook in command of the squadron, brought from Mexico a cow and bull and several goats, with valuable plants and seeds as a gift to King Kamehameha. A taboo was proclaimed on the live stock, and in the course of time they increased to tens of thousands, running wild in these mountain fastnesses. For more than fifty years Spanish vaqueros hunted them merely for their hides and tallow. The wild cattle conceal themselves by day in the mazy forest

and dense chaparral, then steal out to feed on rich herbage in the open by starlight."

"Yes," said Russell, still looking through the glass, "I see five Spaniolos, just debouching from the woods below the herds. They are creeping up in the shadows of the ravine. They carry long lariats and have big loggerheads on their saddles. Ah! now the herd has scented them and broken like a flash for the tall timber. Hurrah! Five lassos swinging around the vaqueros' heads in the air! They are all stampeding down the slope like a whirlwind, horses and bullocks vaulting over boulders, logs and gullies like streaks of greased thunderbolts! Such a dust and a barrel of fun! One circling riata whizzes out like a long flash of lightning and, jerk! he's got the big calico bull by the horns. No, no! the bull's got *him*! turned and tossed both horse and vacquero over the edge of the ravine! Lassoing wild cattle is no kidglove affair either. Another lasso launched;—that's a sixty-foot throw, I'll wager; now the black bull is noosed;—he turns a double somersault down the bank at the end of the jerk. Whiz! two more lariats launched! Two nooses spin far out and land on the calico bull's horns! The vaqueros yank him up to a tree. Now another riata uncoils;—this time it's the black cow! She makes a dash; the lariat twangs. Oh!—she's jerked with a somersault over a precipice, but the horse lays back nobly on his haunches, and the rope holds taut by the loggerhead!"

"Boys," interrupted Mr. Hadley, "look at the lava flow. The clouds have broken away from Mauna Loa. It's growing dark. Is not that an awe-inspiring sight? A torrent of fire as white as the sun, gashing its way through this beautiful landscape from that open mouth of Hades. Note the dazzling sunlike flash from the flow at its source. You are compelled to avert your eyes. Then

it changes from white to crimson, then blood-red as the avalanche nears the foot of the dome."

"That first fire-lake on the tablelands is at least three miles wide," said Professor Alexis. "Then the red gleams which show its zigzag course across the great valley look, for all the world, like the campfires of a vast army."

"It will reach the coast at Hilo in a month or so, will it not?" asked Russell.

"Not quite so fast," returned Professor Alexis; "though liquid as water when it is vomited from that crevasse at the summit, and for a short time, it travels more than ten miles an hour, yet it cools so rapidly by exposure to the air that at thirty-five miles from its fountain head, its progress is often only a few feet a day. Wherever exposed to the atmosphere a crust forms on the liquid metal from two to six feet thick in a few hours. Under this crust the fiery liquid continues to flow, as a river of water runs under its blanket of ice in the winter time. To reach the ocean, *many hundred billion tons* of lava must be ejected; numerous canyons, basins of water and old craters must be filled up by the lava, as it plunges onward toward the ocean. I have once seen a lava stream surmount and cross a ridge over a hundred feet high."

"Professor, that volcano freak sounds almost too marvelous to be true," said Mr. Hadley.

"It was very simple," returned Professor Alexis. "The lava stream followed old underground tunnels that carried it over the divide on the principle of a syphon, or a water pipe crossing a canyon. One of the most formidable obstacles to a fire river is a dense forest of lofty trees. Here the moisture of the ground, and the entangled trunks and jungle retard the lava's flow; then the standing trees are burned off; they fall in confusion

and make a second obstruction, compelling the cooled rock and retarded river to pile up higher and higher."

"Now, boys," said their uncle, "observe that cloud, shaped like a pine tree, rising over the summit of Mauna Loa to the height of several thousand feet. What causes the dazzling white light of its lower base, Professor?"

"That is the reflection from the fire lake beneath, in the chasm of Moku-aweo-weo, nearly eight miles in circumference. Those lurid flashes of zigzag and forked lightnings which play through the cloud, are among the strangest phenomena of erupting volcanos. They are caused by the enormous volumes of steam which are thrown aloft into the frigid upper currents of air, and changed instantly into thunder clouds. You can easily imagine that Jupiter and Vulcan are there, fighting a midair duel;—hurling fire and thunderbolts at one another. It is no wonder that the Hawaiians worship Pele, their fire goddess, with such profound respect and dread."

"She lookee like one big ddragon; big bom-bom fire clackers!" added Spunyarn. "Lat rivee look allee samee mighty big snake; no likee ddragon:—cook him!—lun down in sea water;—takee swim!"

Our tourists slept under a jutting cliff of pa-hoe-hoe. All night they heard the distant explosions, caused by the sudden escape of pent-up gases from Mauna Loa's adamantine bowels. Higher and higher rose the pine tree cloud, and the intermittent and frequent changes in color from light pink to cherry, then gory red, showed that the fire fountains of Moku-aweo-weo were tossing their crimson crests many hundred feet into the air.

Boomguy and Spunyarn sat late by the fire and jabbered volubly in the musical Kanaka tongue. Occasionally the half white would apostrophize the volcano and

its deities, and Barney translated a few of his interesting exordiums.

"Pele is holding high carnival in her fire palace to-night, with her brothers, Kane-wawahi-waa (smasher of big canoes), and Kane-hekili-pohá (Prince of cloud splitters and thunder breakers). She rides the blood-red breakers with the whole crew of Hades. They shriek with fiendish glee, as the white-hot seething billows dash their surf-boards aloft from cliff to cliff. The fire fountains of Moku-aweo-weo leap toward the stars. They light the abode of the gods with a sheen that puts the sun to blush!"

The next day was spent in crossing the table lands towards the Mauna Loa slope. Professor Alexis' plan was to reach the new flow and follow it up to the summit crater. Now our tourists found that cutting a path in the jungle was mere child's play, compared with crossing the old lava rivers of the highlands. Cones of scoria and cinders;—chasms, crevasses, blow-holes, canyons and small craters;—huge boulders and jagged slabs of lava, mountains of a-a (porous lava slag), and cascades of pa-hoe-hoe presented almost impassable barriers to their progress. Except for Barney's inventive genius, they might have abandoned the task. With stout poles and cross bars, lashed together with thongs of rawhide, he constructed a portable bridge, somewhat resembling a ladder. Over this desperate makeshift they maneuvered their pack-animals, crossing the narrow canyons, and from one huge boulder to another. Occasionally they were compelled to plunge boldly into a river of a-a, and force the trembling animals through delirious mazes of sharp jagged lava spikes, and horrid slag-like scoria. After floundering, scrambling, and vaulting through this raspy hades, the poor brutes' limbs and flanks were wet with blood from many welts and bruises.

"I will never again ridicule the meek and much abused

mule," exclaimed Rollo. "Our entire luggage is lashed to their backs, and most nobly do they scramble over glassy rocks, scale precipices, thread narrow tunnels and ledges. They perform feats which no other animals but goats could accomplish."

"Yis," said Barney, "they're swate angels, until one av thim gits a chance to lay down wid you on her back, an' rowl over you on the sharp donnicks."

At noon our tourists appeared to themselves to stand in the middle of a vast sea of black lava waves, like an ocean suddenly congealed, just at the height of a terrible typhoon. Only the two distant volcano peaks of Mauna Kea and Loa broke the saw-tooth rim of the surrounding horizon.

On nearing Mauna Loa they encountered extensive fields of *clinkers*, or level pa-hoe-hoe (smooth, hard lava), and here they could often canter their horses, as over a city pavement.

The sixth day brought them to the *new flow*.

Words can hardly express the sublime horror with which the first experience of a live volcano inspired the minds of Rollo, Russell and their uncle.

The country here was somewhat level, occasionally marshy, and studded with patches of dense forest. The fire stream, a little more than a mile wide, was eating its way over the table land about fifteen hundred feet a day.

"Do you notice, boys," said Professor Alexis, "that it is difficult to eliminate from our minds the superstitious fantasy, that there is in this lava flow some fierce and vindictive demon of death and destruction, possessing a will power and intelligence of his own;—a fire dragon, for instance, with a cerebellum located somewhere in the heart of the mountain?"

"Yes," returned Rollo, eagerly; "that just expresses the

way I feel toward the whole volcano. If reason and intelligence did not assert themselves, I could easily become a fire-worshipper, like the ancient Hawaiian."

"And I confess to the same hallucination," chimed in Russell. "It came on me with a double force when I smelled for the first time the strong odor of brimstone that pervades the air near the fire-flow."

"That's another strange development," said Rollo; "it affects me differently. I was almost instantly aware of a dulling of the sense of fear, when I inhaled the sulphur fog. I was tempted to walk right onto the flow and see what it was like. The horror of it appeared to vanish."

"Not an unusual result of inhaling sulphurous acid fumes," added Professor Alexis. "It is a common saying in the army, that the most timid men will often fight like devils when once they inhale the burning powder on the battlefield."

The lava of the fire river had a consistence like thin mortar, and a color midway between blood and the white heat of liquid iron as it issues from the foundry crucible. It writhed and twisted its way along the ground in whorls and eddies, that resembled the contortions of a titanic boa constrictor. Where the ground sloped away at an angle from the direction of the stream, the advance rivulets became huge snakes that rolled laterally on the ground until twisted into monster cables. At the edge of the flow the heat was terrific. Where the molten metal passed over wet ground, clouds of steam rose up with continuous explosions, varying from the rapid fire of giant fire-crackers to the deafening boom of an 18-inch cannon. As a result of the steam forces, from wet ground, the congealing masses were often thrown into ridges and hills of porous a-a,—the light frothy lava.

"What a marked difference there is between the *pa-hoe-hoe* and the *a-a*," remarked Mr. Hadley.

"Yes," said Professor Alexis; "you will find the a-a in wet localities or where the fire river runs down the declivity with such rapidity that it is churned up into a foamy consistence. The pa-hoe-hoe, on the other hand, is the result of slow congelation, or of cooling off under pressure. In very rainy localities the surface of the a-a flow disintegrates into fertile soil in from 30 to 50 years. But the hard pa-hoe-hoe retains its integrity and resists the tooth of time for ages, particularly in a dry climate. Now you notice that the surface of the flow soon turns to a jet black. This crust is frequently broken up into slabs by the pressure from below of the on-coming tide. These become piled up in a delirium of fantastic combinations, or are engulfed and again melted into the devouring torrent.

"It's a puzzle to me," returned Mr. Hadley, "to account for two such dissimilar volcano products."

"You are not the only puzzled Scientist. I myself am inclined to believe that a-a is lava that has crytallized, just as sugar granulates under certain conditions.

CHAPTER VII.

A Cavern Infested by Wild Dogs.—Herd of Wild Cattle Surrounded by the Lava Flow.—The Bull Cremates Himself in the Volcano River.—The Midnight Feast on Wild Dog.—A Rude Awakening.—Trapped by the Lava Flow.—All is Lost! —The Guide Leaps to his Death in the Fiery Chasm.



OUR tourists now toiled on up-stream and halted at an old stone corral, at the converging point of two old lava flows. This corral was constructed for entrapping herds of wild bullocks, and later abandoned by the vaqueros who built it. Here, on a gentle slope of Mauna Loa, was a spacious cavern, overlooking the corral. Water and grass were plenty, and the weary animals were turned loose in the enclosure.

"Uncle," said Russell, "this cave is infested with *fleas*. We never can sleep a wink to-night. Where in the world did they come from?"

"Wild dogs and goats bring them here," said Professor Alexis. "With a little search we can probably find one less accessible to them."

"You hear wild dog ow-ow?" exclaimed Boomguy.

"Yes;—sounds pretty ferocious, don't it? What does it mean?" returned Russell.

"One bull,—three cow,—three calf," said Boomguy, pointing downward toward the new lava flow.

"Nonsense," said Mr. Hadley; "dogs don't count; much less advertise the number and gender of their quarry!"

‘Never mind, Boomguy savey ow-ow,—wild dog lingo—same you read book. All hands pi-mai (come on). Spunyarn,—bring gun,—lazzoo,—knife,—ax, pai-pai (quick!)—eat fat pig tonight.’

Immediately all was bustle. Each armed himself with his own familiar weapon and followed the bullock catcher, who only carried a lariat. Between them and the fire river was a little green canyon-like valley. To reach it, however, they must cross an old flow of pa-hoe-hoe, whose stream, though narrow, was choked with lava slabs,—so wildly disordered that nothing short of a man or a monkey could make a passage through it. By desperate leaping and scrambling from boulder to boulder, they reached the low ridge over-hanging the valley.

‘Boomguy was right,’ exclaimed the Professor. ‘Three cows with calves, and a big, black, curly wooled bull; all as fat as butter.’

‘And a pack of wild dogs nagging them,’ added Rollo excitedly. ‘Look! they are hemmed in on three sides by cliffs, and at the mouth of the valley by the new lava river. They are doomed to be starved or burned to death.’

‘Not a bit of it,’ returned their uncle. ‘There’s green stuff enough in the valley to last them for months. The canyon is fifty feet above the level of the new lava.’

Boomguy, without hesitating, lowered himself into the valley by a convenient tree, and crept stealthily toward the herd with his lasso. But the bull, mad with impotent rage at the dogs, no sooner caught a glimpse of this new adversary, than he lowered his sharp horns, and made a lightning dash for him with a fierce bellow.

‘He’s gone!’ shouted Russell, ‘shoot quick, Rollo, or he’ll be gored to death. No! by Jove! he’s dodged him and skun up a tree; hurray for Boomguy!’

At this moment, a savage squeal was heard up the canyon and a wild hog dashed down, followed by Spun-

yarn. Crack! went Rollo's rifle, the hog gave a shriek of agony, and running erect on his hind legs a rod or more, fell into a blowhole. At the sharp report of the gun, the wild cattle and dogs started furiously down the valley, followed by the bull. Boomguy was stealing down a gully not far in the rear.

"There they go!" yelled Russell almost hysterically, as he looked through the spyglass, "like a streak of greased lightning; now they balk at the edge of the fire river;—it's certain death to go farther; now they've sighted Boomguy and are breaking pell-mell *across the lava!* Their legs will be burned off! Crack! Listen to that agonized bellow! Great Jehosaphat! The bull has broken through into the hot metal. One big puff of steam and smoke;—he's cremated instantly into ashes! One cow has balked at the home run. There goes the long circling lasso! It settles round her horns. The other bullocks will meet the fate of the bull! No! they limp up the opposite bank, bellowing with pain;—'a little disfigured, but still in the ring.' Their tails and hair are on fire! The wind brings the smell of their scorching to our nostrils. Now the cow is after Boomguy like a shot,—crazy with the pain in her burnt hoofs:—he's dodged up onto a boulder. Well, shiver my timbers! If the daredevil hasn't jumped astride of her, and is plunging his spurs into her flanks! She's sorry now that she didn't bolt over the hot river with the rest of the herd."

Up and down the valley rushed Boomguy's maddened steed, followed by the yells and laughter of his delighted audience. At every bound the lunges of the bullock catcher's rowels brought a bellow of rage and agony. Even the wild dogs joined in the melee, howling, yelping and snarling; until a ball from Spunyarn's rifle knocked over the leader.

Finally Boomguy tossed his lariat to Spunyarn, and the

cow was wound up to the tree with a jerk. All hands now drew their hunting knives and she was soon flayed and quartered.

Spunyarn now reported a cave in the cliff at the head of the valley, and our tourists voted to camp there, in preference to enduring the fleas at the corral. Boomguy looked up at the mountain, then down to the lava flow, and shook his head; but finally yielded under protest. How bitterly did they repent their carelessness but a few hours later!

The tourists feasted that night on porterhouse steaks and pork tenderloins, with roasted potatoes, from a patch which had run wild, from a former planting by the vaqueros.

"Here's a pail of wild *akalas*" (Pacific raspberries), said Russell, while they were banqueting. "They are just in season;—the vines are loaded with mammoth fruit,—as large as hens' eggs. But, Shades of Gilead! what are these exquisite odors that fill the grotto, contrasting with the villainous stench of the volcano?"

"Some Genie is doubtless near at hand, who will waft us presently into the presence and court of the Fire Goddess," returned Rollo.

"Boys," cried Russell with enthusiasm, as the pungent fragrance grew heavy in the air, "this is a dream of the Arabian Nights! We are lured to repose by the intoxicating frankincense of Cathay. The awakening will be in an ivory palace, basking in the smiles of the houries of Pele!"

"Sit down, Russell, and eat your beefsteak," interrupted his uncle. "Pull the feathers out of the wings of your imagination and graft them into the tail of your good sense. Do you see that rough stump of reddish yellow wood on the fire? Well, that's your Genie from Bagdad;—worth fifty cents to one dollar a pound, if we

were in Hong Kong. One of the most valuable and precious woods in the world. A log of *sandal wood*."

"Gee whiz!" cried Russell, his eyes fairly bulging with wonder; "and is it quite plenty around here?"

"No," said Professor Alexis; "the trees are almost extinct in Hawaii, I am sorry to say. A hundred and ten years ago, the great King Ka-meha-meha exported hundreds of shiploads of the precious sweet scented timber. It brought wealth to Hawaii in the early days, as did gold to California, and pearls to India. But the old savage played fast and loose with this tree of great price. He compelled thousands of his subjects to become serfs, and undergo terrible hardships in the rain-drenched mountains and canyons, while in search of this vegetable gold and frankincense. At one time his annual income, from this source alone, was said to be \$400,000. Today sandalwood can only be found on dizzy precipices, accessible only to birds and monkeys."

"Boys," said their uncle, "what say you to camping here a day or two, to recuperate the horses, and give Professor Alexis an opportunity to make his surveys?"

"I was just about to suggest that," returned Rollo; "we would like to study the wonderful phenomena of lava rivers a little more closely."

"Yes," said Russell; "Rollo will never be satisfied and happy until he has enjoyed the fun of having his hair and clothes burned off. Just think what a jolly lark the bull and cows had in getting out of their scrape today!"

"Well, boys, bring over from the corral everything the dogs and wild hogs are liable to molest."

Before they lay down to sleep, Professor Alexis told off the night into watches, and each member of the party took his turn as vidette on the cliff above. They were surrounded by many dangers.

"Those frequent explosions and distant gleams of white light show that Vulcan and Pele are attending

strictly to business," remarked Professor Alexis. "They are handing out pyrotechnics with lavish hands."

In several directions our tourists could hear the fierce bellowings of wild bulls, engaged in mortal combat;—duels fought under the white and crimson effulgence of the distant fire fountains. All night these portentous noises disturbed their slumbers, varied by the yelping of a pack of wild dogs, in full cry after some unwary cow and calf. Mr. Hadley heard Rollo muttering in his sleep, "There's more fun in these mountains than a whole canoe-load of bob-tailed monkeys!"

Toward one o'clock Barney woke up Rollo and Russell with a whisper.

"Your trick at the watch, Rollo; but whist! kape mum; do you see that Boomguy and the haythen Chinee are gone? bad luck to thim yaller divils!"

"I saw Spunyarn steal out with something in his hand," whispered Russell. "The Professor's little brown jug is gone," added Rollo, still whispering and looking around. "What does it mean?"

"Thim dihrty blackguards! they've konobled the canteen of potheen, intirely, but whist! follow me. I bet a cocaynut it's another eruption that's a-comin'; and it ain't the volcano nayther. I seen thim a-scorchin' the hair off the bow-wow, whin the sun wint down, and it manes a haythen *loo-ow*, with a wind up that'll jar the donnicks thimsilves into hysterics wid laffin'."

Ascending the cliff they followed Barney down the ridge, and peeped over a jutting rock. A weird sight met their eyes. Boomguy and Spunyarn had dressed the carcass of the wild dog the evening before, wrapped it in green fern leaves, and baked it in a hot crevice of the new lava flow. Now they were eating it with a garnish of *ku-kui mo-a* (roasted candle-nuts), made hot as tophet with chopped red peppers and onions. Dipping their fingers into a calabash of poi, they carried the mor-

sels of bow-wow to their mouths, smacking their lips with great gusto over the barbarous delicacies. The uncanny feast was washed down by sundry pulls at the jug, which contained the very best quality of O-kole-hao (ti-root rum).

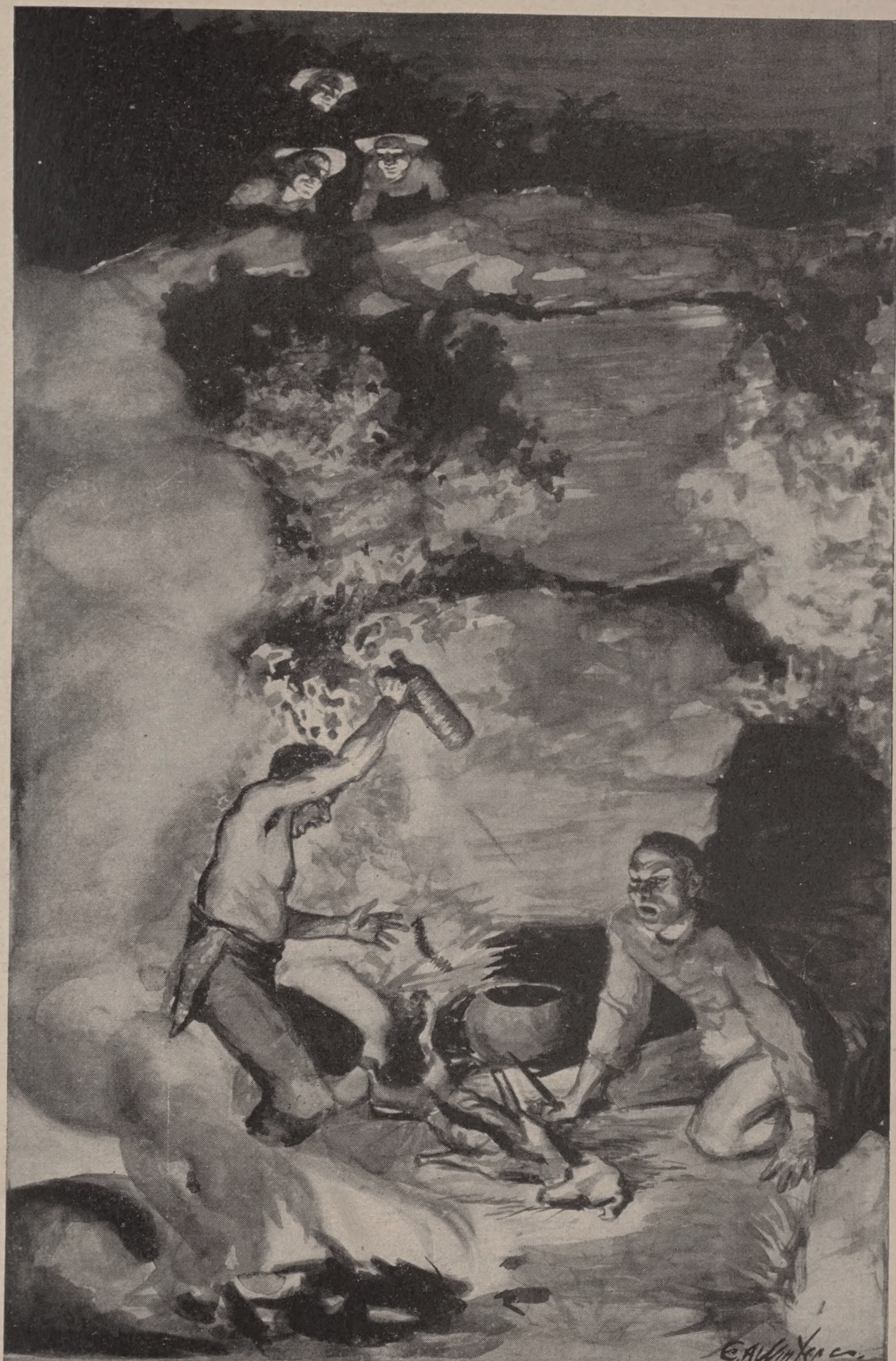
Barney nudged the boys to pay close attention, and whispered a few words in their ears; whereupon they stuffed their handkerchiefs in their mouths to repress exuberant chuckles.

"Shure, an' we'll see the fire-woruks now," said Barney.

Now this fiery liquor, though contraband by law, is much beloved by the beach-combers and low whites of Hawaii, who distill it from the steam-baked roots of the *Dracena* plant. This grows with great luxuriance in the moist, warm valleys. The name O-kole-hao is a comic appellation, meaning,—(translated freely), "Dew-drops of the Iron Tail," (from the gunbarrel usually used in its distillation). Boomguy and Spunyarn were not aware that Professor Alexis used the liquor in the place of alcohol to preserve insects, small reptiles and other scientific dainties in.

The two scamps were in the seventh heaven of enjoyment. Suddenly Boomguy leaped up and gave a yell, at the same time jerking out of his mouth and throat a fine specimen of a centipede, nearly ten inches long, with a hundred legs (more or less). He had nearly swallowed it from the jug. Simultaneously Spunyarn commenced to spew and swear in pigeon English, uttering a volley of left-handed blessings that would have shocked even a Mississippi steamboat captain. He had swallowed two large caterpillars and nearly imbibed a Mauna Kea mouse, several scorpions, spiders and butterflies from his cocoanut drinking cup.

The prophesied eruption now took place:—Owck-



Boomguy and Spunyarn banquet at midnight on Wild Dog. They find Scientific Dainties (centipedes and lizards) in the Professor's stolen rum jug. "I bet a cocaynut," said Barney, "there's another eruption comin', and it ain't the Volcano ayther."



Their Escape was almost a Miracle. As they scaled the ingenious Ladder a Niagara of Fire licked up the Camp, and soon filled the Pepper-box Crater.

ck-ck! oo-wack-ck! ough-h-h-wack! wow! wack-ck-ck! were the only remarks they made for some little time.

Rollo and Russell laid back on the grass and laughed until their strength failed them. "Hard times there!" whispered Rollo; "everything going out and nothing coming in. But hist! now listen to Spun yarn. He's explaining the situation."

"Say, Boomguy, Melican man too much plenty grog drinke, see thousand big snakee boots inside, wely good; Kanaka,—Chinee wely much rum swig, lookee! only one centipee, picanini mouse, wee wee bugs."

Here the boys rushed down the bank, yelling with laughter; to the astonished chagrin of the revellers, who dropped on their knees in penitence.

"Pardon our intrusion," exclaimed Rollo; "we thought you needed some medical assistance; put the Professor's pickles back in the jug and hand it to us; that closes the incident, as the diplomats say."

It was five o'clock when Rollo awoke, with a dread sense of impending evil. A glimmer of dawn pierced the darkness, showing that all the party were fast asleep around him, save Keawe, whose turn it was on the cliff. The air was murky with smoke, steam and sulphur; a confused rumble like the bumping of rocks in the bed of a spring freshet, was barely audible from the walls of the cave. In an instant he awoke Barney and rushed with him to the top of the declivity. There they found the Kanaka guide fast asleep behind a rock. One glance at the old pa-hoe-hoe river between them and the corral, froze their hearts with terror and dismay. It was filled with *molten lava!* and the current was growing whiter every moment. It had already reached the main stream at the mouth of the valley.

"Boomguy!" shouted Barney, hoarsely, "Wiki wiki! pii mai! e make ana kakou i ka huhu o ka Pele!" ("Come

up in desperate haste! we perish by the fiery anger of the Goddess!")

And Rollo added: "Wake up all! the fire river is upon us; lose not a second!"

In a few moments the whole party had scrambled up the tree trunk, and with unspeakable dread looked, first at the rising torrent of fire around them, and then hopelessly into each other's faces.

"The valley is now only an island in the river of fire," said Professor Alexis. "In half an hour that will disappear under the molten stream. Look! The flow is bringing down a tangle of burning forest trees, a-a and lava slabs on its surface. It is plain the main stream was choked and over-flowed into this old river bed. Boys, in a few minutes the heat and sulphur fumes will end our career on earth; let us prepare to meet our Maker."

"Auwe! Auwe!" groaned the guide, and cried out in his own language, "I alone am the cause of this disaster. Curses on this, my drowsy head! But I may save the day yet! I will leap the chasm and bring back Barney's ladder bridge!"

Before they could protest, the desperate Kanaka sprang to the rocks in the fire flow. Each leap from one boulder to another was fraught with death; his clothes were smoking,—now they were on fire! Only one more chasm, and that the widest; he made a mighty vault.

In the murky darkness they saw, by the light of a wierd gleam from Mauna Loa, a dark object strike the next boulder, and roll down into the lurid tide. They heard a despairing shriek, and the grewsome reek of burning hair and flesh that was borne to their nostrils, made their hearts turn sick with horror and despair.

CHAPTER VIII.

One Desperate Hope only.—A Little Hole in the Cavern Wall.—A White-hot River Sweeps over their Heads.—How did Minelulu's Handkerchief Come here?—Weird Tunnels and Strange Volcano Freaks.—Are not these the Remains of Captain Cook and the Kings of Old Hawaii?—Priceless Treasures of Antiquity.



QUICK! Quick! run down!" shouted Boomguy. "Pa-hoe-hoe wiki wiki fill up gulch! Back to cave! Little hole in rock! May be safe yet!"

Trusting all to the brave and cool half-white, they clambered down the cliff as a drowning man snatches at a straw. On reaching the cave, they found Boomguy and Spun yarn wielding a big slab of lava as a battering ram. One wall of the cavern was of a-a, and Boomguy had conceived the idea, when nailing a peg into it with an ax the night before, that there might be a hollow behind it. If so, and the a-a would yield, the party might be safe for an hour or two at least.

The lava was now pouring over into the valley, and its roar was like that of a Niagara. Hotter and hotter grew the atmosphere around them, and they became weak from excessive coughing.

A terrible roar and rumble now smote the air in the valley. Looking out, Rollo saw that the cliff had fallen in, and dammed up the mouth of the ravine. This would turn the torrent toward the cave. In a few minutes all would be over.

They now had two battering rams swinging against

the only weak place in the a-a wall. Suddenly one of the slabs crushed through and disappeared. Rollo snatched a blazing brand from the fire, and forced his body through the narrow breach.

"We are safe for the moment," he shouted back. "I see a black tunnel beyond this grotto. Thank Providence! it leads upward, instead of down the mountain!"

With desperate energy Boomguy and Spunyarn battered away at the a-a to enlarge the aperture. Then the whole party thrust the quarters of beef, calabashes of poi, panniers of provisions, canned goods and other camp luggage through the opening. Their haste was more than desperate, for they were surrounded by smoke and fire. Professor Alexis followed last.

"Don't kill yourselves with over-exertion, now, boys!" he shouted cheerily. "The worst is over. The lava has entered the cave but it is rising slowly. Boomguy has partly blocked up the opening with slabs."

After they had carried their salvage up into the tunnel, and out of danger, they sat down to rest, and watched the incoming molten stream. It soon melted through the obstructions, and an hour later stood several feet deep on the floor of the spacious grotto. This they estimated was about sixty feet in diameter.

Spunyarn now improvised some lamps from sardine cans, filled with fat, with rope yarns for wicks. Leaving Barney to superintend the cooking of breakfast, the white members of the party started to explore the tunnel for about a quarter of a mile.

"Boys," said Professor Alexis shortly after starting, "if you wish, you can stay here and rest, while your uncle and I proceed a little farther. If we do not find an egress to the open mountain side, we will be back in a few minutes."

They were no sooner alone than Rollo pulled from his coat pocket a piece of white silk and held it to the light.

"Good heavens, Rollo! What have you there? a lady's handkerchief, upon my word, of finest Chinese silk! The name on it too, embroidered in red. Why, it's *Minelulu!*"

Both boys looked at each other in blank surprise.

"I found it," said Rollo, "on the floor of the grotto, just as I entered, and this is the first chance I've had to examine it. I shouted back, 'we are safe,' because this convinced me that others had been here before us."

"And that reminds me," added Russell. "I have noticed that Spunyarn listens very closely whenever Barney speaks, and watches him when he thinks he is not observed. It just occurred to me last evening that Spunyarn might have been one of the Chinese mutineers on the smuggler. I don't think, however, Barney would have engaged him, if he knew he belonged to that cut-throat gang. So I watched him last night, and when we were eating supper, I noticed that neither the Chinaman or the bullock catcher ate very much. That aroused my suspicions. Well, the wild dog luau accounts for *that*. But I made a casual remark to Barney in which I uttered the name *Fay Yan*. Instantly I saw Spunyarn prick up his ears and look sharply at me and Barney, and then slipped back into the darkness of the cave.

"That accounts, I believe, for the presence of the handkerchief," said Rollo. "Don't you remember, when Boomguy shouted to us this morning, 'Back to cave,' he added 'Little hole in rock.' Spunyarn knew of this hole too, and when he heard you say *Fay Yan*, he thrust the kerchief through it with a long stick, to dispossess himself of a telltale article which might lead him to the gallows. I'm not going to show it to anyone, not even to Barney. It may bring trouble and quarrels, though we know not how. Here comes Uncle and the Professor. They have found no egress yet."

Returning to the lower grotto, they found to their

astonishment a well cooked breakfast of steaks, chops, hot coffee and biscuits.

"How did you ever do this without fuel or fire?" did defile themselves, seizing it by fire and sword and asked Rollo.

"Pele give plenty fire," returned Spunyarn, pointing down toward the hot lava.

"That's putting the volcano to *some* good use, anyway," remarked the Professor. "The Hawaiians on the southern slope of Mauna Loa quite frequently use the steam cracks and hot caves for culinary purposes. They also dig holes in the hot sulphur banks of Kilauea, and put in the family's baking, wrapped in banana and ti leaves. I am sure there is a crevice somewhere in the roof of this grotto, where the hot air escapes, or the heat would have driven us out, or the gases asphyxiated us long ago."

"Thank Providence for that!" cried Russell. "I don't like these infernal regions any too well; where we are liable to meet Madame Pele at any moment, with all her barb-tailed, cloven-footed fire demons."

Breakfast over, they recommenced the search for an egress, or for some vertical blowhole, out of which they might crawl like prairie dogs or chimney sweeps. But every lateral branch of the main shaft ended in a cul-de-sac. In some places this shaft was twenty to thirty feet high; in others the volcanic debris nearly choked the passage. They stumbled over stalagmites occasionally, that protruded from the pa-hoe-hoe under them.

"How are these stalagmites formed, professor," asked Rollo; "are they a product of the volcano?"

"No. They are the result of dripping water in past ages. Look! the roof is studded with fantastically shaped *stalactites*. They hang like black and red icicles. It is the mineral charged water dripping from them, that forms the stalagmites."

"I'll shy a donnick at one of thim Pele's toothpicks," said Barney.

"There, you've dislodged it. But, uncle, the crystals in the cleavage sparkle like diamonds. Why! there's a beautiful moss agate in its core, as sure as Spunyarn is a Chinee."

"Very likely," said the Professor. "Lava rocks are full of silicate minerals, and various oxides, and moss agate is the result of water percolating through them. If we are detained in here very long, we can gather a barrel full of them."

"Light ahead; there she blows!" shouted Boomguy.

"Yes, and oh! joy! it's daylight, not volcano light," cried Russell, who longed for sunshine, as the shipwrecked sailor does for green fields and running brooks.

A few moments later they entered a high chamber, nearly round, some twelve fathoms in diameter. A cry of astonishment burst from the lips of all. The whole rotunda was flooded with light. Sixty feet above them was a vaulted roof of pa-hoe-hoe. But the strange features of the spacious grotto were the avenues by which the pencil-like sunbeams bored into the darkness of the tunnels. In the roof of rock were scores of round holes, from six inches to two feet in diameter. They appeared like circular chimneys, running up perpendicularly to the surface of the mountainside, and nearly as smooth as the bore of a cannon.

How this formation had been produced by volcanic action was a cause of wonderment to all. Even Professor Alexis acknowledged his inability to unravel the mystery. The sides of the grotto were perpendicular and smooth. At one corner indeed there was a slight slant, but so glassy was the pa-hoe-hoe, that not even a monkey could have scaled it.

"A lizard could hardly climb these walls," cried Rus-

sell. "But why not cut footsteps in the slanting corner and reach the roof that way?"

"But don't you notice," returned Rollo, "that the chimney holes in that corner are all too narrow to admit a man's shoulders? If you reach the roof, you must needs be a jackrabbit or a fox to crawl through."

"Him big pepper-box for Kanaka Joss, Pele," ejaculated Spun yarn. "She muchee eatee hot stuff! pukee big fire clackers; smokee too much sulphur medicine; get plenty sick inside."

"More likely she's used this for a rapid fire Maxim gun," suggested Russell. "There seems to be no end to the variety in her fireworks."

The professor laughed and added, "I agree with Spun yarn. It certainly looks like the interior of a big spice box. At any rate, we'll call it that."

Opposite to each other were two more dark tunnels. Into the one on the left Boomguy led the party, first making an arrow at its entrance, with a fragment of pumice stone.

"That," said Professor Alexis, "is to guide us on our return, or to direct any rescue party who may follow us through this labyrinth of underground shafts. The whole mountain and tablelands are honeycombed with catacombs of this character."

"And where the lava has run once before, it is very likely to come surging again," added Russell. "A stream of white hot pa-hoe-hoe perambulating through here would make things very interesting for us. But hark! I hear a running noise. Great Heavens! It's after us already!"

"Waterfall!" exclaimed Boomguy; "deep pool; then suck under rocks."

A hundred yards further brought them into a second grotto of the same size as the spice-box. This, however, was filled with black darkness.

"Boomguy was right," said their uncle. "He can read distant sounds like an open book. And do you notice," he continued, after immersing his hand in the pool, "there are two streams which plunge down from those black openings high up in the rock? They unite to form the waterfall."

"Yes, one of them is steaming hot and tinted purple," returned Russell; "the other is icy cold. I suppose both come from the melting snows on Mauna Loa's summit. But why so steamy and sulphury?"

"Him water from Kanaka Joss Pele kitchen," explained Spun yarn.

"Nothing easier to account for," added the professor. "It comes from some hot spring deep in the heart of the mountain, or has become tangled up somewhere with the lava flow."

"Hurrah!" shouted Barney. "By the howly saints, here's a swate bit of a kaynoo, chopped hollow out of the trunk of a tree."

"And some koa wood calabashes, stone poi pestles, and o-os or blubber spades (a long handled chisel used by whalers and prized by the Hawaiians as a garden tool). This is evidently an old time resort of Kanakas who came to sport in this underground lake. Boomguy, can we paddle out by the same avenue as they came in?" asked the Professor.

"More than hundred years bygone," said the bullock catcher impressively, and then added mournfully, shaking his head, "Waa (canoe) stay here."

"How do you know that?" demanded Mr. Hadley.

"See here," he replied, picking up an instrument like a stiletto and passing it around.

"I believe he is right," said Professor Alexis. "Boys, notice this is a dirk, fashioned by laborious beating from a ship's spike. Now, when Hawaii was first discovered (1778), the early navigators, Cook and Vancouver, had

little to barter but nails and hoop iron. But these were more valuable to the Hawaiians than gold or diamonds. A marline spike would buy a whole canoeload of pigs and yams. Some time after came traders for sandalwood, and before long, all the natives were supplied with civilized tools, like knives, hatchets and adzes, whereupon the hoopiron and nail makeshifts, spearheads, dirks, gimlets, etc., became valueless save as relics and curiosities."

"Oh! Golly! lookee topside big hole in rock!" broke in Spun yarn. "He chuckfull whitee bones, skullee, calabashes; here Kanaka heap muchee kickee bucket."

"That's so," exclaimed the Professor. "Boys, this is a valuable find indeed." Then after all hands had assisted him in removing several bundles and a number of calabashes of human remains, from a deep niche hewn in the rock, he added: "Yes, and in this tomb are many bleached bones and skeletons of men and women, High Chiefs and Chiefesses, no doubt. No common Kanakas were accorded such honors. Probably here lie the remains of Umi, the most renowned King of Old Hawaii, who centuries ago built the Great Temple (Heiau Nui) on these very tablelands. Here are several *niho palaoa* (whale's tooth necklaces, braided with human hair, the exclusive insignia of royalty). But what is that in the dark corner, surrounded by curtains of *kapa* (native bark cloth)?"

"It seems to be arranged like the interior of a native house," returned Mr. Hadley, after examining the interior with his sardine can torch. "Luxurious mats of pandanus leaves, piled high into divans,—red kahilis (feather standards),—ancient spears,—shark's-tooth swords,—helmets and armor of wicker work, it's a genuine treasure-house of antiquities."

The whole party crowded behind the figured *kapa* tap-

estries, eager to examine these interesting relics of a by-gone age.

"Oh-h-h!" cried Rollo, almost beside himself with excitement. "Isn't this a royal feather mantle (ahumanu), hanging here like a toga of reddish yellow gold?"

"Yes, indeed," answered Professor Alexis in a tone of voice that showed an equal eagerness, "for all the world, a duplicate of Ka-meha-meha's mantle, now in the Bishop museum at Honolulu, valued at a million dollars! Ah! look at that row of white skulls, grinning at us from yon shelf in the rock. There are the brave old kings who wore this sumptuous garment."

"And did the ancient Kanakas fill their teeth with gold?" asked Russell, reaching up for one of the craniums and displaying several molars of the lower jaw filled with shining metal.

"And here is a brass belt buckle, marked *H. M. Frigate Discovery*," Rollo added. "Was not that the name of the flagship of Captain Cook's squadron?"

"Quite right, lads," returned the Professor, with ill suppressed excitement. "It is possible; yes, quite probable, that we have been providentially led to the very spot where lie concealed the remains of the Ancient Kings of Hawaii, for which the Dynasty of the Ka-meha-mehas searched for more than seventy-five years. It was with the hope of eventually discovering them that the superb Royal Mausoleum was built at Honolulu. And, quite as important, this gold filling and officer's belt buckle point directly to the body of Captain Cook, the great discoverer and first known navigator of the Pacific Ocean. He was killed by mistake at Ke-ala-ke-kua Bay, forty miles from here, in a sudden altercation with the natives. By the Hawaiians he was revered and worshipped as a god. They saw in him their deity *Lono*, returning from Tahiti, after an absence of two hundred years. They mourned his premature death, and care-

fully concealed his bones with those of their Kings. Only a part of the body was recovered. The British Government has offered a reward for the complete recovery of Captain Cook's remains. What have you there, Barney?"

"An ossifer's coat, sir. It's aten up it is, bedad, wid the mould and moths, but the yellow gowld lace and the epaulettes tell no fibs."

"And here's a little scrap of paper,—leaf torn from a note book, yellow with age, crumpled in the pocket," added Mr. Hadley.

As they all crowded eagerly around this new object of interest, Professor Alexis read the few words, dimly penciled on it,—evidently in haste.

"Lieutenant Gore: Send the jolly boat ashore at once, well manned and armed. O-wyhees are ugly;—deny theft of boat. Don't hesitate to fire the bow-guns if savages attack us. I have got Tarreaboo prisoner, and will bring him on board as hostage. Cook."

"These few words," remarked Professor Alexis impressively, "go to clear up a controversy over which the historians of the Pacific Ocean have wrangled for 125 years. The point of dispute has been, 'Was Captain Cook the aggressor in the quarrel that cost him his life?' In this little scrap we have the great navigator's confession *over his own signature*."

"Who was *Tarreaboo*?" asked Rollo, and Russell added, "I had the impression that the *Owyhees*, as he calls the Kanakas, simply overwhelmed him with gifts, hospitality and veneration."

"So they did. They had already made him presents that aggregated fifty times the value of the stolen boat, in canoe loads of pigs, fish, taro, etc.; among others *six feather mantles* like this one. *Tarreaboo* is the nearest these illiterate men could come to the name of Hawaii's

reigning King, *Ka-lani-o-pun*. He was very old, infirm, of kindly disposition, beloved by his people. He knew nothing of the boat's disappearance. It had been spirited away by fishermen, and pulled to pieces for the nails. For the theft of the boat Cook put a blockade that morning on the Bay. Only a few minutes before this note was written, the marines in his scout-boat had shot and killed Palea, a high chief, who entered the harbor innocently in his canoe, unaware of the blockade. Cook was killed at the edge of the water, on the sea-beach, while coaxing the old King to go aboard the *Discovery* with him. It was a friend of Palea's just coming from the scene of the chief's murder who stabbed the great navigator."

"And did the British retaliate?" asked Mr. Hadley.

"Yes, with vengeance. Captain Clark, second in command, bombarded the village of Napoo-poo, burning and destroying it, and in the subsequent affray, between 50 and 100 innocent men, women and children were killed. Finally, however, a truce was patched up by Lieutenant King, the natives came off in canoes to trade again, and Kalaniopuu even made them additional presents. When the ships finally left, the natives appeared to have forgiven the white men for their terrible crimes. My opinion of Captain Cook is that, although a great navigator and brave naval officer, yet he had little regard for the sacredness of human life, was sensual and conscienceless. He carried away many of the idols from the heiau, appropriated the fence of the temple for firewood, and allowed his sailors and officers to entice many of the wives and daughters of the natives away, on the frigates, taking some of them to sea with them. Lieutenant King, the historian accompanying the squadron, eulogizes the navigator and attempts to apologize for him, but reveals many incidents which lead us to believe that most of the

white men of the squadron were as bad morally as the savages whom they met."

At this moment there was a sharp tremor of the earth, and the whole party rushed to the center of the grotto.

"For heaven's sake, can't we escape by means of the canoe?" said Russell with trepidation.

"The only exit is by the tunnel under the pool," returned Rollo. "All we need is a submarine boat with"—

Suddenly the whole party was thrown to the floor of the grotto by a most energetic shock of earthquake. At the same moment a large boulder detached itself from the roof and plunged into the purple waters.

"Boys," said the Professor, with marvelous self-possession, "don't mind these little shakes of Mauna Loa. They are seldom dangerous after the lava commences to flow. Now let us explore the shaft at the further side of the pepper-box."

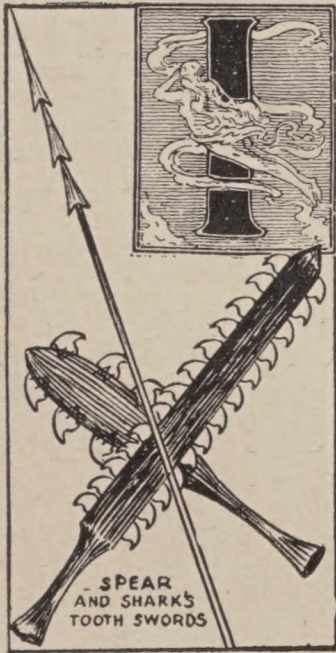
They retraced their steps, and after following the new shaft several hundred yards, Rollo cried joyously,—

"Sunlight ahead and clear sky! This time we reach the open mountainside."

"Yes," said Russell, "but what does this blast of hot air mean, and the vile odors of burning brimstone? Hark! there's the roar of a cataract."

CHAPTER IX.

Their Old Friend, the Lava Flow, Bobs up Serenely.—A Strange Crater and its Lurking Dangers.—Boomguy Makes a Desperate Dash over the Hot Crest.—They Fortify the Tunnel with Pele's Own Materials.—Rollo and Russell Follow the Ghost of Old King Umi.—The Strange Cylinder of Opium.—They Swim the Waterfall and Find the Bottomless Pit.



IN a few minutes they emerged into the full blaze of the midday sun. A cry of wonder and dismay fell from the lips of each member of the party. They were standing on a wide ledge of rock, jutting into a crater of oval shape, a hundred yards or more in length. It was surrounded by sheer precipices. Above them was a perpendicular wall of fifty feet, and at the same distance below careened along their old and ubiquitous friend, *the lava flow*. In a huge reddish white tide it was issuing from a yawning cavern at the opposite end, and after a sheer plunge of ten fathoms, it eddied and swirled around the chasm like a boiling lake of blood, then disappeared into a hungry, ugly looking circular rent in the wall to the right, below where they stood. They gazed spellbound at the gory avalanche, heaving and dashing against the cliff with hideous contortions. A black crust formed occasionally near the edges. This broke with sharp detonations, as the torrent ebbed and flowed around the crater. The resulting slabs were tossed over each other like cakes of ice in the gorge of a spring freshet. They plunged into the red-

mouthed egress with a grating roar that sounded like the gnashing teeth of a regiment of demons.

"My dear friends," said Professor Alexis, with an impressive self possession, "it is evident that for the present our retreat is cut off. But let us face the situation with calmness. We were saved from a terrible death this morning, as by a miracle; we have provisions sufficient for weeks, and plenty of good water. Let us commit ourselves to the will of Heaven, and not murmur against the providences of an allwise and loving Heavenly Father."

"We will do our parts," cried Rollo and Russell, almost in the same breath.

"Looke fire river!" exclaimed Spun yarn, "him stoppee run out."

They rushed to the edge and gazed down. Sure enough, the chasm of the egress was no longer visible. The surface of the lava was now calm. There could be no mistaking these phenomena. The slabs and rolling boulders had *choked up the crater's outlet!*

"Unless some miracle takes place," groaned Russell, sinking to his knees, "in an hour the white hot metal will pour into our tunnel and *then!*"—

"Don't lose your heads, lads," answered the Professor, "there are chances yet for us. The lava stream above us may overflow and break away, as it did last night; the slabs in the egress may melt, and the boulders tear through the obstructions."

An hour of intense anxiety passed. They gazed almost hopelessly as the lake rose, inch by inch, and foot by foot.

It was a desperate vigil. They determined to meet their fate in the sunshine, rather than be trapped like rats by the fire's invasion of the tunnel.

Suddenly Boomguy broke out, "You see big ohia tree, grow in pali rock over there. Bimeby crust get black;



NOT A SECOND TO SPARE.

As the terrible Lava-flow swept over their heads, Boomguy and Spun yarn broke through the Cave Wall into the Catacombs of Mauna Loa.



They discover the skull of Captain Cook, and priceless antiquities of Old Hawaii. "These gold filled teeth, and the pencilled note in the coat pocket," said the professor, "point directly to Authentic remains of the Great Discoverer and navigator of the Pacific, Killed at Kona, 130 years ago."

he come up two fathom more; we make big run on pahoe-hoe;—shin up tree.”

“He’s right!” cried the Professor. “In an hour the crust will be two feet thick. We can make a dash across it, lasso the ohia tree and climb to it, lasso the next tree, and from that swing pendulum style to the rim.”

“But our shoes and feet will be burned off in a twinkling,” said Rollo.

“No; me tie up you all foots in plenty big piece of cowskin,” put in Spunyarn. This suggestion was acted upon. By the time that Spunyarn returned with the green cowhide, the lake’s surface was only ten feet below the ledge. The heat in the crater was stifling. It was decided that the bullock catcher should make the first run. Spunyarn wound his feet in woolen shirts, then wrapped them in rawhide bags.

“Shure, an’ they look like an illigant pair of cannon-swabs,” remarked Barney.

Boomguy was lowered by a rope, and started on a brisk run across the scorching crust.

“It is the bravest deed I ever saw a human being undertake,” whispered Mr. Hadley. “If he perishes, he dies to save his fellowmen, and what greater heroism could there be?”

Suddenly there was a crash as of splitting rocks and a huge crack opened across the lake center. Boomguy turned instantly and dashed back. Before he reached the starting point again, however, the whole surface of the lake was heaving and cracking, and he was compelled to leap several fissures before Barney launched his lariat over him, and he was hoisted from his perilous position. Soon the black ice had burst into hundreds of fragments, and these, with a continuous groan of grating rocks, were sucked into a whirlpool that formed near the ledge. Though much relieved by the retreat of the lava, yet all were disappointed at the failure of Boomguy’s dash for

liberty. That accomplished, he would soon have hoisted them, one by one, to the rim of the cliff sixty feet above them.

Every minute now the liquid rock appeared to become whiter and hotter, until it heaved and boiled like a caldron of milk. So intense became the heat, that the eddies melted the foot of the cliffs and dug caverns beneath them. One jutting precipice fell into the lake with a terrific crash, forming an island of crystal shaped boulders.

"You can now see," said the Professor, "how these smaller craters are formed. They are frequently found on the flanks of Mauna Loa. Notice how dense the white lava is. The rocks that fall into it from the cliffs, are so light in comparison that some of them are whirled away like logs on a torrent. Even some of the big boulders will almost float. There go a few of them,—huge and heavy,—over the rocky bed of the flow. You cannot see them, but they jar the very cliffs around us with their concussions,—Bump! Bump! Bumpety! Crash! In a few hours this little island will be melted away. Merciful heavens! the tide comes on still hotter and whiter than before."

So terrific had the heat now become that they were forced back with smoking clothes into the tunnel.

"Here, comrades!" exclaimed Rollo. "Why not obstruct this tunnel with a dyke of lava slabs, thrown across at the narrowest point? If the hot boulders choke up the shaft down there, we can certainly wall up this one with cold slabs!"

"A capital idea!" returned Professor Alexis. "If the lava is delayed long enough, while invading the shaft, it will gradually harden into a solid cork of rock."

They now proceeded to collect slabs through the tunnels, and erected a barricade of her own fabrics, against the fire forces of the Goddess Pele. This dyke assumed the shape of an hour-glass, in whose neck they placed a

wedge shaped boulder, like the keystone of an arch. This they could remove from time to time, as they emerged to play spy on the manoeuvres in the enemy's camp. As Barney had some experience in stone masonry, he took great pride in its superintendence.

"That's a clever piece of fortification," remarked Mr. Hadley.

Imagining a mystified look on the Irishman's face, he added, "Perhaps you don't understand the application of the word."

"Indade I do, zur, an' shure a fortification is nothing intirely but two twentyfications."

That night they brought mats from the grotto of the Kings, as Professor Alexis styled it, and camped on them in a recess of the pepper-box cavern, lulled to sleep by the dull roar of the lava fall on one side, and the lighter music of the waterfall on the other. Rollo and Russell slept apart from the others and could converse in low tones without disturbing their companions. About midnight Russell nudged his comrade.

"Rollo, do you believe in ghosts?"

"No, I have no faith whatever in their existence, nor in folks that believe in them."

"Well, I have; and I believe we have the genuine article right in our midst, within the limits of these tunnels; and it jars me a little mentally."

"Nonsense, Russell; we have explored every niche and cranny, and we are beyond any peradventure the sole occupants. You may have a hallucination, of course, and *imagine* you have seen a ghost. I never *was* sure there was not something the matter with your mental jar."

"But my imagination don't find a ten-pound can of opium, and peel off a label like this, does it?" And Russell pulled a slip of dark colored paper from his pocket and struck a match.

"*That's* certainly genuine enough," returned Rollo.

"And my hallucinations don't carry off the can after I have hidden it in a dark crevice and marked the spot with a piece of pumice stone."

"Are you sure it was not Spunyarn?"

"Yes; for I carried the very slab I found it under to the dyke and counted you all;—not a soul missing. Then when I returned at once *that niche was empty*."

"Very uncanny, certainly; how do you account for it? that is, why should such a strange thing as a single can of opium find its way to this inaccessible place, and how could it vanish without hands?"

"The ghost theory is the only possible explanation,—and—hist! Oh! Jehosaphat! Rollo, here he comes now; look! that dark object stealing noiselessly through the murky shadows under that opposite wall. Now he stops and surveys our camp;—he moves on,—enters the tunnel leading to the waterfall. I'm all in a cold perspiration;—my teeth are chattering!"

"That must be the spirit of one of the kings of Hawaii," said Rollo, coolly. "As he passed under that farthest chimney, I got a good look at him;—short spear in his hand,—wore a wicker helmet, a whales' tooth necklace, and no other garment than a simple malo. Let us follow him and make his acquaintance. Say, Russell, this lark is certainly getting very interesting. Don't say a word to the others about this, but *watch Barney and Spunyarn*. Take my word for it, those two fellows are playing a deep game of cross purposes. It will come to the surface all the sooner if we keep mum."

The next day they devoted themselves to the care of their provisions. Descending into the cavern invaded by the lava flow, after the guide's tragic death, they found it had covered the floor to the depth of two fathoms, and was slowly changing to rock. Following the bullock catcher's instructions they cut a large part of the meat

of the cow into long strips. These Boomguy and Spun-yarn hung on manilla ropes across the cave, and after two days exposure to the dry heat of the air above the lava, they pronounced it perfectly cured *tasajo*. This they stored away in a hollow of the rock under the cold waterfall. This rock answered as a refrigerator for the whole commissary. The balance of the fresh meat, after curing with salt, was hung in a small cave and smoked with a fire of chips from a log found near the waterfall.

"No better smokehouse could be imagined," said their uncle; "how true it is that necessity is the mother of invention."

It was very amusing to see the ingenuity with which the Kanaka and Chinaman applied the volcano forces to purposes of utility and comfort. At each meal they boiled coffee or cocoa in a pot set in a hole in the hot pa-hoe-hoe. For a soup or a stew they used an iron kettle found near the canoe. In this they placed the meats, vegetables and water; then inserting fragments of hot lava, wrapped the kettle quickly in blankets and left it to simmer for hours. For an oven they made use of a little pit in the old lava, about three feet deep. In this they laid a hot lava slab, covered with a cold one, and on the latter set meats, dough for biscuits, shrimps, taro, sweet potatoes and yams. This they covered with a flat rock, banked with a little heap of dry sand. It answered to the famous Polynesian underground oven (*imu*), which both bakes and steams its victuals and imparts to them a delicious flavor.

For quick action they lowered the kettle or their steaks to the hot lava crusts in the crater. The whole party was unanimous that they had never fared so well in any previous camp life. Every day they were led by Boomguy into the water pool, where the younger members dove and swam to their heart's content. The Kanaka would exhibit his aquatic skill by taking weights in his hands,

and walking around the bottom in ten feet of water for several minutes.

In fact, were it not for the constant dread of an intrusion by the volcano river, they would have enjoyed the adventure with zest.

"If we only had a telegraph to notify us of a sudden rise in the crater, we would not be in such continual trepidation," said Russell.

"I makee teleglap!" exclaimed Spunyarn with much self confidence. "You savey quick lava come pii mai."

"How can you do that without wire, electricity or even a cord," asked Rollo.

"You givee cowhide, I makee Pele telephone. You wake up quick, like gun go *bang!*"

"All right, Spunyarn," said the Professor, laughing; "and while you are about it, light the tunnels with electricity, and put up an elevator that will take us to the roof garden of the pepper-box."

The cowhide had already been stretched by the corners, and Boomguy had dried it by exposure to the heat in the lower cavern. After whetting his sheath-knife on the a-a, Spunyarn cut it continuously round and round into a thong several hundred yards in length. This he stretched taut through the tunnel, suspended by raw hide loops to the stalactites, and weighted each end with a lava slab. One of these hung over the edge of the crater, and both were so balanced that when the lava rose to the danger point, the other slab would fall with a clatter in the pepper-box.

"Now makee big candle, walkee plenty light in dark tunnel," continued Spunyarn. They followed him into the lower cavern, with great curiosity as to this new piece of ingenuity, and found he had saved the tallow from the cow, and after melting, stored it in calabashes. With Boomguy's aid he cut and twisted a number of long wicks from a piece of native bark cloth (*kapa*), strength-

ened by cocoanut sinnet. Then he ran the ends of a wick through holes in two corks, knotted them and rammed each into the bores of Russell's shot gun. This apparatus he took to the waterfall, where he filled both barrels with melted tallow, and corked the muzzles; then thrust the gun, first into the icy cataract for a few minutes, then into the hot waterfall for a few seconds. The Chinaman now drew out two long and perfect candles and exhibited them triumphantly.

"Hurrah for the Chinees!" cried Rollo, with enthusiasm and added, "What on earth do we need besides present accommodations in these apartments? Here we have steam heat, hot and cold running water, all modern conveniences, Turkish and sulphur baths—"

"And a diet of porterhouse steaks and deviled shrimps," added Russell.

"Free house-rent, fireworks and a continuous vaudeville of Fourth of July," chimed in his uncle.

"And absolute protection from the sheriff," put in the Professor; "lords of all we survey, enjoying a warm reception and the fervid hospitalities of Madame Pele on every side."

"To change the subject," said Rollo, "have you noticed a faint glimmer of light in the water, where that icy stream enters the grotto? I noticed it about eight o'clock in the morning. It only lasted a few minutes."

"Indeed! We'll have Boomguy investigate it in the morning. That indicates a slanting shaft, branching off from the water tunnel, through which the sun's rays penetrate to the waterfall."

At exactly eight the following day they saw the rosy gleam of rubies sparkling at the top of the cold water cascade.

In an instant the bullock catcher had stripped for a plunge, and coiled a lasso around his shoulders. Then he scaled the rocks and forced himself against the cur-

rent through the entrance, on his hands and knees. In a few minutes they saw the noose of the riata shoot the waterfall into the pool. Spunyarn seized it, mounted the rocks, and in a trice was drawn into the icy water. The noose appeared again.

"It's just like crawling through a rat hole," exclaimed Rollo.

"More like diving through the bunghole into a hog's-head of water," returned Russell.

The boys stripped off their heavy clothing, and drawing long breaths, were drawn through the long narrow shaft by Boomguy's brawny muscles at the other end of the lasso.

"I'm half drowned by the water I swallowed," gasped Russell. "It reminded me of being shot through a twenty-foot columbiad."

The rest soon followed. A few steps further, and they emerged into the brilliant light of the sun. They were looking from the mouth of the cavern.

"Merciful heavens!" exclaimed the Professor, starting back; "is this the door of the Bottomless Pit?"

They crawled on hands and knees to the edge of a round black chasm, about a hundred feet across, and gazed downward with horror and dismay. As far down as the eye could reach was a perpendicular chimney, growing wider rather than narrower as it descended.

"I can see down a thousand feet and still no bottom," muttered Rollo, shuddering. "The heated air coming up has got the same old villainous volcano stench. If we only had a plumb line a mile long!"

Here Spunyarn rolled up a rock as large as he could handle. The boulder crashed over the edge, descending like a shot; then bounded from side to side. In a few moments it became too small to be visible, but they could still hear it THUMP! BUMP!—BUMPETY-BUMP!

thump! bum-p—thu-m-p—th- !-!—!—! Professor Alexis was counting the seconds by his watch.

"It's gone plumb through the earth, and hit the under side of Timbuctoo, I'll bet!" cried Russell.

"Fifteen hundred feet at least," said the Professor quietly, figuring out the problem on a leaf of his notebook.

“Ha! Big smoke come up!” exclaimed Spunyarn; “hittee fat cross-eyed ddragon, Bom—Bom—topside cocoa-nut. Now smell him swear—cuss—*gong! dong! r-r-r—!*”

“The sulphurous mist started up by that boulder shows that things in general are very much ‘alive down there,’” continued the Professor. “Boys, we are now in the neck of one of the great cone chimneys that are frequently found around Mauna Loa. The throat of this one seems to reach into the very bowels of the earth. I see no chance of our escape here either. The chimney walls above us are too smooth even for a monkey to scale.”

"Pele has balked us again," muttered Boomguy in Kanaka. "She still hungers for more victims."

CHAPTER X.

The Ghost Mystery Deepens.—Here is \$160,000 Worth of Opium!—Another Love Letter from the Princess.—I Hear a Murmur of Voices.—Ready for a Desperate Fight in the Dark.—The Shock Drives Russell into Hysterics.—The Smuggled Opium Disappears.—That Pepper-box Mystery Clears up.



VERY day the mystery of the ghost deepened, and Rollo and Russell were more and more puzzled by the events that transpired in connection with him. Hardly a night passed that the apparition did not flit noiselessly through the shadows of the pepper-box. Sometimes they saw the shadow returning from the waterfall, and imagined that he carried a long-necked gourd water-bottle. Whenever they started to follow, he disappeared instantly. Every day they spent hours in exploring the tunnels, examining the niches and crevices, and sounding the walls with a hatchet, in hopes of discovering the secret of his hiding place. Not a trace of the apparition or any clew to the mystery could be found. One night Rollo nudged Russell quietly.

"There's the spirit of the great King Umi, flitting through again. I move we follow him again; this time separately, each with a torch, and discover his hiding place or break a leg."

"Agreed," said Russell, "but let us take our pistols. They will give us more courage."

They rose noiselessly and swiftly followed the shadow into the tunnel leading to the lower cavern. The candle was lit and Rollo exclaimed: "There he is just in front, only a few rods distant. He is looking squarely at us. Notice he holds a candle that looks exactly like ours,

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I'll wager he helped himself to one of Spun yarn's make."

They beckoned to the apparition, and saluted with the most kindly Hawaiian they knew,—*Aloha oe* (Love to you).

It was of no avail. When they turned the corner around which he disappeared, nothing remained of either ghost or candle. They searched carefully through the lower cavern, but the wraith of Umi had vanished into thin air.

As they returned, they entered one of the short lateral shafts, and sat down to a council of war, on a large boulder of pa-hoe-hoe.

"Isn't it exasperating!" said Russell, striking the rock with his hatchet to emphasize his disgust. "Hello! this rock is hollow! If we had a crowbar we could capsize it easily. Let us try anyway."

To their surprise the big rock yielded to their combined efforts, and they laid it onto its convex back. It was only a hollow shell like the back of a turtle.

"And is *this* the hiding place of the ghost?" said Russell as he gazed down into a dark cavity.

"No," returned Rollo; "he disappeared much further down; follow me; we may soon reach the open mountain side."

But again they were doomed to disappointment. The little cavern they entered had no further egress.

"Great whales and little fishes!" cried Russell. "Here is the *opium*!"

"Sure enough, the *opium*!" echoed Rollo, casting his eyes hastily over a pile of cylindrical cases, stacked up like cans of salmon; "ten long, ten wide, and eight high. Ten pounds to a box makes each worth \$200, total value \$160,000. There are eight hundred boxes!"

"Oh! Rollo, that's a fortune for us, is it not? It pays for some of our risk and terrible experiences."

"It's a fortunate find and no question," returned Rollo, "but in the first place, opium is a contraband article. Having been smuggled into United States territory, it is liable to confiscation, and if in attempting to dispose of it, the authorities should discover us, we would be branded as criminals for the rest of our lives. In the next place I believe there are one or two others in these tunnels who know of its whereabouts, already, and would jump for a chance to get the Governor's reward."

"That's just a random guess, Rollo."

"I know it is; but I've kept my eyes open. Just as we rose up to follow the ghost, Barney and Spunyarn both began to snore, and snored the louder as we flitted past them. That convinces me that they are both watching us, and are perhaps in communication with this wraith of King Umi. Another suspicious circumstance:—yesterday Boomguy missed a bundle of poi, and his sheath-knife, and charged Spunyarn with taking them. Spunyarn denied it, but I heard Barney whisper to the bullock-catcher, 'Yes, I took them for Mr. Hadley.' Now uncle don't eat poi, and has a fine Ixl bowie knife of his own."

"Rollo," said Russell, with a sudden inspiration, "this is the fulfillment of Minelulu's declaration, 'Is not the pillage hidden in the tombs of the Kings, even the secret places of our ancestors?'"

"Why yes; to be sure! But what are those Greek hieroglyphics on the pa-hoe-hoe?" and Rollo pointed to the characters **ΒΥΒΛΕΧ** written on the wall with a pumice pebble. Give me your pocket looking-glass. Now I have it; very shrewd little dodge to call the right party's attention. The word Barney is written backward."

Russell thrust his hand into a crevice above the word, and pulled out a neatly folded piece of writing paper.

"This is sure proof that the Irishman don't know of the presence of the opium. For the letter is signed,

Minelulu. Another link in the chain of this tantalizing mystery. It's written in Hawaiian."

"You may be very sure," said Rollo, "that this ghost of Umi is a friend of Minelulu's. And furthermore he is shut in by the lava flow, just as we are, or he would never brave detection by passing through the pepper-box to get water, and incidentally appropriate some of our provisions. I'm getting sleepy; let's get back to our blankets again."

The next morning the boys were alone with Professor Alexis as he was writing up his journal. Rollo pulled out his wallet.

"Here are some old useless papers. I have a good mind, Russell, to secrete them in that crevice, to mystify some explorer a thousand years from now. By the way, Professor, here's a bit of paper I have picked up somewhere, with some Kanaka words on it. Would you kindly translate them before I throw these scraps away?"

"Certainly," answered Professor Alexis; "here it is:

"E kuu hoa aloha; auhea oe? E hele ana aku wau mai neia hale o na Moi Kahiko, a e hoomana i ke Akua oiaio ma ka pali uliuli me na kamaaina aloha o kou ahu-puaa pono.

"Mai makau oe i ke kahuna o Wai-manu; no ka mea, he kauwa kupaa oia nau. E alakai ana oia ia oe a i ka oawa nani o Ka Wahine o Ka-liu-la; no ka mea, he hoapili kupaa oia na kaua. Ma ka pali e lohe auanei oe i na lohelohe olioli o na iiwi; a me na mele kinikini o na pupu-kani-ohe. Mai hakalia oe, no ka mea, ua ao ka po; eia mai hoi na kapuai nani o ka malama-lama ma na kuihiwi loa. E hauoli ana kaua a mau loa aku."

"And here is the translation:

"My dearest friend:

"Listen to me. I am leaving this dwelling of the kings of old to worship with the kindly affectioned people of

my own principality, the dwellers in the valley of the Emerald Cliff. Fear not to trust yourself with the prophet of the valley of Songsters; for he is a servant most devoted to me, and a friend of both. He will guide you faithfully to this beautiful Eden of The Lady of the Twilight. When thou comest thither, thou shalt hear the sweet music of the iwi birds, and the slivery love notes of the flute-voiced land shells. Hasten thee; for they are the harbingers of future joy. The radiant footsteps of coming sunbeams do gild the distant mountain tops. The night has flown, and endless happiness now awaits us."

"That is very good poetry," continued the Professor, "but it has a hidden meaning which only one initiated could understand."

"Very clever, Rollo," said Rusell, a little later. "He did not once suspect that this little billet doux was written and found in this very cavern, nor who wrote it. I saw you had torn off the signature."

"This letter," said Rollo, "proves that Minelulu has been here; and that she has gone to Paliuli, which she calls the Valley of the Emerald Cliff. The next thing is to round up the ghost of King Umi and make him reveal the secret of the exit if there is any."

That night the apparition again flitted into the tunnel to the waterfall and the boys prepared for action.

"Steal into the lower tunnel," whispered Rollo; "extinguish your candle, and then light it again when you hear his footsteps approaching. I will follow up closely, and between us he certainly cannot escape."

But they were again foiled. Although they both saw the ghost, and he was between them this time, yet he took advantage of a double turn in the tunnel to disappear. When the boys met, Russell's teeth were chattering, so disturbed was he at the supernatural turn of these events.

"This is a genuine ghost," said Russell.

"And his hiding place is within a hundred feet of us. I'm going to discover it or break a limb."

The boys now set to work more critically than ever to detect a break in the wall. Finally when they were about to abandon the search in despair, Russell exclaimed, "Hark! I hear a low murmur of voices."

"Good!" returned Rollo. "This dark recess contains the opening. Knock gently with your hatchet for a hollow spot. I hear the murmur now, too, when I apply my ear to the rock. Here's a rough spot in the roof that sounds hollow;—let me stand on your shoulder. Yes; I'm grasping a stalactite that gives upward to the push, though the joints are invisible. No wonder the ghost evaded us,—through such a cunning contrivance."

In a jiffy Rollo had pushed the trap upward, and entering, reached down to assist Russell through the narrow aperture. They were now in a low roofed cave.

"Do you see that light around the corner?" whispered Rollo. "There are some men in there talking in Hawaiian; give me the revolvers and you hold the candles. We must avoid a scrimmage in the dark. Now follow noiselessly. I can shoot with both hands if necessary. That voice sounds wonderfully familiar; yet I cannot remember where I have ever heard it. I'll knock for admittance at the opening."

As he tapped the rock with his revolver, Rollo saluted, "*Aloha olua*. We are friends."

But instead of the savage yell that they had anticipated, a jolly voice answered, "Come in, boys; and yez are welcome indade."

So sudden was the transition from the tension of grim desperation, to this friendly greeting, that Russell broke out into a paroxysm of hysterical laughter.

Barney Morrisey was seated on a mat, and with him a swarthy companion dressed only in a loin cloth. They

were partaking of a sociable lunch of red shrimps and poi, with sugar cane sangaree.

"Be seated, ye sons of America, and commune with our friend Hiwa-hiwa, High Priest of Pele and Kahu Alii (Guardian of the Kings); the last of the race of Royal Kahunas,—descendant of Paa, the mighty prophet from Samoa, who first taught the people of Hawaii the arts of peace, and homage to the gods, many hundred years ago."

Almost stunned by this glamour of majesty which Barney threw around his companion, the boys sat down on the mat. "Ua noa ke kapu o ka halealii. E halawai kakou me ke aloha (the taboo of the King's house is relaxed;—let us commune in friendship), said the Kahuna quietly, but very impressively.

"First of all," said Rollo, "has this priest any knowledge of an avenue of escape from our prison?"

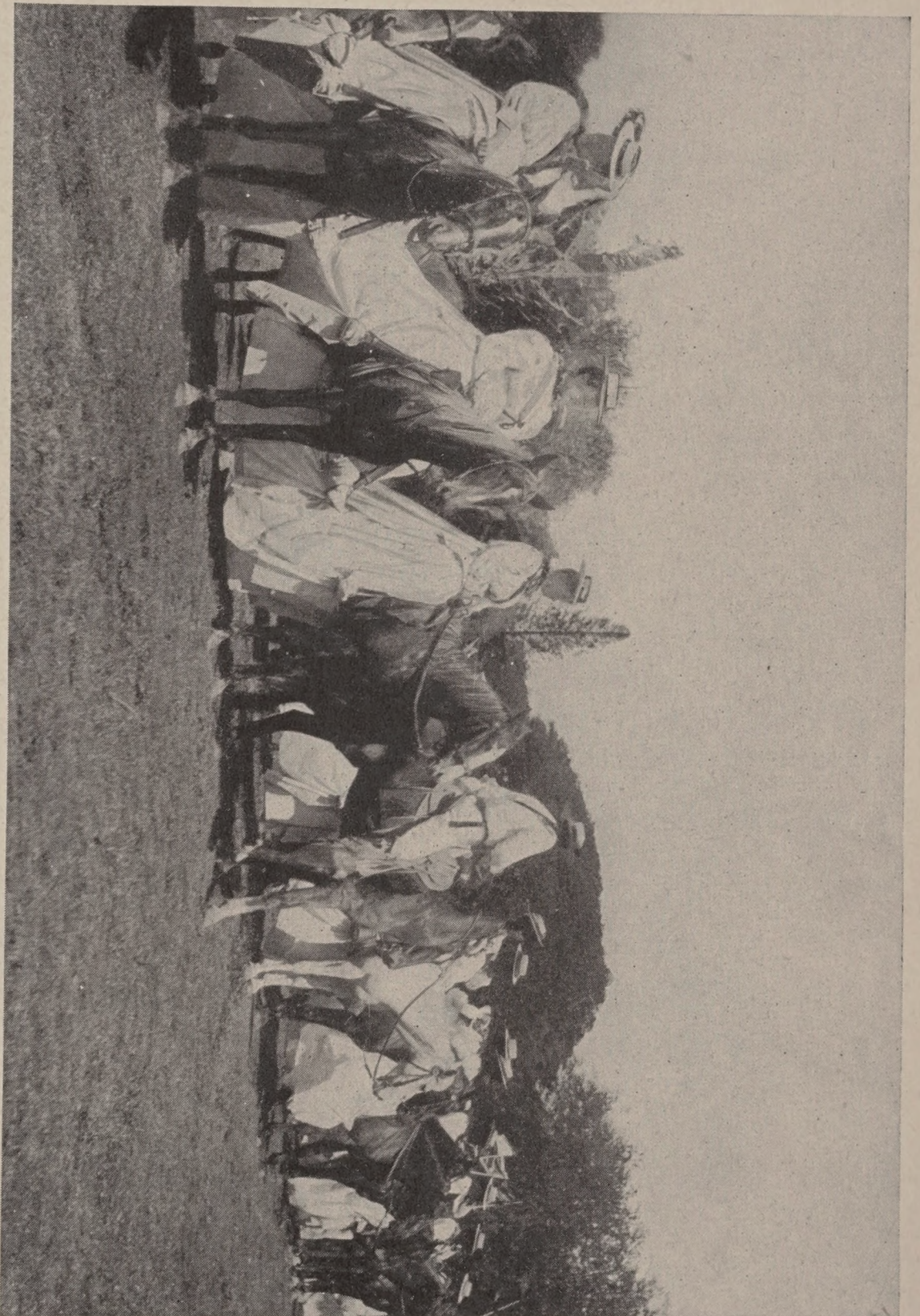
"Bedad, and that he hasn't; he's a treed coon like ourselves. The owld way of comin' in here was by the crater, before the eruption. Now the trees and vines that made a ladder for thim, are burned."

"And when did you first meet the holy man, this priest of the goddess?"

"Not more than two days gone by. But, be the powers, the coffee colored haythen is no praste, an' divil a bit of howliness do I see in the man who prays to sich imps of Hades ez them illigant beauties over yonder."

Rollo and Russell followed his uplifted finger, and saw for the first time a group of large wooden idols, most startling in their hideousness and ferocity. They were black with the smoke of centuries. One in particular represented Kalai-pahoa, the poison god of Molokai. His eyes were formed of two candlenuts set in orbs of mother of pearl, at such a slant under his brows, that with the grimace of his mouth, his facial expression was

HAWAIIAN LADIES ON HORSEBACK. Owing to the mountains and rugged country, both sexes of the Natives are expert equestrians. The women ride astride. With a bright colored pa-u, or long divided skirt, fluttering behind as their spirited steeds prance and race along the highways, they present a most unique and picturesque sight.





Diamond Head, a Volcano jutting into Honolulu Bay, soon to be the Gibraltar of the Pacific. Millions are being spent to fortify and improve Pearl Harbor. A Surf-board and Outrigger Canoe.

too uproariously comical to regard with a straight face. Rollo and Russell laughed until they fairly cried.

"Now, Barney, how did you run across this unctuous priest of these exquisitely beautiful deities?"

"And faith! I runs onto him just a-heavin' that spear at me,—whin I remembered the pass-words in Minelulu's letter, and I give wid it the name of her sailor great grandfather, McGregor. Just like a flash he throws away his spear, an' crawlin' up to me as if he wanted to kiss me fut (same ez they kiss St. Peter's toe), he told me that he was the praste of Pele. He acted as plazed as a shepherd dog meetin' his owld master, whin I divulged to him that I wor the friend of Minelulu. He's telling me now that he has vowed two black pigs, six white cocks and two calabashes of red fish to Pele, if she will deliver us from this scrape."

"And did he tell you that Minelulu was, or had been here," asked Rollo.

"No," exclaimed Barney excitedly, "an' how do you know it yourself?"

"Follow me!" said Rollo, "and you'll see something good for sore eyes."

So saying they all left Hiwa-hiwa, and Barney followed the boys to the little cave where the opium was concealed. A cry of astonished and angry dismay burst from their lips as they entered, after rolling over the hollow boulder.

Every can of the contraband drug *had disappeared*. Rollo could only hand Barney the letter and handkerchief of Minelulu. They returned to Hiwa-hiwa's cave, and questioned him closely. He seemed as much surprised at its vanishing as they were. He admitted that he brought it there a few weeks previously, having learned from Minelulu of its concealment by the Chinamen mutineers on Kahoolawe. As he was familiar with all the caves and ravines of that island, it did not take him long

to discover and convey it by canoe to Kailua, whence it was carried, concealed in green hides on pack oxen, to these tombs of the Kings.

"It's the dhirty Chinaman has swiped it," mourned Barney bitterly. "Say nothing to anyone; but I'll kape me eye on the yellow divil and we'll soon find it. He'll be after shmokin' some uv the dope and thin he'll give himself away. Kape mum, and I'll git the coffee plantation yit."

The next morning Professor Alexis remarked, "Boys, I believe I have solved the mystery of this pepper-box roof to our cavern."

"And what is it?" cried the boys in one breath.

"And will it set us free?" added Russell anxiously.

"Hundreds, perhaps thousands of years ago, this was a little open crater. Then it was filled up with *a-a* (porous lava), by the flows through the tunnels. In the course of time soil enough formed over it to support a vigorous growth of trees. After this forest had grown up, a new surface flow of *pa-hoe-hoe* swept in among the trees and congealed around their charred trunks; that forms the roof we see. These trunks burned out slowly, leaving the chimneys like cannon bores, as we see them. Finally another lava flow came through the tunnels, sweeping away the friable *a-a* as water washes away gravel, leaving the solid lava, with this chimney formation in it, in the roof of the crater."

"Professor Alexis," said Rollo, "there must be an open shaft where the water escapes under the pool, that would lead us out to safety."

"Boomguy," said Mr. Alexis, "would you dare to dive down in that tunnel and feel your way along for a few feet? It may be that the egress is nearer than we imagine. We can attach a riata to you, and pull you back if the current is too strong. Desperate conditions warrant desperate remedies."



Cooking by the Volcano Fire. For lack of fuel in the Catacombs, they lowered their kettles, roasts and coffee pot to the hot crust in the crater, through which swept the lava flow. "Kanaka Joss Pele Makee plenty Fire in Kitchen, down side," said Spunyarn.

"He would surely drown!" exclaimed Russell with a shudder of dread.

"I think about it; talk palaver with Spunyarn," returned Boomguy.

The next morning after a long whispered conference, the two dare-devils made the following surprising proposition. For 160 rials (\$20 U. S. money) Boomguy would make the plunge and dive to the end of the tunnel.

Professor Alexis accepted at once. Kanakas are the best divers in the world. Still, Rollo and Russell regarded the feat as both impossible and fatal.

CHAPTER XI.

Boomguy Conspires with Spunyarn.—Performs a Miracle Under the Water Pool.—The Rawhide Telegraph Warns that all is Lost.—Spunyarn's Inspiration and Ladder of Lava Slabs.—A White-hot Flood Pours Through their Retreat.—The Holocaust of Capt. Cook's Grotto and the Pepper-box.—A Fire Cascade 1,500 Feet Deep!—The Dead Guide Bobs up Serenely, and Tells "How it Happened."—They Find the Fountain Head of the Swift White River.



OOMGUY immediately stripped for the perilous enterprise. He fastened a riata noose to his waist and a long thong to his wrist.

"How long can you dive without breathing?" asked Mr. Hadley.

"Three minute," returned the Kanaka promptly.

"At the end of that time we will draw you back quickly."

"No! No!" exclaimed Boomguy. "I teleglap Spunyarn. He tell you what do."

At that moment a sudden gust through the grotto extinguished their candle. Before Rollo could find matches and relight, he heard the bullock-catcher plunge into the waters of the dark pool. With a trembling voice, Rollo whispered to Russell, "I'm a pretty good diver myself, and dare most any reasonable feat under the water; but I wouldn't swap places with Boomguy; no not for a *million dollars!* The current sucks down under that pool like a Niagara."

They paid out one lasso, (75 feet), and attached another; they held their breath in suspense. The signals agreed on were as follows: one quick jerk,—pay out

steadily; two jerks,—pay out faster; one long pull,—haul in slowly; two long pulls,—haul in faster.

Three minutes by the watch, and suddenly the Professor grasped the rope to draw back the diver from death. Spunyarn pushed him aside.

“Me boss here; Boomguy he say *pay out!*”

They watched the thong, but it was impossible to read the messages with their eyes. By the strain on the lasso they imagined Boomguy had either given up the ghost, or was still groping his way down the slope of the tunnel. Five minutes had elapsed.

“This is terrible!” muttered the Professor, “to feel that a human life is in jeopardy, and depends on you for rescue. But if he’s not dead yet we must obey orders. If we use force, his head will be crushed against the rocks.”

“More lasso,” said Spunyarn in a faint voice, and Rollo rove on another riata. Still the Chinaman muttered, “pay out! pay out!” Ten minutes had elapsed and it was evident that the Professor was becoming faint with anxiety. Only ten feet remained of the last lasso, showing that the tunnel was more than two hundred feet long. Then came a desperate tug and wrench, but Spunyarn hissed between his teeth, “hold fast!”

Twenty minutes; all strain and signals had ceased. Mr. Hadley groaned, “Is Boomguy dead or alive?” Twenty-five minutes: Spunyarn sadly motioned to the boys to pull in slowly. Sometimes they thought they could detect life in the varying strain, but so sure was Russell that they were tugging at a corpse, that he dropped sobbing to the ground and Mr. Hadley took his place. At the end of thirty-five minutes they strained on the last lasso.

“Haul in faster,” whispered Spunyarn, and they buckled to the work. It was a hard strain, that of a human body against that current in a shaft at some points as

narrow as a hogshead. Occasionally Spunyarn instructed "Slow!—Faster!" and the Professor said hoarsely, "There is some method in his madness anyway!" Only ten feet remained of the last lasso. Suddenly the candle again expired.

"Such a draft to-day down the chimneys!" exclaimed the Professor.

When the torch again illuminated the grotto a minute later, there lay Boomguy on the cold lava floor, still breathing but seemingly more dead than alive. Russell was on his knees, crying for joy. Tenderly they rubbed him dry, gave him brandy, and wrapped him in blankets.

"How did you ever get a breath in that half hour?" demanded the Professor an hour later.

"Two time get mouth out of water, bump head on rock," explained Boomguy.

"I don't believe a word of it, now I've thought it over," whispered Russell to Rollo. "There's some big skulduggery in the whole mess."

Later Boomguy informed Professor Alexis that he crept under water along 200 feet of shaft of a gradual slope; then emerged into an echoing grotto, where he heard the torrent plunge over a precipice into another pool fifty feet below.

"It's simply a miracle!" exclaimed the Professor. "I can't credit it, and yet every fact compels my belief. If there had been any other egress than the one under water, he would have reported it to save his own life as well as ours. That he was under water for more than a quarter of an hour is absolutely certain."

Some months later, Professor Alexis met Boomguy, and he divulged the secret of his miraculous aquatic feat. He had then reformed, and was a field overseer on a sugar plantation. The apparatus he employed consisted

of the two rubber bags in which Professor Alexis carried clothing and provisions. One of these had once been used to feed an oxyhydrogen blowpipe, through a rubber tube in its bottom. In this bag Boomguy placed a heavy stone, some matches and a candle. This bag (inflated) he carried with him. (Both had been concealed in Capt. Cook's grotto.) When all was ready, the candle was blown out, and Spunyarn then whipped the empty bag over Boomguy's head, and fastened it under his arm-pits. In groping through the tunnel Boomguy held the weighted bag in one hand, and guided himself with the other. As the air in the bag on his head became foul, he replenished it through the tube from the other. Once while in the tunnel he found he could get his head above water. He then replenished the air in both bags. In the grotto he lit his candle and was able to see that all hopes of escape in that direction were futile.

The trick was an invention of Spunyarn's ingenuity. He had seen rubber bags used in submarine manœuvres by pearl divers and wreckers in the Indian Ocean. The paraphernalia answered the purpose of a small diving bell.

Two days later, Rollo came hastily into the pepper-box chamber.

"The lava in the crater is *rising fast*," he cried. "There is no black crust on it this time!"

"Comrades," exclaimed the Professor, "this may be our doom. Let us make our peace with God, and His will be done."

At this Spunyarn leaped to his feet with a mighty inspiration.

"Me have idee. Go pilee up pa-hoe-hoe slab on slantee wall, all samee makee ladda. Get outee pepper-box hole like plenty rabbits topside."

"A grand scheme, and feasible too," cried Mr. Hadley. "All hands bring slabs!"

There were quite a number of these scattered through the caverns and shafts, and in half an hour Boomguy and Barney had built a structure against the slightly slanting wall, like a series of letter Hs, more than fifty feet high, the one standing on its fellow.

"There goes the telegraph warning!" cried Russell, as the rock suspended by the thong dropped with a clang on the iron kettles below it. "The lava has risen and entered the tunnel!"

Spunyarn now came in and reported that the molten river had reached their barricade, and was seeping and melting its way through the crevices.

"Rollo," said his uncle, "you are the smallest bodied of the party. Spring up the ladder, and cut your way with a hatchet through the nearest chimney. It is too narrow for Boomguy's shoulders."

In a trice, Rollo had scaled the stairway of slabs, and standing on a jutting rock fell to work. As fast as he chopped away the obstructions he wormed his way into the chimney. As he glanced below, he saw the other members of the party ascending the dangerous wall.

"Where is Barney?" suddenly cried the Professor. "I saw him only five minutes ago."

"Here," yelled the Irishman from the end of the cavern, where he was just entering, followed by the Kanaka priest, Hiwa-hiwa, into whose cave he had shouted a word of warning a minute before. The sudden appearance of the wild looking Kahuna attracted but momentary astonishment, as each individual knew that in the next few minutes life and death hung in the balance. The Kahuna chanted prayers to the Fire Goddess in a loud and weird voice. The only propitiatory sacrifice he could find in the cavern was the cow's head, which he held ready to toss into the white hot torrent.

Rollo applied himself to the work with a grim desperation. He was in the only chimney that could be reached

from the slanting wall. He realized that the precious lives of his companions, as well as his own, depended on his efforts. He knew also from the hot stifling air ascending around his body that the river of hot metal had entered the pepper-box. The lava walls of the chimney were hard but somewhat friable, and yielded slowly but surely to his blows. Inch by inch, and foot by foot, he worked his way up, encouraged by Professor Alexis' cheering voice from below. In his agony he thought of his sisters and brothers and parents. They would never know what tragic fate had overwhelmed their relatives. Their mysterious disappearance would be heralded in the newspapers all over the world. A thousand years later, searchers for moss agates might find their charred bones and those of Umi and Captain Cook. Suddenly he heard a roar and knew that their barricade in the tunnel had broken away, and permitted the lava to surge down the tunnel in full force. But, thank God, now he was *free!* *He had squeezed himself out into the sunshine!*

There was not a second to lose. He glanced below, and saw the gory hot river was twisting and writhing its way over the cavern floor. His companions were standing on the ladder, their clothes smoking with the heat. Rollo drew a thong from his pocket and dropped one end to Spun yarn; then drew up the lasso which he attached. To the loop of this he noosed the hatchet, lowered it through the widest chimney, and swung it like a pendulum. Boomguy was the first to catch it, and come up the rope, hand over hand. In the same way the others were rescued and hoisted up safely. Just as Hiwa-hiwa, the last one, emerged, the lava melted away the foot of Spun yarn's ladder, and it fell into the fire-river with a crash.

The whole camp and all their belongings were on fire. The canoe which had been brought in to be used as fuel, the feather mantle and other priceless treasures of anti-

quity were being devoured in this holocaust of Hades which had suddenly inundated the pepperbox grotto.

"Comrades," said Professor Alexis solemnly, "can you doubt the infinite mercy of our Heavenly Father, who has snatched us almost by a miracle from a most horrible death? Let us kneel, and not only thank Him, but consecrate our future lives to His service for this deliverance."

It was a prayer of thanksgiving and praise, in which every one joined with bowed heads and grateful hearts. Even Boomguy and Spun yarn, hardened sinners though they were, were touched and shed tears of humble contrition. So plainly could they see the hand of Providence that from that day they became sober and God-fearing citizens.

The Kahuna, too, though steeped in the mire of bigoted idolatry, exclaimed: "Yours is indeed a God of love and mercy. I will renounce my deities. They are the offspring of hatred and evil."

Climbing a little cliff, from which they had a full view of the roof of the pepper-box, the party reclined under a tree to rest and compose their trembling limbs.

Not fifteen minutes later, there came a sharp earthquake shock, and the ground seemed to groan and heave under their feet. Then followed a roar and crash of falling rocks.

"Look! look!" cried Russell. "The roof of the spice-box is falling in! Now it disappears with a plunge into the lava. The white hot metal filled the cavern and melted away the supports to the archway."

At that moment a glorious fountain of red and white lava shot fifty feet into the air with a terrific roar. Such a vast cloud of steam accompanied it that the party were compelled to run for their lives, to escape death by scalding.

"Cap'n Cook, he vely much kickee bucket downside plenty times again!" exclaimed Spunyarn.

"Sure enough," cried Barney. "Whin the white hot river plumped into our Russian bath, then miscellaneous things had to rip ginerally."

Professor Alexis now led them up to the mouth of the nearby cone, and they gazed down the throat of the bottomless pit, into which Spunyarn had rolled the boulder. A sharp cry of awe and amazement burst from the lips of all.

They were face to face with a cascade of white metal, falling nearly 1,500 feet into the bowels of the earth! As far down as the eye could reach was a white sheet of liquid fire! It was pouring out of the tunnel which led from the grotto of the waterfall.

"Boys," said the Professor, "we need never expect or hope to see a grander or more awful sight than this one. It is simply terrible in its awful beauty."

A few days later, however, they were compelled to yield the palm to the magnificent fire fountains of Mokua-weoweo.

"Boys," continued the Professor, "we are once more free from the lava flow. This is the slope of Mauna Loa, and a mile below we can see the corral, and our horses still feeding in it. Not a hair of our heads is injured; but alas! Poor Keawe, the guide! He perished in a twinkling, when he fell into the fiery chasm. He was a good man, and an earnest Christian."

Arrived at the enclosure, their horses appeared glad to see them and whinnied for water. After supplying their wants they repaired to the cavern. As they entered, a human being leaped up from a sheepskin couch with a wild scream, partly of terror, but more of delight. Before they could recognize him in the twilight of the cave, he was embracing each one with a torrent of tears and exclamations.

"Auwe! Hauoli nui! Ua lanakila i ka make a me ka diabololo! ma o ka mana o ke Akua (oh joy and glad tidings; you have triumphed over death and the devil by the power and grace of God!)"

And sure enough, it was *Keawe*, whom they had mourned for dead. He had come out of the fiery flood unscathed.

"Why! I saw you roll down into the white hot river, and I smelled your hair and flesh burning!" exclaimed Mr. Hadley.

"Even so, master," replied Keawe,—the Professor translating,—"but the angels of God bore me on their wings to this retreat, and saved me from the powers of hell. What you smelled was the stench of the burning blanket, and within it a piece of wild hog. These fell from me when I made the last leap. I cleared that chasm safely; praise God for his mighty works!"

Then Keawe related to them what happened later. From that corral he could see the avalanche of lava sweeping over their little valley and cave. But still he hoped against hope, and trusted, as he said, in the infinite mercy of God.

One day when roaming the slope of the mountain in search of wild strawberries and black geese, he distinctly heard the murmur of human voices, issuing from some unseen blowhole. Then he determined to remain in the vicinity, praying daily until, in the providence of God, as he expressed it, the earth yawned and gave up, not the dead but the living. "And behold now," he said, "my prayer is answered."

"Boys," said their uncle, as they sat by the camp fire after supper, "I don't quite understand about this heathen priest Hiwa-hiwa, whom Barney found so suddenly, just as the lava flow broke into the tunnel; tell me what you know about him."

"All right, uncle," said Rollo. "Now that Barney has

lost all hope of recovering the opium, you ought to know the tale." And he recounted the adventures they had gone through, in discovering the treasure and the Kahuna, omitting, however, all allusion to Minelulu. "We would have told you before, uncle, only we had given our word of honor to Barney to preserve his secrets. As long as the priest was a prisoner like ourselves, he could do us no good in discovering a way of escape."

"Mr. Alexis," said their uncle, as the Professor approached the fire, "supposing we interview this Hiwa-hiwa, and learn some Hawaiian mythology from him."

"Excellent idea! Boomguy," he cried, "find the priest, and tell him we want to talk to him about the goddess Pele."

Boomguy and Spun yarn both disappeared, and after half an hour's absence, reported that the holy man had flitted, leaving not a trace behind him. A pai-ai (bundle of poi) had evidently gone with him too.

"I tinkee he vamoze pretty quick Waimanu downside," added Spun yarn with a cunning twinkle in his eyes.

"That's the Valley of Songsters in the Kohala Mountains," explained the Professor. "Now boys, I'm going to scale Mauna Loa up to the great crater of Mokuawe-weo. Would you care to accompany me?"

"Yes, indeed," they cried; and Russell added: "The only lava flows I am afraid of now are the underground variety. But what are we going to do for eatables? The greatest part of our commissary lies many fathoms under the lava in Captain Cook's grotto."

"Boomguy tells me," said the Professor, "that two miles east from here there is a patch of dense woods around a deep water hole."

"And the wild cattle will come in from the open just at daybreak," exclaimed Rollo. "If Russell and I are there with our guns at five o'clock we can have our choice of fat game."

"All right," said their uncle; "we have some condensed milk and canned goods left, but if you don't get some substantial additions to them we will have to kill and eat a mule before we get to the crater of Kilauea."

Spurred on by this unsavory prospect of donkey diet, the boys were up at four o'clock with Boomguy and Spun yarn, and the first gleam of lawn found them hidden in a little cave in the cliffs around the water hole. By nine o'clock they reappeared, jubilant, at the corral, bending under their heavy load.

"Bedad, and this bates atein jackass," exclaimed Barney. "One fat yearlin' heifer;—she got tangled up in Boomguy's lasso; four turkeys and as many wild geese;—they come too close to Rollo and Russell; one young pig;—he shtrayed too far from his mithier, and shtrrolled into bad company with an Irishman." Before night Boomguy and Spun yarn had made the heifer into tasajo in a hot cavern of the lava flow. The next day they were in the saddle when the morning star arose over Mauna Kea. All day they climbed through alternate fields of lava and wastes of volcano ash, thickly grown up with coarse grass and scrub trees. They passed through several rings of clouds that clung to the steep slopes of the dome.

"Do you notice these low trees with a dark olive green leaf?" asked the Professor.

"Yes," said Rollo, "and here's a dry branch I've broken off. Why, it is sweet scented. It must be sandal-wood."

"Not the genuine," returned Mr. Alexis. "It's what is called *false sandal-wood*. A whaling captain in ill luck, quietly loaded his barque with the timber, one time, and took it to Hong-Kong. He thought he had a fortune, but soon found out that his cargo was worth little more than firewood. To-morrow by the way, we must load the mules with fuel for use at the summit."

"Is there nothing growing then on the top of Mauna Loa?" asked Russell.

"Absolutely nothing, either vegetable or animal. There are about one hundred square miles of table land on the summit, and I doubt if the whole district would support a canary bird. Even the rocks are bare of lichens, and I have failed to find animalculae in the dust and mud under a powerful microscope."

"That is the result of intense cold and the rarity of the air, I suppose," said Rollo.

"Exactly. It is a region of everlasting frost and eternal death. Still these high uplands are not so very unwholesome a country to live in. We have seen several herds of wild cattle to-day, and there are thousands of goats who take kindly to the scrub and coarse grass. Many years ago, Commodore Wilkes of the U. S. Exploring Expedition, camped with his officers near the very edge of the crater for several weeks, while making surveys, and felt no serious results."

"And why is it called Mauna Loa, or the 'far mountain'?" asked Mr. Hadley.

"Because the ancient Hawaiians noticed what we can see from this very point; that no matter from what direction you approach it, or how far you recede from it, the regularity of the great dome seems to be always the same. Even from this high altitude the mountain presents very nearly the same appearance as from Hilo."

That night they encamped under a jutting ledge. It was the timber limit, and the Kanakas and Spunyarn gathered bundles of faggots and grass, for use on the summit. The scene in the Valley between the huge mountains was magnificent. They could trace the course of the lava flow to its vanguard of fire lakes and burning forests twenty miles away. From some point above them, not in their range of vision, shone forth a dazzling white light which illuminated brilliantly the white peaks of

Mauna Kea, the upper surface of thousands of square miles of floating clouds, and the protruding peaks of Maui and Molokai, a hundred and fifty miles away in the sky.

The next morning at four o'clock they were climbing the last inclines of the dome. It was the hardest day's struggle of the whole expedition. Old lava flows crossed and recrossed each other in every direction and their passage was sometimes almost a struggle of life and death to their horses. Nothing could be seen but vast fields of black pa-hoe-hoe and huge waves, ridges and cones of red a-a and scoria, with occasional glacier-like banks of snow. It was a repetition of their experiences on the tablelands below, save that at this altitude the frosty winds cut like needles to their very marrow bones. At noon, as they scaled the hogsback of a high ridge, Boomguy gave a shout and pointed toward the right.

"It's the fountain head of the Fire River!" exclaimed the Professor. "We have avoided the stream in the ascent to escape the fumes."

It was easy to get the direction, for the hoarse roaring of the stream and sulphur vapors could be heard for miles around. In an hour they stood on the edge of a huge rent, more than a mile in length. At the upper end, under a towering cliff, was a cavern two hundred feet wide, glowing like a naked disc of the sun, and vomiting out a vast avalanche of white hot metal. So fierce was the heat, that the boys only took one look over the edge, and hastened back to avoid being roasted alive. Spun yarn, at Professor Alexis' request, proceeded down parallel to the edge of the chasm two hundred paces, while Boomguy tossed a boulder of a-a into the torrent, and the Chinaman threw up his hat when it passed him.

"More than thirty miles an hour," exclaimed the Professor; "millions of tons a minute are being hurled plunging down the mountain side. Here is where the mountain

cracked open, and this Niagara will continue to vomit until the internal pressure has exhausted itself,—perhaps for a year or more.”

“And does this stream come from the crater?” asked Rollo.

“By no means. There is nothing to indicate that it has any connection with Moku-aweo-weo or Kilauea. Now we must hurry on to reach the big chasm, eight miles distant before dark.”

The route was more level now, and they discovered a smooth lava flow which led in the desired direction. But a few miles further this was cut at right angles by a terrible chaos of a-a flow, in which they struggled for hours and almost gave up hope of crossing. Finally, however, they emerged. A clatter as if of a thousand falling meteors came over a nearby ridge, which proved to be the extreme summit.

Keawe advised to leave the horses in a little canyon shut off from the wind by perpendicular cliffs. They took a hurried supper.

As they gained the ridge, suddenly the grandest and most marvelous phenomena ever gazed upon by human eyes burst into view, and they sank on their knees in amazement. *They were face to face with the Fire Fountain of Moku-aweo-weo!*

CHAPTER XII.

Fire Fountains of Moku-aweo-weo, the World's Greatest Wonder.—Terrible in their Beauty.—High Altitudes and Mountain Sickness.—Workshops of Vulcan and Pele, where White Hot Breakers Bellow in the Caverns.—The Rim of the Crater Breaks with an Awful Crash.—A Struggle of the Horses through the Lava Flows.—They Camp among the Clouds.—The Professor Opens a College of Volcano Science.



RIGHT under the cliff on which they stood was the famous crater, eight hundred feet deep, surrounded by sheer precipitous and frowning barrier walls of solid rock. The rim, more than eight miles in circumference, presented an unbroken barrier against any descent to the eternal fires. Not more than half a mile distant from them were three pyramids of red and gold liquid fire; one two hundred, a second three hundred, while the third was fully five hundred feet high. This third one was a perfect fountain from one to two hundred feet in diameter. It rose perpendicularly with a white body of dazzling, sunlike sheen, whose summit broke outwardly, presenting a general effect like that of a huge golden sheaf of wheat, variegated at the apex with a thousand corruscations. The higher jets, cooling slightly in the frosty air, fell over in graceful curves, and like an avalanche of rubies, dropped with a roar of thuds into the dull red lake. Occasionally this sheaf subsided nearly to the lake's level, only to toss its magnificent white tresses again toward the stars, with redoubled vigor. The other two pyramids were more grotesque and less regular in action. Sometimes they formed almost perfect cones, then again the apexes would fall inwardly, presenting the effect of a monster cylinder, hollow at the top. Then they would subside, and widen,

and now the surface of the lake, a mile in width, would boil furiously, sending great tidal waves to and fro from cliff to cliff, and dashing gory billows of metal high on the rocks, and through the bellowing, reverberating caverns beneath them.

Beyond the lake, the floor of the crater appeared at first,—save for a few smoke columns,—to be an almost lifeless chaos of cones and rolling lava beds, split into broken glass patterns by innumerable crevasses. But as the disc of the sun plunged over the horizon, and night fell cold and still upon the vast mountain, the whole chasm of Moku-aweo-weo broke into Plutonic industry. The cones glowed white and red from within, like a blacksmith's forge; many of the rifts in the pa-hoe-hoe burst into fitful fiery gleams, showing that they concealed active lakes, whose waves were bellowing through the caverns of Hades.

"You can imagine," said Mr. Hadley, "that the black genie who forge the thunderbolts of Pele and Jupiter and Vulcan, are hard at work in those smoke grimed grottos of the infernal world."

"Yes," said Russell, "almost without imagination, I can hear the thuds of the big trip-hammer, the wheeze of the blast furnace, and the clang of the great sledges on the anvils."

"And note," said Professor Alexis, "the sharp contrast between the terrific activity that reigns within the crater and the profound stillness without. The clouds below us are motionless, the stars beam downward in benign serenity; all nature sleeps. Besides ourselves, not a living plant or animal stirs or exists on this hundred square miles of summit tableland. All solid lava and scoria, silent in the death of a thousand years; but the mighty volcano goes on incessantly, adding hundreds of millions of tons of rock to the volume of Mauna Loa every hour."

"And what a strange feeling," added Mr. Hadley, "to know that you are at the summit of one of the highest peaks between the Andes and Himalayas, and yet nothing visible but this plain and the distant horizon."

"And another strange feeling," said Russell, "is connected, not with this pit of the volcano, but with the pit of one's stomach. Great Pele and little fire imps! How my head throbs, and I feel a decided impulse to throw up my boots."

"Yes! Yes!" exclaimed the professor. "I had forgotten the rarity—of the atmosphere, I mean—not your complaint. Boomguy, a hat full of snow from that bank at once. Now, boys, let me feel your pulses. Keawe, where is that snug little cave you just reported? Now, all hands rub your temples with snow; it is the best preventive for mountain sickness. Spun yarn, some faggots for fire!—pai pai! Your pulse is 110, Russell! Bathe your head well with snow water. Mr. Hadley," he whispered, "give us a stiff brandy toddy all around,—a drop of peppermint to disguise it,—we must not compromise ourselves with the Kanakas,—they are too fond of intoxicants, already."

"If we only had a good pot full of hot coffee," said Rollo, "I believe we would weather the mountain complaint before morning."

"You can't make coffee very well at this elevation," returned his uncle. "Water boils here at 192°; you can almost hold your hand in it."

In a few minutes the camp luggage was stowed in the little grotto on an eminence which commanded a view of the crater's floor, but was well set back from the jutting rim.

"What makes it so warm in here?" asked Rollo.

"A big cleft in the pa-hoe-hoe," returned Mr. Alexis. "Here, hold your hand;—hot air and dry steam are rising."

"And what's to hinder one of those fire fountains from waltzing up that cleft and introducing himself to our company?" asked Russell, a little anxiously.

"Don't worry," said his uncle. "In volcano-land we must not be too particular. The mills of the gods grind slowly. That steam vent may have been here for a couple of thousand years."

"An' if you can't be aisy, just be as aisy as you can," added Barney.

The Irishman and Spunyarn soon had a cheerful fire, and walled up the cave door with slabs, leaving an aperture through which the party watched the magnificent fireplay and volcano pyrotechnics until midnight. Russell's fears of too close proximity were not groundless. At 3 o'clock, when all were slumbering, there came a most decidedly vigorous jerk of an earthquake.

Suddenly their ears were stunned by a succession of sharp, splitting explosions, like the rattle of musketry and cannon; then a terrific crash in the crater was heard, followed by heavy thuds, as if great iron meteors had fallen from space.

They rushed out of the grotto, but found the air so full of fine dust and sulphur smoke that even the crater and stars were blotted out, and intense darkness reigned.

"Don't stir, boys," said the Professor, "we may step right over the declivity! Wait for the vapors to blow away."

In a few minutes the wind had cleared the atmosphere, as smoke is wafted from a battlefield.

"*The jutting rim of the crater has fallen into the lake!*" exclaimed Rollo.

"Yes, the very edge we sat on for an hour," added Russell, "and the fire fountains have disappeared, too; they are as dead as Julius Cæsar!"

"Be the blissid saints, it's the bottomless pit *now*,"

cried Barney. "The airthquake has ran away wid the bottom, an' lift nothing intirely but purgatory."

"And our horses, too, must have gone down," continued Russell,—"*facilis descensus in Averno*," as Virgil says (the descent into Hades is very easy),—as a meat offering to the goddess. Well, accidents will happen in the best regulated families, and this goes to prove how well regulated Pele's household is."

In a few minutes, however, Boomguy returned and reported the animals safe, though snorting with fear, and straining on their lariats. A section of the rim nearly one hundred feet wide, and several hundred feet in length, had been hurled into the crater by the quake. The stars and crater fires now began to twinkle again.

"Look!" cried the Professor, "a large part of the cliff has plunged into the lake and choked the fountains. The debris is floating on the surface,—enough rock was split off to build a good sized city."

"Kanaka Joss Pele, he no likee eat cold grub," put in Spunyarn. "She pretty quick get mad; heave up Jonah."

"Yes," added Mr. Hadley. "The old lady is beginning to grumble, the waves to toss and tumble,—the caverns to bellow and rumble. She evidently dislikes to take her own medicine;—quite a dose of it, too. That avalanche contained billions of tons of rock."

The lake surface was strangely agitated by monster billows that dashed against each other from opposite directions and then back into the booming caverns. Suddenly the dark red waves were thrown into huge eddies and whirlpools with vortices of cherry red and orange white.

"There she blows!" cried Russell. "She's getting as mad as a hornet for the delay and choking up of her fireworks."

A central whirlpool of fire now appeared, wallowing with gory gouts and clots, occasionally heaving upward

and hurling great breakers laden with grinding rocks. The whirlpool changed to a pyramid of seething gold, the summit of which rose in fitful jets, like water spouts on the ocean. Suddenly the obstructions below appeared to give away, and the white metal shot a hundred feet into the air, only to subside again into the frenzied lake. In a minute's time, with a thundering roar of escaping steam and vapors, there shot up a still higher column.

"At least three hundred feet!" exclaimed the Professor. "I can estimate by comparison with the opposite wall of the crater."

Higher and higher rose each fountain as the spasms increased in violence.

"Six hundred feet at least was the height of that last one! We had better move back to safer ground; for the furious action may hurl a torrent of liquid hot rock against this very cliff."

The lake subsided almost to quiescence. Then, with a hoarse bellow, its whole surface was lifted up with irresistible force, and rose three times in a glorious upward burst. So mighty was the power, and so dazzling was the light, that the whole earth seemed to tremble, and the moon and stars appeared to withdraw their light abashed into far-off space.

But the whole party stood spellbound, fascinated by the marvelous spectacle, until the next upburst. Higher than their heads soared the fountains, laden with the huge red-hot boulders which had evidently choked up the funnels below. The heat, cosmic dust, and white ashes were no longer endurable, and the whole party broke and ran for the higher ground at a desperate pace.

"That jet," said the Professor, "was higher than the rim, fully 800 feet from base to tip, and could doubtless be seen from other islands of the group, and one or two hundred miles to sea. I doubt if any human eye ever gazed on a grander fire display. You can tell of its

transcendental magnificence to your children and grandchildren."

"Mr. Alexis," said Rollo, suddenly, "what are these bright spots floating in the air? Each one of them appears to be attached to a long hair, as if it were the nucleus to the tail of a tiny comet."

"Those are the tresses of the goddess (*lauoho o Pele*). They are formed by the force of the wind, which catches morsels of melted rock from the fountain jet, and carries them away with long hairs spun behind them. To the leeward of Kilauea crater, I have often found deposits of this hair, looking like coarse wool, filling the gullies and rock clefts."

"And is there any value to it?" asked Russell.

"None whatever, except as a curiosity. This 'Pele's hair' partakes of the nature of spun glass, but is too friable for any useful purpose."

On returning to the crater's edge, they found that the fountains had subsided to their normal action.

"I am nearly frozen!" cried Russell. "That hot air shaft in the grotto, is a good thing to have in the family, after all."

"The thermometer records 23° above zero," said Mr. Alexis. "We will roll up in the blankets again and take a needed rest."

"The Kanakas suffer from the frost far more than we do," added Mr. Hadley. "They are accustomed to a minimum of 55° or 60° above zero."

The sun was shining brightly in the morning when Mr. Hadley awoke the boys. The Professor had completed his scientific observations, and the horses were saddled in readiness for the trip downward to the crater of Kilauea, on Mauna Loa's southern flank.

"And are we not going to make the descent into Moku-aweo-weo?" asked Rollo, with evident disappointment.

"No," answered Mr. Alexis, "there is no pathway down the precipices. We might lower ourselves 800 feet by the riatas, but that would be hazardous during an eruption. Besides that, we are all affected more or less with mountain sickness."

After skirting the crater for a mile or two, they suddenly came upon an open space in the lee of a high ridge, where the lava bed was smooth and clear of slabs.

"Here's a historic spot!" cried Rollo. "Look at yonder inscription cut on the smooth rock of that cliff."

COMMODORE WILKES' EXPLORING EXPEDITION.
OBSERVATION CAMP, 1842.

"Sure enough," said the Professor. "The commodore did some very valuable work here, more than sixty years ago; spending several weeks in surveying with his officers the mountain and craters."

"My head throbs so, I am going to dismount and walk," said Russell.

But he had not proceeded a hundred yards before he was compelled to lay down panting for breath; he was very glad to remount.

"Until one's lungs are accustomed to the rarified air, it is almost impossible to perform any strenuous work with the muscles," explained Mr. Alexis. "We had better stick to our horses until we reach a more salubrious climate."

They now entered upon the serious work of the day. For ages the summit tableland had been the playground of the volcano forces. Lava flows without number had crossed and recrossed each other, running in every direction. Many had caved into the immense tunnels formed beneath them, and left precipitous canyons and yawning crevasses. Great ridges, miles in length; jagged cones of a-a, slag and red scoria, blocked the travelers' way, and compelled long detours. Again and again,

after struggling through a perfect Hades of angular rocks and sharp spikes in an ancient flow, they were forced back over the same unhappy delirium by some insurmountable barrier or bottomless chasm, seemingly a crack running into the bowels of the mountain.

As Mr. Hadley expressed it, "The whole mountain summit was a mystery inscrutable, a torture unutterable, and an agony indescribable. Rivers of a-a have rushed remorselessly to throw up pinnacles and barrier walls of scoria over the kindlier pa-hoe-hoe."

"Yes," said Prof. Alexis, "above an elevation of 9,000 feet, the whole bulk of Mauna Loa is a frightful desert, at once the creation and the prey of the mightiest and most cruel force on earth."

"For ages, swift rivers have ploughed deep furrows through the older congealed waves of fire of this vast dome summit."

Here the superiority of mules over horses was proven; for the former could spring like cats or goats from one boulder to another, while the latter groaned and floundered, shrank back, cowered, trembled and plunged frightfully and painfully, in their efforts to pick their way around the obstructions. In this way, struggling, jumping, slipping, tumbling, the sorry cavalcade wound its way all through this trackless and inanimate region of horror and desolation.

"Sail, ho!" shouted Boomguy. "There she blows; green trees and grass, sou-west by west!"

"Sure enough!" exclaimed Russell. "I can see the scrubby forest off on the horizon, and a green slope on the mountain's flank; and it's like a glimpse out of Hades into the Garden of Eden."

In two or three hours they left the lava beds and plunged into drifts of black volcano sand. Tufts, of coarse grass appeared, then low shrubs, hardy aspleniums; and finally pygmy trees, whose lives were a con-

stant struggle with frost and fire. As the mountain slope grew steeper, and the air denser, the spirits of man and beast rose. They no longer urged their animals with whip and spur; for these smelled the *pua-leles* (sow thistles) in the lower valleys, and broke into a gallop to reach a pasture ground where the herbage was rich. At sundown they entered the low timber and camped. It was twenty miles from the summit crater.

"I'm tired of being a cave-dweller," said Russell. "Let us sleep in a tent this time."

"It's Hobson's choice tonight," said his uncle. "This is the leeward side of the mountain, and fine volcano cinders have filled up the grottos and crevasses."

The relief from mountain sickness gave them all sharp appetites. Spunyarn fairly outdid himself as cook.

"A supper for a king," remarked the Professor. "Hot biscuits and coffee with cream, fried young turkey, fragrant veal stew, porterhouse steaks and wild raspberries. And to add piquancy and zest to the feast, we have seen the grandest sight on earth—accorded to but few mortals; *the fire fountains of Mokua-weo-weo!*"

The afternoon clouds had swept over the tropic forest, up the mountain side, and now enveloped the camp in dense mist. As the tourists sat around the cheerful fire before the tent door, Mr. Hadley called upon Prof. Alexis for additional information about volcanoes and quakes.

"I could never understand," said he, "why earthquakes occur where there are no volcanos."

"The two phenomena are not necessarily connected with each other," answered the Professor. "The earthquake of Lisbon, the most violent that ever occurred in Europe, was not accompanied by any volcanic phenomena. And the eruption of Kara-ka-toa (Straits of Sunda, between Java and Sumatra),—the most violent

volcanic explosion in the world's history, hardly produced an earth tremor."

"And what causes an earthquake, anyway?" asked Russell.

"To make that clear, I will go back a little, and give you some star geology. Millions of years ago the earth was a ball of heated incandescent nebulous cloud, revolving around the sun. Gradually the cloud condensed into a globe of liquid cosmic rock, such as the sun is today. The radiation of heat into space, and attendant cooling processes, resulted in a crust, which surrounds the liquid interior, as the shell of an egg contains the meat. This earth crust is many miles in thickness. The liquid interior is very dense, while the crust is comparatively porous and buoyant; it floats on the globe's surface as ice on a lake. Now, you are aware that liquid metals contract as they cool. So the cooling of the liquid as it adds to the crust's thickness on its lower side, produces a thin empty space between the two. For hundreds of years, the solidity of the crust holds it steady, but finally the strain overcomes its rigidity, as the vacuum extends laterally; or, as you might express it, as the bubble's area grows larger. The crust suddenly settles. This is called by scientists a '*downthrow*,' and this is what occurred recently at San Francisco, at Valparaiso, and at Kingston, Jamaica; in all of which disturbances the subsidence was from one to five feet. These downfalls spread like ripples in vibrations or undulations of the earth's crust, for a long distance from the focus of the disturbance, and these are called earthquakes. I believe also that most earthquakes are caused by *slight* subsidences of a fraction of an inch, and may extend over millions of square miles. Many of the quakes are undulations caused by downthrows in the bed of the ocean."

"Then," said Mr. Hadley, "New York and London

will have to take their medicine some day, and be shaken down like San Francisco was."

"I do not think so. There are in the world's history no records of severe downthrows in frost countries. This fact is so strikingly prominent that it should give you boys some food for hard thinking."

"I have it," cried Rollo, with a sudden inspiration. "The earth's crust began to form first at the two poles, the coldest points, and the frosts of ages have accelerated the crust thickening. In the frost regions the blanket is very thick, and the bubble seldom or never forms."

"And on the other hand," added Russell, "in the warmer zones, nearer the equator, the heat of the sun has retarded the cooling process, and there the crust is the thinnest and the bubbles form the more frequently."

"You are both right," said the Professor, pleased at their shrewdness. "Now, let me call your attention to another important matter. It has been found by marine soundings, that a long valley, many miles deep, lies in the ocean to the west of both North and South America. This valley runs north and south parallel to the Andes Mountains. The western coasts of America are noted for frequent earthquakes. There is another deep valley in the Pacific Ocean, east of and parallel to the islands of Japan, which are even more afflicted with quakes than South America. Now try and explain why the submarine valleys should have such an effect."

After some reflection Rollo ventured a theory. "The valleys are several miles deep. This would lessen by so many miles the thickness of the crust, and render downfalls more frequent. Naturally, the near-by coasts vibrate with earthquakes whenever the submarine downfalls occur."

"You have hit the nail on the head," exclaimed the Professor. "That is my theory, exactly. By the way, the Japanese are the world's closest students of Seismic

Science. Quakes are so common in Japan that their opportunities of investigation are far ahead of those of any other country."

"That accounts for their flocking to Hawaii in such big colonies," said Russell. "The quakes remind them of their native land, and are a cure both for homesickness and ennui. They can sing to their children, 'What is home without an earthquake?'"

"Now, Mr. Alexis," said Rollo, "please tell us what a volcano is, and the cause of its eruptions."

"Well, this phenomena is not so easy to explain as earthquakes. But I have noticed that nearly all volcanoes are situated near the sea. You almost never hear of an inland volcano. I believe that volcanos are vents, whose funnels reach to the liquid interior of the earth. Now, when a downfall occurs in the bed of the ocean, there are fissures formed in the crust, through which the seawater and marine ooze are precipitated into the superheated liquid rock. The water turns to steam, which is forced along beneath the crust to the nearest volcano funnel. My theory is that grooves or inverted ravines have been formed on the under side of the crust, converging toward the volcano funnel, just as valleys descend the mountain side and convey away the surplus water. This hypothesis is proved, I believe, by the following facts: After Mt. Pelee's eruption in Martinique, the bed of the ocean was found to have sunk materially. The same thing happened in the Straits of Sunda, when Kra-ka-toa exploded. In both cases, enormous quantities of hot mud were thrown out, as well as pumice stone and white cinders, both of which are a product of hot lava and sea water. You remember when Mt. Pelee exploded, a few minutes later a tidal wave swept into the harbor. That was caused by the in-rush of water when the ocean bed gave way—some twenty-five or fifty miles away. This subsidence of the ocean was proved by

soundings made by the corps of marine engineers in charge of a cable repair ship. They were sent at once to restore the broken communication."

"Professor," said Russell, "have you ever known a downthrow earthquake to take place in Hawaii?"

"Only once, and that was during the severe eruption of 1868. The extreme southwestern end of the island appeared to drop several feet. I can prove this to you by a break running parallel to Mauna Loa from the crater of Kilauea into Ka-u, some twenty or thirty miles. At some points, one edge of this crevice fell twenty feet below the other."

"Then there is a stone church in Puna district, on the coast. This once stood at a distance inland; now it is entirely under the waters of the bay. This was the only very severe earthquake known in Hawaii's history. I do not look for another downfall for at least two hundred years."

"Does it take that long for a dangerous bubble to form?" asked Rollo.

"Yes, that seems to be the minimum. The first downthrow at Kingston, Jamaica, was in 1692. The first destruction of Valparaiso was in 1730."

"And why do they always seem to take place under a populous city?" inquired Russell.

"They do not. There are many downfalls taking place in sparsely settled countries which, though just as severe, are not noticed, because so little damage to life and property results."

"Prof. Alexis," said Mr. Hadley, "I have heard so much about the eruption of Kra-ka-toa, as being the most violent of all known disasters, that I wish you would give us a short account of it."

"With pleasure. Kra-ka-toa, or what remains of it, is a small volcanic island in the Straits of Sunda, between Java and Sumatra. For hundreds of years the

fire forces had been slumbering, and a dense tropical forest had covered the islet. It was in the month of August, 1883, that it became very active, but little attention was paid to it, until, suddenly, the ocean bed around it seemed to give way and subside, and a huge tidal wave swept inland over the adjacent coasts. Some large ships and steamers were carried up-country and stranded. The sea inundated the crater, and the island was nearly torn to pieces by the most terrific explosions ever known in the history of the world. Thirty thousand people were destroyed in the vicinity, either by hot mud and pumice stone, or were swept to sea by the tidal waves."

"But," said Mr. Hadley, "were not the reports exaggerated by the Javanese, who are a half-civilized race and addicted to fairy tales?"

"Perhaps so. But so astounding were the reports that the British government appointed a commission of scientists to investigate them, and gather exact and reliable data. They spent a year, and published a large volume of well proven facts and figures. They ascertained that the detonations were so violent that the resulting air vibrations *encircled the world twice*. This was shown conclusively by the records of many scientific stations in all parts of the world. It was also proven that the explosions were heard by the naked ear at points as far from the Straits of Sunda as three thousand miles, such as Manilla, Rangoon, Calcutta, the Island of Rodriguez, in the Indian Ocean. Furthermore, rocks, scoria, and ashes were hurled up from the bowels of the earth to an elevation variously estimated at from ten to twenty-seven miles, and such vast quantities of pumice stone, that in nearby bays it floated on the water several feet thick, while ships at sea sailed through hundreds of miles of floating pumice ejecta, several inches in depth. In Batavia, the capital, a hundred miles distant,

all the windows were broken by the concussions, but, strange to say, very little earth vibration was noticed. This goes to prove my theory that quakes are caused by downthrows, and *not* by subterranean steam and vapor, as some claim. It is very hard to believe that a little pent-up steam and gas causes the undulation of millions of square miles of a solid crust of ten to fifty miles in thickness."

CHAPTER XIII.

Keawe Tells the Exciting Story of the Great Mud-Flow.—Capt. Brown's Tale of his Lost Ranch.—Boomguy Shows the Bullock-Catchers Some Cowboy Tricks.—Mr. Oudinot's Hasty-Pudding Fog.—The Gun that Could Shoot around a Hill.—Stromboli Breaks the Record in Sharp-Shooting.—Valley where the Hens Lay Hard-Boiled Eggs.—Mr. Oudinot Crosses the Pacific on a Tidal Wave.



As they started from their elevated camp ground the next morning, the Professor called their attention to the southwestern end of the island, between Kilauea crater and the sea, about fifty miles distant, a district some thirty miles long, and as many wide, black and fire-blasted, seamed with vast crevasses, studded with cones and craters, the playground of the volcano demons, and the scene of frequent eruptions of lava, and many underground fire streams.

"Almost every five or ten years," said Mr. Alexis, "a lava flow bursts from the ground with terrific force, and makes its way very rapidly to the sea, ten or twenty miles away."

"It must be very interesting for the dwellers in the coast villages," said Rollo.

"Yes, indeed. Between the tidal waves from the ocean, and the fire waves from the mountain, they can sing with much zest a song written by one of our Island humorists."

'A life on the tidal wave,
A home by the Volcano River,
Where the fire imps wiggle their tails,
And terra firma's all in a quiver.'

"But even tidal waves and lava flows may become monotonous, so the entertainment was varied on the 2nd of April, 1868, by a mud flow near Kapapala."

"And where would Mauna Loa get the mud?" asked Mr. Hadley. "We have encountered so far only a well drained country."

"It was from a steep slope, heavily wooded, where the misty rains kept the ground well soaked. As near as I can estimate from the account of eye witnesses, it traveled three miles in less than five minutes, and in ten minutes all was still, with hundreds of cattle, horses and goats buried twenty to fifty feet beneath the red bog, and thirty-one men and women and children. Keawe, here, was one of the few who escaped from the village, which lay directly in its path. Tell us the story, Keawe, in your own language, and I will translate it for the boys."

"I was only fifteen then," said the guide. "For many days there had been frequent earthquakes; the ground was in a constant flutter of motion, and we knew not where the river of fire might break out of the ground. On that night the quakes came in quick succession, one almost overlapping another; the young men took turns, watching on a knoll of rising ground near the village. The sky was black with clouds, and the air full of sulphur fumes and vapors from the summit crater. It was like the darkness in Egypt, which could be felt. Now and then yellow gleams, like lightning flashes, came down from the mountain, and we knew they reflected the fire fountains, playing for away on Mauna Loa. Verily, the hand of God was laid heavily on his people in that night."

"Suddenly the earth was rocked with more violence than ever, and the trees bent and swept the ground, first on one side and then on the other. The earth swelled

like waves in the ocean; and we were cast on our faces, for our limbs gave way like the falling of water.

"Then we heard directly up the steep mountain a terrible commotion that made our hearts grow chill. It was the breaking of cliffs and the clashing together of great rocks. There was a roar withal as if of mighty waters. The ground appeared to sink away under us.

" 'Fly to the east,' shouted our leader, 'the lava flow is upon us. In a few seconds it will sweep the valley!'

"I could hear the women screaming and the men yelling in the village. I started to help my mother and sisters, but a huge round boulder galloping down the mountain just missed me. I turned and ran to the east, hoping to clear the path of the coming disaster. I knew it was not a lava flow, for the night grew blacker and blacker. Fortunately some one in the village had the presence of mind to set fire to a thatched shed. This gave us some light, otherwise not a soul would have escaped. I scrambled over logs and rocks on hands and knees. Beyond the knoll was a depression. Here I encountered a mob of cattle and horses, running around in a huddle on the edge of a low cliff, wild with fright and fear. I called the name of my mare, who happened to be among them, and she came to me, trembling and whinnying, followed by two donkeys. Scarce had I mounted her when I heard two maidens scream to me. They were my sister and sweetheart, just returning from the next village. I grasped the hand of the latter. She leaped behind me, and I bolted onto a donkey, my sister mounting the other. Then the race of life and death began. As we glanced behind us we saw an avalanche of earth strike the herd and hurl them, cattle bellowing and horses screaming, over the cliff. Beyond the cliff a mighty torrent of mud, rocks and trees swept, a mile wide, down the slope and onto the plain. Hardly a living thing in its pathway escaped.

"Over the rough ground we sped, leaping gullies and vaulting over rocks. The air was full of flying stones. Nearer and nearer came the wallowing, roaring death behind us, but now we emerged into the road to Hilo, and our animals doubled their pace. We could hear the awful thuds, as the mudflow leaped over the cliffs and fell into ravines.

" 'We are lost,' cried my sister. 'See, the flow crosses the road before us.'

" 'No! we may be saved yet,' returned my betrothed. 'Dismount, Keawe, and lead our animals up this old cone.'

"She was right; the mud swept by us on all sides. We remained safe on a little island, as it were. In ten minutes after the first alarm, all was quiet as a grave. Even the earth had ceased from trembling and the moon rose on a stilly waste of death. We spent the night in tears and prayers. On the morrow, after searching in vain for our loved ones, we found that our father, mother, two sisters and two brothers had perished in an instant. One human soul was rescued by us. A mother had almost reached the edge of the flow, when the mud engulfed her. She held her babe aloft. We found it still alive, clutched by the fingers of the dead. That babe is now a noble woman, my adopted daughter, a teacher in a school for girls. I weep to relate these sad things, but my tears are not all of sorrow. The Lord giveth, the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord!"

"Was that the first and only mudflow ever known in Hawaii?" asked Rollo.

"Yes," said Mr. Alexis; "and we may hope it was the last one. It was an unexplainable freak of nature. My theory is that the many earthquakes so shattered the substrata of rocks under the soft earth, that the most vigorous shock set the whole slope in motion, and the

several declivities over which it careened, gave it an irresistible momentum. At almost the same time a tidal wave, forty to sixty feet high, swept the adjacent coast."

"And did that wind up the hostilities?" asked Russell.

"By no means. The earthquakes continued with increased violence. Then five days later came the climax. I will tell you the story of it, as related by Captain Brown, a ranchman of Kau, twenty miles west of the mudflow. He was considered one of the wealthiest of the island's citizens, owning thousands of cattle and horses. In a few hours everything was swept away but a large family of children. Here is his thrilling tale, as he gave it to me:

"We were camping in a tent by the side of our dwelling house, which had been nearly demolished by the three weeks' spell of earthquakes. Just after sundown came the most diabolical jerk of all, and a frightful splitting and buzzing noise on the mountain slope just above the ranch. We rushed out and saw, not three miles up the mountain, a huge rent that had opened more than a mile long, and four fountains leaped into the air, as nearly as I can estimate, from five hundred to one thousand feet. Even as we glanced, we saw the fire river of white metal beginning to plunge down the slope directly toward us. The rent occurred in a beautiful forest, and as the dazzling river emerged, it spread out fan-shaped and divided into four streams. The humming of the escaping steam and liquids sounded to me like the buzzing of a thousand sawmills in the full tide of manufacture. The fountains threw immense red rocks high in the air, and the torrent, as it leaped the declivities, carried away cliffs, forest trees, big boulders, old cones and little hills, leveling every obstacle with irresistible fury. The native attendants were panic-stricken and started for a hill near the house, but I

commanded them and my family to follow me. Taking my sick child in my arms, I started down into a ravine east of the house. I estimated that the fire river would first fill up the ravine and the delay would enable us by hard running to reach higher ground. And so it proved. We scrambled over rocks, gullies, ledges and through thickets. Meanwhile the roar of the torrent was coming nearer, and it poured over a precipice only a few rods away into the ravine, before we reached the opposite side. We were saved as by a miracle; for as we labored desperately up the further bank, the white avalanche shot past us in the ravine—so near that our clothes smoked from the heat. It was a river of milk, and as dazzling as the sun. Then followed an immense wall of rocks and debris forced along by the rising flood behind; the sickening grinding crash, with the air around laden with sulphur fumes, made us feel that the day of judgment was at hand.

“We reached the rising ground and found that for the present we were safe. Looking back we could see our hacienda burning, and the whole beautiful ranch disappearing under the oncoming river of pa-hoe-hoe. By the white light, almost equaling that of the sun, we saw herds of cattle and horses, insane with fright, rapidly being licked up by the remorseless waves of fire. A puff of steam and smoke, and presto! they were instantly cremated as a drop of water vanishes on a red-hot iron. While we were looking we were joined, to our surprise, by the old family horse, with tail and mane singed off, and covered by froth. We found the end of his trailing lariat burned away. The lava had released him by burning the rope from a tree, and he had, like ourselves, escaped by hard running, crossing the ravine in front of the torrent.

“Before morning the flow entered the sea, ten miles away. The war between fire and water was terrific.

The lava exploded into fine black sand, and after filling the bay, this was piled up for miles like great hills of gunpowder. The very day of this eruption in Ka-u, nearly all the fires in Kilauea sank out of sight, and remained away for nearly a year, much to the regret and alarm of the good people of Hawaii. They take as much pride in the possession of the largest known active crater in the universe as the Swiss take in owning the Alps, the most famous mountains. You may be sure there was great rejoicing when Kilauea returned to her pristine activity, and Pele resumed business at the old stand.' "

"Hi!" cried Rollo, suddenly, "there's a big herd of wild cattle down the ravine there. Don't you hear the bulls bellow and the wild dogs yelp?"

"Only half wild," returned Mr. Alexis. "They belong to the great ranches of Ainepo and Kapapala, between here and yon blue Pacific. These ranches are watered by the hundreds of square miles of clouds and mist which float up from the ocean every afternoon and drench the mountain flanks with drizzles and dews."

Ainepo was reached about noon. Already dense cold mists had invaded the forests and ravines of the high table land.

"This fog is so thick that you could cut it off in slices," cried Russell. "It's the real pea soup variety that they talk about in 'Frisco. Hello! here's the hacienda, a big log cabin, some grass houses, and oh! Rollo, a big corral built of pa-hoe-hoe slabs. It's full of vicious-looking bullocks, a half dozen mounted Spanish and Portuguese vaqueros, swinging their lariats,—I smell burning hair. Yes, it's a round-up and branding day."

They were met at the door by a stalwart Scotchman, wearing a red beard, woolen shirt, sombrero, and a belt with a long hunting knife and revolver attached to it. Though only mildly fierce in aspect, in this attire he

might have posed to perfection as a West India pirate. He gave the party a courteous and a hearty welcome, with many questions as to the success of their trip to Moku-aweo-weo. "Just in time, gentlemen; this is a festa day with my Spaniolas; dinner at two; roasted wild boar's head, baked suckling pig, mountain turkey stuffed with wild peas, served with guava jelly and stewed pohas (cape gooseberries). By the way, there's another party here,—just back;—couldn't get to the summit crater,—lost in the a-a,—almost froze to death. Here, Mr. Oudinot," he shouted, as he entered the main room of the rough but comfortable mountain house, "are your friends, Prof. Alexis and company, buried alive under the lava flow two weeks, as Hiwahiwa told us yesterday. Sit down by the fire to dry. I'll take the boys out to see the branding."

As they reached the corral they were joined by Boomguy, who was eager to take a hand in the lassoing. The vaqueros welcomed him as an old mountain man. In a trice he was seated astride of a wiry bullock horse, having adjusted a red bandana to his neck and shoulders, so that it would flutter behind him. As one vaquero would "cut out" a yearling, darting like an antelope from the struggling and swirling herd, and had launched his long noose onto its horns or neck, Boomguy's lasso would speed like a flash of lightning under its belly, and in a twinkling the creature was caught by the hind legs and jerked prone in the dust, stretched out between the two horses. Then Boomguy would dismount, dexterously loop together all four feet, and making a dash for the branding iron, bring it red-hot from the charcoal brasier near-by. When this was applied to the creature's flank, its pitiful bellows would often enrage its mother, or a red-eyed bull, and Boomguy's lurid bandana would then be the target of a vicious and meteor-like charge. The daredevil's favorite escape

was to a low tree standing near, from whose overhanging branches he would drop astride the animal while it pawed the dust in fury. Then, plunging his long Mexican spurs into its flanks, he would be carried round and round the open end of the corral, cracking his big bullock whip, encored by the delighted yells of the vaqueros, the careening of the brute being accelerated by the yelps and nips of their savage dogs.

After the promised banquet of mountain delicacies, eaten by the tourists and vaqueros in democratic simplicity and unison at one table, all the travelers joined in comparing notes before the open fireplace.

"Oudinot," said Mr. Gandle, the Scotchman, "I don't believe you have ever seen any heavier fog than we have here today. I barrel up some of it every day, and as it condenses it keeps us in fresh water."

"I can assure you, Gandle, that your fog on Mauna Loa is simply as tenuous as ether when compared with that which is found in Waimanu Valley, near Kohala. You will remember the valley is like a funnel, with its mouth to the winward; the fog is forced into the smaller end so compactly that it almost solidifies. I was hunting once for sandalwood, with some friends, on a declivity of the valley. A fierce shower of rain caused a freshet which washed away the only path by which we could retrace our steps. So thick and black did this fog now come up the valley in a few minutes, that we entered a cave and sat in its mouth to await the return of daylight. Suddenly there was an earthquake, and we were jarred off from the rock, and a minute or two later struck, in a sitting position, a hundred feet below, in an empty taro patch, leaving an impression nearly two feet deep in the plastic mud. The next day I found, with a theodolite, that the taro patch was exactly under the rock we had dropped from. The fog, therefore, being

nearly as thick as hasty pudding, retarded our velocity and saved our lives."

"I would like to remark right here, gentlemen," said Mr. Gandle, "that Mr. Oudinot has resided nearly all his life in these Islands, and his range of experience has been very wide and of great value to science. He operates a fine little sugar plantation at Lahaina, and is one of our most highly respected citizens. It would grieve me exceedingly to have even a shadow of scepticism thrown over the facts which he relates. By the way, Oudinot, did you ever succeed in bagging that wild bull you told me evaded you so cleverly on the uplands of Waimea? I see you still cling to that famous rifle you named Stromboli."

"Oh! yes," returned Mr. Oudinot. "You will recollect that bull always hung around a cone hill on Mauna Kea, and whenever I drew a bead on him he darted around it with such velocity that Stromboli never could wing him. Well, one day, after missing him twice, I got so mad I vowed I'd come a little science on him. I noticed the hill was almost exactly round, and I paced its circuit very accurately. Then I went to a blacksmith in Waimea and had him adjust Stromboli's barrel exactly to the curve of the hill. Next day I started that bull up in the very same spot, and he vanished double-quick around that cone, but this time Stromboli had been doctored to suit his case. Bang went the gun, and he was no sooner out of sight than around the hill he came and passed me like a cannon ball. I heard the bullet still a-whizzing in the air. Then he kept on at a meteor pace and, Great Jehosaphat! he came back a *second* time and *dropped dead* in front of me. I found the bullet in his brain."

"And why is that any more difficult than to throw a curved base ball?" exclaimed Russell.

"And, moreover," suggested Professor Alexis, "the

moon is held in a circular orbit by the attraction of the earth. Why could not a bullet be held in an orbit for two or three revolutions by a high, round hill? By the way, Oudinot, Stromboli's length is all out of proportion. Why not have the barrel shortened?"

"Ah! that would spoil the range. You'd be surprised at the distance that gun will carry. Only last month I was hunting on the windward side of Maui. I saw a white bullock on a far-off hillside, and at a venture drew a bead with Stromboli. With my spyglass I saw that my aim had been exact. We traveled over rough ground and canyons that day and the next, and on the second morning secured the bullock. But, gentlemen, when we reached our game, *mortification had already set in*—we only saved the hide."

"A most valuable gun, certainly," returned the Professor. "By the way, I see by the papers that you have just returned from a trip to the Philippines and Japan. Did you meet with any adventures worth recounting while on your visit to the Orient?"

"Some very warm weather in Japan; and, let's see—oh! we encountered a tidal wave on our way from Honolulu to Manilla."

"Do tell us about them," exclaimed Gandle. "We don't get much news up here on Mauna Loa."

"With pleasure," continued Mr. Oudinot. "It was August when we ascended the volcano Fuji-yama. The day we came down was fearfully hot, and our road lay through a short valley by the seaside, surrounded by high cliffs. These seemed to focus the heat toward a small lagoon, in-letting from the ocean. The rocks at noonday were so heated that they charred the soles of our shoes. A fisherman was landing a sampan full of lobsters, not the ordinary color; they were boiled red by the heated waters. My dog here and the two Chinese servants plunged into the water for a swim, but in a few

seconds beat a retreat. The setter, as you see him here, entirely hairless, and the Celestials completely bald-headed. I have it from the best authority that the hens in that valley laid hard-boiled eggs, the cows gave custard instead of milk, the sugarcane in the fields turned to stick candy, tree stumps became charcoal; the very pigs perspired lard and their squeal was so dried up that it reminded you of breaking window glass—”

“Excuse me,” said Mr. Gandle, “but you mentioned a tidal wave; when did that encounter your steamer?”

“About five hundred miles west of Honolulu. Very suddenly the ship began to revolve like a top, and the horizon commenced to climb toward the zenith. The captain begged the passengers not to be alarmed, for it was merely the breaking out of a submarine volcano, and the steamer could not possibly go lower than the bed of the ocean. Then the bow and stern were jerked violently up and down, see-sawing as if a big sperm whale had got the craft by the nape of the neck, and was yanking about fourteen different kinds of particular fits out of her. So severe was the agitation that the donkey-engine was bowled overboard and the poor donkey drowned.

“The horizon now subsided with dizzy rapidity, and we saw a huge green bank in the east, rising up like a long high mountain. ‘All hands ’bout ship, and square away due west!’ yelled the captain. Immediately the propellers churned the ocean around them into a froth, till it resembled the top of a newly-drawn stein of beer, and the steamer started ahead on the jump. The tidal wave, for that it was, overhauled us in a few minutes. ‘By the jumping John Rogers, I’m going to run the old tub front of that tidal wave, Neptune willing, plumb into Manila, and break the record of crossing the Pacific,’ exclaimed the captain. ‘I’ll do it or smash the engine into everlasting scrap-iron.’

"And he came very near doing it, too; for this tremendous billow drove us along in front of it at the rate of a hundred and fifty miles an hour, just as you are propelled in front of a breaker on a surf board. I verily believe we would have been carried to Luzon, if the soft-hearted captain had not stopped to rescue a Kanaka family out of the top of a cocoanut tree."

"What in the world were they doing in a cocoanut tree in mid-ocean?" exclaimed Russell, his eyes wide open with wonder.

"Nothing easier," returned Mr. Oudinot. "From their coral island they saw the big wave coming, and climbed the hundred-foot tree before it swept over. The wahine had saved her Easter bonnet, her baby and a pet pig. She leaped aboard; but the Kanaka refused to budge. He had just bought a new cook stove, the only one on the island, and was bound to go back after it. We found, on figuring up, that the ship made 1,800 miles that day, and didn't half try. A week later she steamed into Manila Bay, eight days ahead of her schedule."

"Russell," said Rollo that night, "uncle has agreed to spend several days with Professor Alexis in exploring Kilauea crater and vicinity. Now, we have had enough volcano adventure just for the present, and I asked his permission to join Mr. Oudinot's party, who will spend several days in the big valleys of Wai-pio and Wai-manu."

"That will suit me, exactly," exclaimed Russell. "And say, Rollo, if Barney goes with us, we may get a chance to penetrate into that wonderful Emerald Valley."

"You are right. Minelulu, in her letters to Barney, speaks of Wai-manu as a haunt of the priest, Hiwa-hiwa. If he can be found there, he may guide us into Paliuli,

and we'll explore its mysteries and get a glimpse of Barney's princess."

"And perhaps run into that ignis fatuus hoard of opium again," added Russell.

"Oh, sugar! That was destroyed when our pepper-box cavern blew up on Mauna Loa."

"Don't be so sure of it. I'll just wager you a big cocoanut that opium will bob up serenely sometime and somewhere. It's too wicked and cost'ly stuff to vanish suddenly and forever. But what did uncle say?"

"He made no objections. So if you are ready we can reach Hilo tomorrow night, and Wai-pio two days later."

The ride down the mountain from Ainepo to the volcano house was full of interest to the boys. They passed through great patches of dead forest, whose trees were draped with long moss, hanging like a shroud around a corpse. Then came tedious lava fields and scoria deserts, varied with wide stretches where the rich volcanic sand and cinders forced the mountain grass and shrubs into wild luxuriance, and afforded fat pasturage for herds of half-wild cattle, goats and boar. Occasionally they caught sight of shy deer and vanishing antelopes. In the denser woods were wild turkeys, partridges and quail, who thrive on the ohelos and akalas (mammoth huckleberries and raspberries). As they neared Kilauea they encountered ravines and canyons, black with the action of recent fire, and almost trackless wastes of pahoe-hoe and a-a. Toward the ocean they could see hundreds of square miles south of the crater—a fire-riven wilderness, seamed with crevasses and old lava flows, pock-marked with little craters, sulphur beds, cones and clinker-fields, the playground of Pele, where for ages steam, volcano smoke and underground fire rivers have held continuous high carnival.

They spent the night at the Volcano House, from

which they could see the glowing fires of Kilauea and its huge chasm a thousand feet deep and nine miles in circumference.

"This is the first civilized bed we have slept in for weeks," said Rollo. "But to be frank with you, Russell, I'm more and more charmed with this wild life, and I propose to you when we reach Wai-pio, we adapt ourselves still further to tropical usage; dress in shirt, belt and trousers, sleep in a thatched house, on lan-hala (pandanus) mats, eat fish, poi, squid and shrimps; in short, sample the real life of the Kanakas, Japs and Chinese; of course, keeping at all times within the proprieties."

"Agreed," cried Russell. "Only I'm a trifle dubious about raw fish and squid, and baked dog."

From the volcano to Hilo the road was excellent. It passed over many smooth lava fields, through dense tropical forests, past rich coffee and sugar and pineapple plantations, pretty villages of the Chinese and Japanese, built in quaint and Oriental style, with bamboo frames and thatched roofs. Far away to the right were the roysterling billows of the Pacific, hurling themselves, now with a lover's murmur, and again with the fury of passion against the low pa-hoe-hoe cliffs that had encroached upon their domain.

This was the district of Puna, where soft dreamy airs floated inland, laden with the fragrance of a million flowers; where the rich volcanic mould, black with fertility, set all the forces of nature to producing a phantasmagoria of luxuriance. Suddenly the scene would change, and the tourists imagined themselves in a forest of bygone ages; they were surrounded by cycads and tree ferns from fifteen to thirty feet high. Palms and coconuts of fabulous size struggled to overtop each other in mid-air. Now came groves of pandanus trees, resemb-

ling green balloons, attached to the earth by aerial roots, then followed orchards of huge fronded wild bananas and plantains, themselves the very acme of wanton tropical luxuriance.

CHAPTER XIV.

Barney is Arrested for Complicity in Smuggling.—Rollo and Russell Decide to Live a Simple Life in Real Hawaiian Style.—An Exciting Night with the Fishermen.—Jim Hicks, the Moonshiner, Tells some Dreadful Things about the Missionaries.—Rollo Treats Jim Hicks to a Surprise Party.—Sunday School among the Savages.



THE next morning the boys were seated on the hotel veranda, and gazed upon the beautiful town, a bower of palms, bananas and passion flowers. "Oh, Rollo! just look at this Hilo paper of day before yesterday. It has the whole account of our being trapped by the lava flow, and the blowing up of Captain Cook's grotto, written in the most extravagant and sensational style. How on earth could the reporters have gotten hold of it? We all agreed not to relate the story until our return to Honolulu."

"It certainly is incomprehensible," returned Rollo, "but I suspect Mr. Oudinot is the guilty party. It reflects the same Baron Munchausen style that seems to animate the most of his stories. He wormed it out of Boomguy in some way. Why, just think! it was printed before we left Ainepo. There's no telegraph there. It must have been telephoned in. They have 'phones everywhere. Hello, again! Here's a pretty how-de-do! In this morning's paper—*Barney Morrissey arrested* by Sheriff Lorin Anderson for being accessory to the smuggling of a *hundred thousand dollars' worth of opium*. Released on bail, on condition that he will discover its hiding place within sixty days! And what's this? Horrors! The police looking for a Chinaman named Ah Sin, supposed to be one of the dangerous gang of muti-

neers who gutted the bark Fay Yan, and decamped with the smuggled opium. That's our *Spunyarn*, Rollo! and if we don't get out of town in about two jerks of a porpoise tail, as Mr. Bates expressed it, we'll be pestered to death with this detestable notoriety. Here comes Barney up the walk now, as white as a ghost. He can saddle our horses, and the rest of the party can catch up with us at Onomea Plantation. Hello, Barney! we hear you've been *courting*. Paying attentions to the Princess of Paliuli, eh? Or is it one of Pele's houris of Kilauea that's got you into trouble this time?"

"Bedad, an' it's nayther of thim damsels, your excellencies, but it was the armorer's daughter I came within an inch uv kissin' the minit I set me fut in this blissid town yesternight. Me heart goes pitipat now, wid the suddintness uv that same catastrophe!"

"The armorer's daughter!" echoed Russell. "Yes, I was sure there must be a lady in the case."

"Barney means a flogging," explained Rollo. "On board a man o' war, 'kissing the armorer's daughter,' means that interesting tho' painful flirtation with the cat-o-nine tails a sailor carries on, while lashed to a big cannon's breech, for disobeying orders. Tell us all the details, Morrissey."

But the Irishman shook his head and mysteriously whispered, "The sheriff's tied me tongue; but we'll know all about it whin we find Minelulu and the owld praste. It's the dhirty yellow baste of a Spunyarn as is making us all this trouble. The sheriff's towld me the opium was nather blown up nor burned up, whin the pepper-box wint skylarkin' into everlasting smithereens. How in hivin's name cud he find out that same, onless he be on the phone wid the divil himself, through the helpin' of that ugly spalpeen of a Chineese? An' I've another of thim swate billy-du's from Minelulu, a-tellin' me as how to bring you two into the Valley; an' she hez a big sur-

prise to spring on us. She got the letter I sent her from Honolulu."

"Good, Barney!" cried Russell, "saddle up, and let us be off for Wai-pio and the *Emerald Valley*."

"This country between Hilo and Wai-pio," said Mr. Oudinot, after his party had caught up with the boys, "I veritably believe presents the most beautiful scenery, the grandest and most enchanting landscapes of any land on the earth. The variety of its enchantments and interesting features are simply bewildering."

"There seems to be a continuous and endless succession of charming gulches and ravines," said Rollo, "how many are there?"

"About sixty-nine of these extraordinary chasms within thirty miles of Hilo. From these canyons and precipitous cliffs jutting on the ocean, the district is called *Hilo-pali-ku* (Hilo of the beetling precipices). From this serrated wall, jutting on the smiling Pacific, this paradise of beauty and tropical voluptuousness sweeps back gently to the upper timber line of Mauna Kea, whose sparkling snows beam down upon sixty miles of this beauteous dreamland. From far back in the mountain heights come the silvery streams in nearly every valley, dashing with a thousand rainbows over a thousand ledges, into hundreds of the deep limpid basins which are strung upon their path to the bays, like pearls upon a necklace."

"And how many waterfalls are there on this one mountain side?" asked Russell.

"Ask the clouds and winds that feed them," returned Mr. Oudinot. "No one knows. Some of them are yet strangers to the human eye. Like the stars of the firmament the silvery cascades of Hilo-pali-ku have *never yet been counted*."

"Here now is a sample scene in this bewildering Beulah-land. We are 600 feet above sea level, yet it looks

as if you could almost toss an orange into the surf dashing on the rocks. The green canefields break off abruptly into the cliff-bound valley, whose level bottom is covered with velvet lawns, taro patches and gardens, a smiling village of thatched houses and bamboo cottages. These are embowered with palms and cocoanuts, breadfruit trees and oranges, big leaved bananas and ohias (native apples), guavas and citrons, papaiyas and grape vines, paddle-leaved cactus, prickly pears and screw-fronded pandanus. Their red and golden fruits shine forth like stars, from the dark green of the dense foliage. Then look up the valley. Yonder cliffs and rocks are covered with one blazing mass of sky blue convolvuli (morning glories), brilliant passion flowers, smoke trees, lemon colored candlenut groves and a thousand other flowers and emerald fronds. There you see a wilderness of vines and ferns, hanging gardens of parasites and air plants, which have conspired together to hide the horrid red rocks from the view of man, and metamorphose that ancient hideous delirium of fire and desolation into this modern paradise of exquisite and enchanting beauty.

"We read of 'Green England'; of the 'Land flowing with milk and honey'; of 'La Belle France.' Yet the boasted verdure which clothes these lands is a mere scanty garment of poverty compared with the rampant and wanton luxuriance with which nature has literally *inundated, drowned and smothered* these hills and valleys and slopes."

"That is not an exaggeration!" cried Rollo. "We thought we had reached the acme of exuberant growth in the forests between Hilo and Mauna Loa; but that fades into the background when compared with these wildwood slopes of Mauna Kea, the older mountain. The entanglements we see here are simply glorious."

"You have just commenced your ride," continued Mr. Oudinot. "The coast road is fairly good, but frequently

you no sooner scramble out of one of these abrupt canyon-like valleys, than you dive into another. You canter along the uplands, fanned by the soft dreamy trade-wind, blowing up from the dimpling Pacific, and are suddenly arrested by a dizzy precipice, over which you peer down into a forest-draped abyss. The muffled deep bass of waterfalls tells you another stream must be crossed. Your horse begins to pick his way gingerly down the sharp incline; you think he's going to stand on his head, and your feet in the stirrups almost graze his ears. He goes down like a goat, testing the path with one foot advanced, then gathering four feet under him for a slide and a jump to safer ground. He knows as well as you do, that the sheer hundred foot precipice below, means instant death if he makes a misstep. There are some bridges over these torrents, but many of them have to be forded; and if your steed is unacquainted with the rocks in a torrent's bed, you may have a chance to test the depth of the plunge of the waterfall next below. In a dry season, these ravine paths are fairly safe; but daily showers are the rule, and a sudden storm on Mauna Kea will send terrific freshets roaring down the valleys, making them impassable. In olden times, before there was a Government to build roads, the early missionaries descended into these valleys by lowering themselves from tree to tree with rope ladders, crossing the torrents in slings. They often preached to savages who had never seen a white man, or worn clothes. Now the whole region is rapidly becoming converted into rich plantations of sugar cane and coffee. You hear along the coast the busy hum of the huge crushing rollers and ponderous machinery, grinding cane. You see wooden water flumes, miles in length, built far into the uplands, bringing down ripe cane and firewood in their swift running channels."

As the sun dipped over Mauna Kea, they descended into the great valley of Wai-ha-lu-lu, eight hundred feet

deep, running far into the flanks of the White Mountain. The party was resting under a clump of cocoa palms, eating papaiyas and drinking cocoanut milk, when suddenly Barney whispered to Rollo and Russell.

"I've jist met a frind of Hiwa-hiwa, and he tills me Paliuli is up there at the head of this valley, and he expects the praste himself in less than a week."

"Is it?" exclaimed Russell. "Rollo, what say you to changing our destination? Is not this an ideal place to play Kanaka and put our simple life scheme into practice?"

"Couldn't be better! Barney can find us good shelter with some of his friends."

In half an hour they had taken leave of Mr. Oudinot's party, and ensconced themselves with a Hawaiian family, well known to the Irishman. Their home was a spacious house thatched with grass, standing near the little bay that set into the valley from the ocean. At all hours the dash of the surf filled their ears, and the boom of the breakers came in from the outside reef. Their host, Kaikoo (Big Surf), was a fisherman, also justice of the peace. His two boys, fifteen and eighteen years of age, assisted in raising taro and yams, which they sold to the nearby sugar plantations. Likapa, their mother, was a stout, bustling matron. She had attended the English school for girls at Hilo, and was looked up to as the leader in Waihalulu, both in society and church work. A long shed, thatched with pandanus and cocoanut leaves, adjoined the house; under this were Kaikoo's big canoes, fitted with out-riggers. Each was hewn out of the trunk of a single tree. A long net made of cord of *olo-na* (the strongest fibre known to man), was spread over them. This net had sinkers of round stones and floats of bamboo joints. Back of the shed was a cavern under the precipice, and here were stored two immense canoes, each seventy

feet in length, used only occasionally for transporting freight to Hilo, or from one valley to another.

"Russell," said Rollo, "Barney tells me Kaikoo is going fishing to-night with his boys;—I'll call them Jim and Dan;—I can't pronounce their Kanaka names. What say you to accompanying them?"

"I'm your huckleberry," cried Russell, eager for anything that promised sport; "and look! they are launching the canoes and nets now. We don't need any more preparation than to take off our shoes, though the Kanakas have taken off their shirts."

Kaikoo made no objection to the three white apprentices, and the canoes soon shot through the breakers, and made for the open sea; but not before the fishermen, including Barney, hauled off their trousers, and wielded the heavy paddles, clad only in the *malo* or loin cloth.

"Jim and Dan tell me," said Rollo, "that they are preparing to attend college at Lahaina-luna. I can't help envying them. It does seem as if there were far more delights for a boy to enjoy in these wonderlands, than on the monotonous prairies, where there is nothing more dangerous to hunt than a woodchuck, with the nearest decent sized mountain a thousand miles away."

"Look at Kaikoo, as he stands upright gazing seaward for signs of fish," exclaimed Russell. "Isn't that a magnificent human figure? Reminds you of Apollo Belvidere in the Metropolitan Museum of Art."

"Superb!" answered Rollo. "Every muscle and limb is a perfection of grace and majesty. Now the wind and waves have subsided, and we can see the coral garden, twenty feet below us. Look! there are big turtles and lobsters, crawling among the exquisite white coralline branches of a hundred graceful shapes; the sands and rocks are strewn and covered with shellfish. There are *myriads* of them, in endless variety, too, big as you hat; yes, I see some monster forms like clams, only they're

as large as a water pail; one old grandpa clam, the size of a beer keg. Ah! here comes an *octopus*, stalking over the sand with his tentacles, four feet long; *another* octopus! yes, a whole school of them! There go a lot of cowrie shells, sinking among them. Jim and Dan threw them out; they're fast to a line with hooks concealed underneath. The octopi close over them with their long arms. They must be fond of cowries. Jerk! Snap! Jerk! several of the hideous monsters are hooked, and Jim and Dan yank them up, writhing and twisting, into the canoe. You can see the vicious eyes and ugly mouths between the tentacles. The sea is dyed with the black ink they eject from those bag-like bodies.

"Oh! horrors! Rollo," yelled Russell, "a big octopus has seized Kaikoo and wound his horrid muscular tentacles around his arms and legs; he struggles to free himself! hurry! paddle to his rescue. Jim and Dan, heartless wretches! are laughing at the death grapple. Great Jehosaphat! Kaikoo is calmly biting off the suckers one by one. Now he throws him into the bottom of the canoe."

"Thim divils is squid, not octy pussies," explained Barney; "an' the foinest aten in the woruld, when you've got a big calabash av poi to dhrown your squeamishness in."

"I wouldn't taste one with the end of a ten-foot pole," cried Russell. "I'd just as soon eat a rattlesnake as one of those bags of liquid horror."

"A squid," explained Rollo, "is half way between a cuttlefish and the man-eating octopus. They form the chief article of diet of the sperm-whales and sharks. By the Chinese, Japs and all Polynesians they are esteemed a great delicacy, according to Professor Alexis."

"And they can do all my share of the esteeming," returned Russell. "Flash! there goes Kaikoo's harpoon high in the air, and comes down, click! into something

hard on the water. Hurray! Rollo, he's got a big green turtle! Speared it through his hard shell back. He was sleeping on the surface,—must weigh all of two hundred pounds."

With much splashing and vicious struggling, the turtle was hoisted in, all hands assisting, and laid on his back in the bottom of the canoe. Then Barney tied a stick between his jaws to prevent his biting their feet. Kaikoo now paddled into a little cove, almost surrounded by high rocks, where the water was deep and still.

"Oh! here's a beautiful sight," cried Russell. "Look over the gunwale! opposite side from me or you'll capsize the canoe; twenty-five feet deep,—white sandy bottom! Oh! there's the game for you! Lobsters and crabs, and big ones too; starfish and such exquisite coral branches,—and there are the brain corals,—thousands of them; and what are those big cribs or cages of bamboo? look like wire rat-traps. Ha! they've got lobsters and stone sinkers in them, and are fastened by ropes to floats on the surface. Is *that* the way they entice the ugly bugs? As sure as you're born, Rollo, there's a dead cat in one of the cages. Kaikoo uses strange bait anyway. I can eat lobsters by the gross; but squid! wagh! excuse *me*! I'd rather dine on pickled toads."

"There's something the matter with this first cage," said Rollo. "Ah! I see; rope entangled in the rock. What's Jim doing there? He has the canoe's anchor, a large stone in a net, and a rope around his waist. Splash! he's dove in, head foremost, the rock carries him down like an arrow to the ocean bed; now the cage is loose, and he's filling it up with various pretty shell fish and coral branches. He breaks them off with the anchor;—some curios for us, Russell."

"I'm keeping time with my pulsebeats," said Russell, "he's two minutes under now, and—Oh! horrors! Quick!

Kaikoo! a monster white shark coming around the big rock there!"

All was excitement now, for the man-eating shark is the most dangerous of all the animals of the Pacific Ocean. As the boys glanced up, they saw Jim shoot out of the water into the canoe. Kaikoo and Barney hoisted him like a rocket at the first intimation of danger. The boys were astonished to see Kaikoo attach the rope to his own waist, and taking a long, sharp machete or cane knife in his teeth, dive down with the assistance of the anchor to the spot just left by Jim. The shark made a lightning dash for him, but while turning over to grasp the Kanaka between his jaws, Kaikoo dodged under him and dealt a thrust with his knife, that sent the fish into the most violent paroxysms of agony. The brave fisherman managed to slip under the man eater and drive his machete into his very spinal bones. When his breath and strength were exhausted he signalled by a jerk on the rope, and was hoisted into the canoe like a shot. Again and again he returned to the charge, the maddened brute writhing in violent contortions and snapping his powerful jaws. The water was dyed red with blood, and it made the boys shiver to see how narrowly Kaikoo escaped the rows of sharp white teeth that decorated the brute's mouth.

"Do you notice," said Rollo, "that when Kaikoo is too hard pressed, he lays flat on the sand and thrusts his knife upward? Ah! now the shark flounders around aimlessly. Do you see what has happened? Kaikoo stabbed out both his eyes early in the attack, and a machete thrust has severed his spinal cord. Only the head and fins continue to move."

Kaikoo now went down and dispatched the big fish with his harpoon. After the cages had been emptied of the captured lobsters and crabs, the shark was towed behind the canoe to the landing place near Kaikoo's house.

The canoes then proceeded seaward to cast the nets for the night fishing. Several other canoes joined them with additional nets, and a *surround* was made at the mouth of the harbor, nearly half a mile long. The tedious process of towing the two ends of the nets together now took place.

"There's a hard shower of rain and big wind coming in from the sea," cried Rollo. "The Kanakas have only their skins to get wet, but we had better get into our rubber ponchos."

For an hour the rain poured in torrents, and the huge waves, propelled by the high wind, threatened to toss the canoes the one over the other. Then all was quiet again, and the moon and stars shone down on the dimpling waters with an intense brilliancy. Long lines of torches and lanterns on the ocean indicated where the fishermen were toiling at their nets.

"Are you chilly, Rollo? I'm getting hungry enough to relish a raw pumpkin."

"No, Russell, that rain, tho' copious, was warm and refreshing. There's no such thing as chilliness at the sea-side in this latitude, unless your clothes are water-soaked. There are Jim and Dan motioning us to join them in eating supper; poi with raw fish and a relish of onions and peppers, Barney says."

"I can't stomach that diet. We'll have to be content with this cold sweet potato."

It was nearly two o'clock when the canoes landed with a goodly haul of fish.

"I'm most desperately hungry," said Russell. "It's not fair to ask the boys to cook us a civilized supper after such a hard day's work. Oh! but don't those fish smell good? they're roasting them on the coals, wrapped in ti leaves; plantains and bananas, too, baked in hot ashes! Yes, I can eat a dozen or two of *them*."

The whole family now sat down, Turkish fashion, on a

pandanus mat in the center of the house, with numerous calabashes of Hawaiian delicacies before them. The capture of the shark was an unusual event, and the Kanakas, among them two visitors, were in a high state of glee and merriment; every one was talking and laughing at the same time, and eating poi with two fingers.

"Gentlemen," put in Barney, "just thry a little calabash av poi with your baked mullets. Put plenty of salt and butter on the fish. This poi is the pink breed, eaten by the chiefs and kings; we're just as good as thim royal and ancient haythens. You observe that this poi is two days old and has a bit of the same flavor and tartness as sweet cider. Ate it wid your finger, makin' a double twist betwayn the calabash and your grub hopper like this. Spoons and forks are all right for the crowned heads av Europe."

"I think, Barney, if I could live about three hundred and fifty years I could learn to relish it," returned Russell; "give me another cup of that delicious Kona coffee. That will compensate for all this unmitigated barbarism. Your poi don't taste badly, but it gives me a savage instinct even now. I imagine myself already to be Hokypoky Winky Wum, the King of the Cannibal Islands, whose frequent diet is cold missionary with Worcestershire sauce, and little boy pudding for dessert. Say, Rollo, hunger is the best sauce after all. I believe we could enjoy a banquet of raw whale's blubber of ancient vintage with the Esquimaux, if we fasted beforehand for,—say two or three hundred years. Barney, this poi don't taste so *very* bad after all, when I shut my eyes and imagine it to be one of Delmonico's new fangled French dishes. The mullets are superlatively delicious."

The interior of Kaikoo's house was about forty feet long, and each end was separated as a sleeping chamber by gorgeously decorated curtains of kapa,—a native bark cloth. Everything was exquisitely clean and order-

ly; for had not Likapa learned some of the arts of civilization and New England neatness while in the missionary school at Hilo? Nothing could be more comfortable than the native thatched home, and yet Kaikoo and his worthy spouse had constructed it with their own labor and nearly all the furnishings were of their own handiwork; sumptuous mats, priceless kapas, curiously carved calabashes, and rare specimens of basket work abounded in profusion. Rollo and Russell were given one of the curtained apartments for a guest-chamber, and soon were lost in sleep, with heads pillowed on cushions of *pulu*, beneath laboriously made sheets of kapa. They had not slept more than half an hour when Russell sat up with a start.

"I was dreaming," quoth he, "that we were captured by cannibals. They had prepared a red hot oven, and were about to insert us in it alive, when I awoke in horror. Rollo, I may be very foolish, but here we are, shut in in a lonesome valley, peopled only by races and tribes who but a short time ago were bloodthirsty savages, or bigoted heathen image worshippers. Are we not running terrible risks by trusting ourselves defenceless in such doubtful company? Who knows but what we might be secretly robbed or murdered for our horses and other valuables? What's that, a savage *death chant*?"

"Hark," said Rollo; "listen; the family are engaging in their evening devotions. What a glorious sweet voice that is of Likapa's! With Kaikoo's deep bass and the tenor of the boys,—one of them is accompanying on a dulcet toned violin,—their melody is certainly rich and soul stirring. They were singing in Hawaiian, 'Jesus, Lover of my Soul,' and now they have started 'Sweet Beulah Land.' Are you not ashamed, Russell, to suspect these earnest Christian people of such hideous crimes as you just a minute ago suggested? I venture to say there is not a community in the world where our lives

would be safer. And I don't believe in this whole valley there is a single house protected by lock and key. Professor Alexis says that they are seldom needed on any of the Hawaiian Islands. I am going to join these good people in their worship. It takes me back to the old homestead, and my father and mother, whose prayers went up for the redemption of these very people, the Polynesians, and we sent many a dollar for the support of foreign missions."

"Without another word the boys lifted the curtain and joined the Kanaka family in their devotions, clad as they were in shirt and trousers and with bare feet. Kaikoo opened his Bible and read several chapters, expounding at the same time in Hawaiian to his sons and Barney, for he, too, was present.

"Poor Morrissey," whispered Rollo to Russell. "His Church denies him the Bible, and though he was born and reared in the very cradle of Christianity, he comes to this grandson of an idolatrous heathen to hear it read and explained."

"But mark my word," returned Russell, "the day is not far away when all Christian churches will read the Bible as freely as these Hawaiians do."

The next day was Saturday, and the whole valley was astir with activity at dawn; for was it not baking day with the Hawaiians? They were making ready for the rest and religious services of the Sabbath. Kaikoo found an excellent and early market for his shark meat, for which the natives have an especial fondness. Jim and Dan loaded their biggest canoe with squid, lobsters and fish, and, raising a sail, sped away to sell them to the Chinese and Japs of the next sugar plantation. A number of half grown Kanakas and Japanese turned up and offered for a trifling share in the catch to assist in salting the fish. For several hours the scene was a busy one, while the little Mongolians were splitting open the mullets, the

herring-like *opélu*, the fat sturgeon and skipjacks, with other denizens of the deep, skilfully snared in Kaikoo's net in the darkness of the night. He had much difficulty in controlling the irrepressible mischief of the youngsters, for it was the school holiday, and they were full of most outlandish, though good humored pranks. The Kanaka boys would drop everything to race on a wager up the trees, seventy-five feet high, and drop green cocoanuts for the white boys to eat. When Kaikoo had gone for a mat bag of salt, the Japs suddenly pulled off their shirts and indulged in comical contortions, one representing a vaulting monkey,—another gliding the floor, snake fashion. Little Taraboom suddenly blew a score of gaudy paper butterflies through a bamboo, apparently from his stomach, and after they had tried in vain to escape, fanned them into a floating circle and roosted them all around the brim of Russell's Panama hat. Then little All-right, with a twinkle in his almond eyes, transferring the hat to his own head, seized an open umbrella and walked up the guy wire of a telephone pole. There he fanned the butterflies into the air, and drove them in a bevy before him, while he walked the telephone wire a score of yards. Finally he lost his balance and tumbled, more scared than hurt, into a deep pool of water adjoining Kaikoo's bathing shed.

"You giv six rials, I makee mango seed sprout, grow, flower, fruit; you eatee ripe mango," coaxed the largest and most obstreperous of the Japs;—but here all the boys scrambled to their fish salting, and a moment later Kaikoo entered with the captured turtle struggling violently on his shoulders.

"You uncle,—want you talk,—telephone,—over Chinaman store."

"Oh! a message from uncle!" cried Russell; "he's received our letter to Hilo."

Mr. Hadley talked for ten minutes, gave the boys news

from home, just received by the Frisco steamer; also an item from the Hilo Daily, announcing an earthquake shock in Manila on the afternoon of the 25th.

"Why, that's today," cried Rollo; "surely some mistake. It isn't breakfast time yet in the Philippines."

"Bet you a ten-cash, it *is* right," whispered Russell. When the 'phone conversation was ended, Rollo replied, "That's a bargain, Russell."

"Well, then, as soon as you cross the 180th degree of longitude it's the next day. In Manila it's the 26th of the month at this minute."

Rollo saw his error, and Russell held out his hand playfully. "Ten dollar eagle, please."

Rollo placed a handful of money in his out-stretched palm.

"Why, this is Chinese coin! Copper, too, and a square hole in each," exclaimed Russell. "Just my wager," returned Rollo, with a wink to the delighted storekeeper. "*Cash* is a Chinese word, adopted into the English language,—means a sapeck,—value one-tenth of a cent in Shanghai. I paid a big premium for them,—two cents for the ten to a Chinaboy in Hilo. Ain't I right, Ah Sing?"

"Vely good! Vely good;—no mistake;—one cent all samee ten sapeck; we call ten *cash*, Canton side," returned the Chinese storekeeper, who enjoyed the joke with much zest.

"Yes, you've got him, dead to rights, where the hair's short. I've lived on an island where it was Sunday all day long, and Monday the same day on the next island west. You could toss a cake of shipbread from one to t'other. I often swum across, early before sun up, and back after dark, to get away from the cussed sanctimonious *Missionary Sunday* on my island."

Rollo and Russell looked with astonishment at the speaker. He was a white man, bronzed, wrinkled and

weatherbeaten by seventy years of exposure to the sun and wind. His snowy locks and long grey beard gave evidence that, for perhaps scores of years, they had been strangers to scissors and razor. There was something in his garrulous words, grating voice, unkempt appearance and uncompromising tones, that gave the boys an intuitive impression at once: he was not only a hermit, but a man hater.

"Lis Mista Jim Hicks; nice ole fella; got plenty kalo-patch; he son have big horsee—bifi ranch, Mauna Kea-side," put in the suave Chinaman.

"Pleased to meet you, sir," returned Rollo. "We knew an elderly retired sailor, Robert Hicks;—became acquainted with him on Nantucket Island."

"Bob Hicks! Sailor! Nantucket Island! Why, *that's my brother!* or was fifty years ago. Come right over to my ranch and tell me all about him."

"You come again, Melican boy, allee right. I got plenty fish hook, jack-knife, ritee paper, pen, ink, Chinee and Japanee curio."

The boys cast a glance around the unique market, a well built frame structure of one large room and verandah. It smelt very strongly of soap, salt beef and salmon; there were gamey odored goat skins and cowhides, also Mexican saddles and big roweled spurs, gaudy calicos, and still more flashy ribbons; manilla rope and molasses, monsters in the shape of dried squids and sword fish. The variety of commodities, one of a kind, seemed almost endless. Everything was neat and orderly, but the only attempt at display which Ah Sing made was that of his wonderful cue,—*eight feet long!* which he frequently coiled around his head and uncoiled in the presence of a customer.

Jim Hick's ranch consisted of several grass thatched houses. The first of these was to Rollo and Russell a wonderful curiosity shop. Within it was an almost in-

describable chaos of boats and oars, ship's rigging, broken spars, anchors, tattered sails, chains, harpoons, small cannon, broken chests, and a high tangled heap in one corner of damaged merchandise, once part of a ship's valuable cargo. Everything was black with age and dust. It did not take them long to relate what they knew about Hick's brother.

"You see, I've been a wrecker in my younger days," said the old man, by way of explanation. "But the business is worthless now, unless we can get hold of an opium smuggler, or a cargo of French brandies. By the way, you are not *missionaries*, are you?"

"No, sir; simply tourists," returned Russell quickly; for he could see a red light in Hicks' eyes, such as a bull displays, when glaring in several directions for the glimpse of a crimson bandana.

"Very good;—then you'll join me in a stiff ti-root cocktail for an eye-opener."

"Thank you," said Rollo, "we'd rather have a mild lemon sangaree and keep our peepers shut."

"Ha-ha! that's all right. If you was a missionary you'd ask for a *tin roof cock-tail*; that's a glass of water. I call it 'tin-roof,' because that treat is on the house, you know."

"Here, Tam-rée!" shouted the old sinner to a couple of shirtless, half-white boys, peering timidly through the door. "Pi-mai quick! some ohias, papaiyas and other *ai-puaa* (pig fodder), and tell the Wai-hee-ney, some lemees and kopaa (sugar and limes), and be demnition soon about totein' it in, too."

Rollo and Russell stared at each other in astonishment at this jargon, which evidently was Hicks' "pigeon Kanaka." But the youngsters made no mistakes in translation, and soon had a half bushel of golden bananas, oranges, papaiyas, mangos and other fruit, piled on the mat, where reclined Hicks and his guests. Shortly after ap-

peared a sweet little girl, with brown skin and flowing ringlets, clad in a calico chemise, bearing cocoanut ladles and a calabash of delicious lemonade; this had been tempered with a dash of pineapple cider. Hicks reinforced his own tippie with sundry additions from a suspicious looking black bottle of rank, rummy odor, supposedly containing home made wine, though labeled "Mum's Extra Dry."

"Yes, I'm unfortunately one of them cusses called beach-combers," continued Hicks. "There's thousands of us scattered around the Pacific islands."

"Usually wreckers, are they?" inquired Russell, very guardedly.

"Wreckers be ——d," returned Hicks. "They don't usually have *any* particular employment; that's where they're foxy granpas. They are mostly runaway sailors; take things as they come, or take them anyway; live on the country like the Kanakas; don't worry and like me they have no use for the missionary."

"Marry native wives and bring up families?"

"Marry your grandmother! They don't have to tie up to any laws. They do as they *demnition please!*"

I will not endeavor to repeat Hicks' exact language, nor even to insert dashes in the place of his very emphatic words. The reader may, however, be quite certain they were always *there*. Rollo and Russell listened respectfully to the hoary sinner's harangue, but his foul and profane expressions brought a blush of shame to their cheeks.

"Some people praise the missionaries," he continued, "but you boys might as well have a peep behind their cussed sanctimonious curtain. They've *ruined the country!* It's no longer a fit place for a liberty loving man to live in who wants to enjoy himself."

"Ruined it? In what way?" spoke up Rollo boldly.

"Well, in the first place they had no business to come here!—nobody invited them. But seeing they couldn't

interfere at home, they were bound to emigrate to where they *could* meddle,—take advantage of the Kanakas' unsuspecting innocence, as you might say. When they got here they coaxed the natives to burn up their idols. What harm were *them* chunks of wood and stone doing, I'd like to know? Then they got around the kings and chiefs, and wheedled them into dividing the lands among the low down Kanakas, so no foreign settler could have a chance to get hold of a decent sized piece of good territory. Then came a constitution. What good, in the devil's name, was that, when the people were dying off by the thousand and couldn't take the constitution with them? From that point their dum fool monopolistic tactics come quicker and faster. *Compulsory school laws!* What earthly use were they to the savage niggers, who can't *learn* anything when they *do go* to school. *Marriage laws!* Why, you might as well try to pair off the cattle and pigs by marrying them, as to make family rules for these heathens. That's what's raising the very old D——! with the white men, too. They won't stand it. Some day we'll have a bloody revolution here in consequence. *Schools and Colleges!* (mostly supported by tax on the white people). What earthly good to educate those low-down Chinese, Japs and Kanaks? They'll never be better than plantation scrubs and sugar-cane wallopers. Going to school only makes them saucy, lazy and good for nothing. The less they know the better they can work. *Liquor laws!* Ain't it a burning shame that a few dozen missionaries should set up and dictate what all the rest of the people should eat or drink? If I want a little something stimulating to wet my grub hopper with, I'm going to *have it*, and God, man or the devil can't stop me. Now what do you say to that, Young America?"

"I wouldn't mind discussing it, Mr. Hicks," said Rollo; "but we are your guests, and it would be very impolite to argue with one's kind host."

"Oh! never mind that. You can say what you durn please and it won't turn my stomach. I've been cussing and discussing the missionaries for these fifty years, and a chit of a lad like you can't hurt my feelings;—not very *much*."

"Well, Mr. Hicks, I don't profess to know very much about the question; but if you are willing to pardon me in advance, for a little discourtesy, and treading on the toes of your convictions, I'm willing, just for the sake of a diversion on this warm day, to tell you how it looks to a fellow when he's up a tree, as you might say."

"That's the way I like to hear you talk. That's genuine Yankee grit. Now go ahead, and don't be afraid of a little broken china."

"Just as a matter of information," returned Rollo, "tell us, did the missionaries really monopolize the influencing powers during the first fifty or sixty years after they arrived on the islands, in 1820? In matters of statecraft, as well as in religion, they enjoyed the predominating power among the people and the kings and chiefs, I suppose."

"Right! They bossed the whole hen roost. And they dictated not only the internal but the foreign policy, clear up to the time the islands went over to Uncle Sam. Why, there wasn't a High Chief or King dared say his soul was his own, unless he got permission from the American Missionaries:—they made a jumping-jack of the whole Hawaiian nation, so's it would bob up an' down, as they pulled the string."

"And for about sixty years no outside individual or foreign power made any headway in dictating the national policies and affairs of state?"

"Exactly! It was a grinding religious despotism, as bad as the czar's in Russia."

"Now," continued Rollo, "I've read the history of Hawaii quite carefully, and I'll briefly recount what hap-

pened in those sixty years, and what the missionaries did for the country. Then you enumerate what they *failed* to do that *ought* to have been done.

“Before 1820 the people worshipped idols and offered human sacrifices to them. They were ground between the priests, who imposed the most distressing taboos on them, and the chiefs, who owned *all the lands* and held the whole of the common people in feudal bondage. Marriage was unknown; the men discarded their wives at will, and a most abhorrent immorality among the sexes was prevalent. Women buried alive a large proportion of their infants, that they might escape a life of slavery. The people lived in constant terror of the *Mu*, the high chief’s executioner, who prowled at night to secure human sacrifices, or destroy those of whom the chief or priest was jealous. Bloody wars and tribal feuds were constantly decimating the population. Frequent epidemics swept away tens of thousands. There were no schools, no education, no literature, only the profoundest ignorance; no ownership of property, no punishment of crimes, no post-offices, no public highways, no money, no developed industries, no commerce, no family ties or patriotism, no protection to life and property; only revolting superstition and idolatry, abject and groveling slavery. Such was the chaos existing in 1820. Now this same chaos existed in New Zealand among the Mooris,—the cousins of the Hawaiians. In New Zealand the white man came long before the missionary, and the result was the waging for sixty years of a war of extermination of the natives, and the appropriation of all their valuable land by foreigners. What a contrast in Hawaii! Not a war or a breach of peace has taken place in ninety years. Through the influence of the missionaries a central government and a House of Parliament was established, and friendly foreign relations maintained. The lands were divided among the common people, and laws enacted for the equitable

protection of *every citizen* in his rights. Feudalism was abolished; universal education, schools and colleges were established; the language reduced to letters, newspapers and books published, roads and bridges were built everywhere; postal service to every village instituted, a constitutional monarchy established; great industries fostered and encouraged, commerce developed and protected. Several times the islands were seized on silly pretexts by foreign powers, but their independence was restored by the diplomacy of the missionary. Marriage laws preserve the sanctity of family ties, and liquor laws prevent the people from destroying themselves as the American Indians have done. Hundreds of churches and school houses were built, and scores of thousands of Hawaiian converts admitted to the Evangelical Associations. The Mission not only has become self supporting, but has educated and sent scores of native preachers to the Maeque-sas and Micronesian islands. Before the missionaries came, many foreigners had been massacred by the savages, and a white man's life was in constant peril. But in the last eighty years, in no country on the earth has life and property been safer or lawlessness and crime less frequent.

"I venture to say that not a resident in this whole valley thinks it necessary to lock his residence at night. Now I have enumerated what the missionaries *did do*. The next question is what they criminally *neglected to do* for the welfare of Hawaii, its natives and foreign residents, that they ought to have done."

Russell had been watching carefully the effect of Rol-lo's remarks, and seeing a dangerous light in the beach-comber's eyes, suddenly changed the subject before the explosion of the smoldering volcano. He was evidently beside himself with anger, and baffled for want of a weapon of defense.

"By the way, Mr. Hicks, before I forget to ask you,

do you know the whereabouts of this mysterious valley they call Paliuli?"

"Well, yes, and no," replied the wrecker, stroking a long white beard stained with tobacco juice, evidently glad of the momentary diversion. "That is to say, I've been there and done some trading for sandalwood; but the old watch-dog of a priest who let me in, was very careful to blindfold me just before entering the little canyon leading into it, and I never could find it again when I went back. It's an all-fired pretty place, but the savages livin' in it are as ugly as they were a hundred years ago, and as suspicious as all git out. I couldn't have got in but my *waihine* was born and raised thar, and that gives me some priveleges."

"Your wife was brought up there!" exclaimed Rollo. "Then she knows the Princess Minelulu."

"Wife be ——d! she's my *waihine*, I told you, and that's all there is to it!"

At this moment Barney entered and announced to Hicks the presence of a visitor, awaiting him in the next house.

"Come along with me, boys; I'll show you my *ranch*," and Hicks led the way into the second thatched house. This was the "ladies' department," and though only furnished with mats, kapa curtains, gourd calabashes, prettily colored hanging fishnets, and other items of Kanaka handiwork, it was exquisitely clean and neat. Manini, Hicks' *waihine*, a middle aged woman, rather stout and clad in a flaming red *holoku*, was seated on a mat, of which the visitor occupied the other end.

It was *Hiwahiwa*, the priest of Pele! Rollo and Russell were startled at his unexpected presence, but greeted him cordially. He wrung their hands with evident feeling, exclaiming, "Makena hoi kuu aloha. Ua aneane make weliweli wau i ka Pele; eia nae hoi ua ola ma o ko olua kokua ana mai. (How great is my gratitude, for your saving me from the awful death in the lava flow.)" He then

described briefly, with eloquent gesticulations, to Hicks, his numerous family and several visitors, the exciting events of the escape from the pepper-box, and the terrific explosions following. From that moment the boys found themselves heroes in the eyes of all the natives in the valley. Manini brought out a wooden pipe with an immense bowl, and a flint and old razor blade used in the place of matches. She dried some dark tobacco leaves over the charcoal brazier, powdered them between her hands, and passed around the lighted pipe. All took a few whiffs but Rollo, Russell and the children. The villainous fumes were powerful enough, as Russell expressed it, to "asphyxiate and capsize an elephant." Hicks now excused himself for a consultation with Hiwahiwa, who had an important communication, and the boys, finding that Manini could hardly speak a word of English, took their leave and sauntered up the valley to visit the odd scenes of Hawaiian baking day.

"Be gorry, the owld haythen doesn't twig yet that it's meself that's after thim cans of opium," exclaimed Barney, "and he's come to indjuce this Hicks, the wrecker, to jine him in boring forty feet through the hard lava rock to where it lays."

"Ha!" cried Russell. "He it is, then, that spirited it away from where Rollo and I found it, and this renegade moonshiner is just smart enough to do that shady little job, and hand over to the Kahuna for a divy, just about as much opium as he could bury in a sardine box."

"And don't forget, there'll be sharp eyes not far away. The only thing that's puzzlin' the Irishman is, who's offerin' the best reward, the sheriff wid \$10,000, or Captain Jardine wid his foine Kona coffee plantation?"

"Take the plantation, Barney," returned Rollo. "It's the Captain's money that bought the drug, and he's made no effort so far to smuggle it into Hawaii. I believe if Lorin Anderson seizes it, Jardine could recover it in a

court of equity. But say, what is that old Kanaka doing with that pig? He's tied a cocoanut sinnet tightly around its nose. Great Heavens! he's killed it by smothering instead of cutting its throat. Now he's singeing off its bristles, in the place of scalding them with hot water."

"That's the haythen way of doing it," returned Barney. "But there's only one thing that tastes foiner than the Kanaka's pig cooked in the underground *imu*, and that's two pigs."

"Or a tender dog, fattened on poi," suggested Rollo.

"Ah! that's no joke," returned Barney. "Ayther av thim wud throw a hungry man into hysterics of joy when it comes to the 'atin' of the same."

Through the bottom of the valley the mountain stream was tumbling over boulders and rocks, and meandered from one cliff to the opposite one, leaving four to twenty acre gardens enclosed by its sinuations. These were watered by little aqueducts, cut on the face of the cliffs, and terraced by stone work into shallow ponds which formed rice and taro patches of astonishing fertility.

"See!" cried Russell, "the taro is nothing more than a big calla lily, almost the same leaf and flower, with big roots, some as large as your head, shaped like tenpins, covered with black fibres; but the flesh is white as milk with starch. I'm going to try eating one raw."

But as he said this, Barney snatched the root from his hand and threw it across the river.

"Misther Russell, if you was to ate that same, in foive minutes you'd be doubled up wid convulsions for a week; a layin' spacheless, too, cryin' 'wather! wather! wather!'"

"He's right," said Rollo. "Professor Alexis told me that the acridity of the raw kalo was a poison, like that of the raw mandioca root (from which comes tapioca and farina). He estimated the limit of the mandioca root was fifteen tons to the acre; that under high cultivation an acre would produce as high as four hundred to one

thousand good bunches of bananas. Just compare that with twelve bushels of wheat per acre, on grandpa's farm in Vermont. Ah! here's a scene of bustle; a score of Kanakas and boys, rushing their imus for Sunday provender. They wash the baked kalo in this still water pool, and throw the peelings to their pigs over the stone wall. Mr. Alexis says Kanakas never get really busy, until preparing and cooking and eating their food, and then their industry becomes not only delirious, but frantic. Let us sit on this big sloping rock and watch them."

This outdoor Polynesian kitchen was a most unique sight. The young men brought faggots of dry wood, while the older Kanakas, clad only in trousers rolled above their knees, waded into the taro patches and gathered back-breaking loads of roots, hanging like huge bunches of grapes from each end of a stout *auamo* or shoulder stick. The ovens were pits a yard deep, lined with rock. In these they placed the wood, and over it a round arch of porous a-a stones. When this a-a was heated to redness, the arch was broken with a pole, and the hissing stones fell into the pit. Over them was laid a thick layer of green ti-leaves, fern fronds or the rampant greenery of the Wandering Jew plant. Then came the taro roots, sweet potatoes, yams, breadfruits, joints of pig or goat meat, or other victuals, the whole covered with another layer of ti and fern fronds. Over all was spread a broad pandanus mat, and a cone of dry sand. Before the oven was completely closed, a calabash of water was poured in through a bamboo, or into the mouth of the cone, and two or three yam roots, attached to withes, lowered to the hot stones. The water, converted into dry steam, baked the various eatables with a flavor unknown even to French cookery. During the operation (four to six hours) the yam roots were drawn out by the withes, and more water added if found necessary to allay the heat. While our tourists were watching the unique scene, the schoolboys,

barefooted and clad in bright colored cottons and blue-jeans, intoxicated by the freedom of the Saturday holiday, and the golden sunshine that flooded the lovely valley, were at one moment busily assisting their parents, at another performing the most outlandish of merry pranks. The boys played prisoners' base, and leapfrog, pursuing each other like monkeys, over the boulders, up the nearby cliffs, through the tangled branches of the breadfruits and hibiscus; then all disappearing, suddenly would turn up a few minutes after in a nearby deep pool surrounded by high cliffs. Here they performed wonders in the way of leaping from rocks fifty feet above the water, diving under the rock ledges into submerged caverns, and vaulting unexpectedly from a cave-mouth far above the water. The girls wove garlands of brilliant colored flowers, and golden pandanus nuts, sang lively Sunday school glees, and then went through a number of fantastic fairy marching plays, which they had learned in their day school. Some of the older youths and maidens busied themselves in the rocky stream, catching shrimps with funnel like baskets, and little black trout (*oopus*) with hand nets and hooks baited with limpet meats. Others, more industrious, took advantage of an island in midstream, dammed one branch of the river, so that it ran nearly dry, then gathered from under the rocks trout, shrimps and crabs by the calabashfull. The presence of the young *haoles* (or foreigners) made matters still more lively; for the boys brought sour and sweet guavas, roasted plantains, koku (a confection of grated cocoanut and breadfruit, roasted in ti-leaves), and no end of baked ti-root, whose flavor, as Barney remarked, "wad make Tim Finnegan himself come to life at his wake, a thinkin' it was maple sugar strengthened wid a sup av black Tipperary potheen."

They even persuaded our boys to join them in a game of water football, played in the pool, the ball being a round

greased empty gourd, whose gyrations and vanishing flights gave the swimming contestants an endless amount of fun.

"These little Kanakas make more noise than any youngsters I ever saw," exclaimed Russell. "You can't hear yourself think when they are near."

"And yet," returned Rollo, "they're brimming over with good nature, kind and generous to a fault. I haven't heard a bad or impatient word uttered by one of them yet."

"I've traded off two jackknives and a pocket microscope," continued Russell, "for a whole bag full of curios. Let us see:—tops made of kukui nuts,—kinikini beans used for marbles,—a little bamboo mouth violin,—ancient fishhooks carved from bone, an old time dagger, edged with sharks' teeth,—a gimlet twisted out of a ship's spike, strange little sea shells galore."

"They are determined we shall learn Hawaiian," continued Rollo. "I have acquired at least a hundred words today. They keep me constantly repeating the words and sentences after them. At this rate in a week or two we'll be jabbering like cannibal savages. So far it's as easy as tumbling off a log. Prof. Alexis told me that the natives, old and young, never use bad grammar. The little three year olds chatter like monkeys; and yet here is Jim Hicks, who, Barney says, has lived nearly fifty years among them, cannot construct a single sentence correctly, or pronounce the words as they are spelled. He says 'High-low' for Hilo, 'Kill-away' for Kilauea, 'O-wei-hee' for Hawaii."

"By the way," said Russell, "did you hear what pet name the natives give Mr. Hicks?"

"No, but Mr. Oudinot informed me that they have a comic nickname for nearly every white man. He wears spectacles, and they have dubbed him *Maka-ani-ani*, which he translates, 'Bully boy with a glass eye!' One of the young white men of Wailuku, a profligate, suddenly re-

formed and became an evangelist. They call him 'Bill Hemolele or Holy Bill.' Another was born on firecracker day, and he's referred to as 'Poa Julai' or 'Fourth of July.' What have they done for Hicks?"

"Well, he's strongly suspected of being a moonshiner, so the Kanakas style him, among themselves, 'Jim Nihi-aumoe,' or 'Jimmy Sneak along at Midnight.'"

The next day was Sunday, a very quiet one in the valley. Ah Sing's village store was closed and locked, for the Chinaman, though not a Christian himself, was shrewd enough to know that by observing the Sabbath he would gain both the respect and the patronage of the good people of Waihalulu. Even the dogs appeared to refrain from their usual morning chorus, and the bleating of the goats on the cliffs was scarcely audible. Toward ten o'clock several loud reports of a gun rang through the stilly air.

"Thim's the signal for the comin' down from the up-valley of another furriner to see old man Hicks," remarked Barney. "They're a-gettin' ready fer a wild bullock hunt on Mauna Loa."

"That means they are going to bore for the hidden opium," returned Russell. "And what a disgrace he is to the American people!" added Rollo. "He acknowledges that he was reared in a God-fearing commonwealth, and takes pride in his ancestry; then delights in marring the Sabbath quiet of this community, which has only eighty years ago emerged from a savage and idolatrous life. He spends his time in trying to destroy this beautiful garden of peace and love, which his countrymen, the missionaries, have planted here. Mr. Alexis told us there were no words for cursing in the Hawaiian language. I wonder if it's true that only citizens of nations who assume to be God-fearing and civilized, blaspheme their own Maker. Hark! there is the church bell; sounds like

that in the village next to grandpa's farm in the Green Mountains."

"The Green Mountains!" echoed Barney. "I've heard of those same. That's where the hills are so steep the milkmaids hev to look up chimney in the avenin' to see the cows comin' home from the pasture; and there's where they sharpens the noses av the cattle so they may ate the grass between the rocks."

"Yes," laughed Russell, "and those living there are the people who can make wooden nutmegs; and when they have an over-supply of shoe pegs, will sharpen the other end and sell them for oats."

They found the village church a neat frame structure. Nearly every Hawaiian in the valley was present, and even some of the Japanese, though services in their language were held in the afternoon. The older matrons wore the usual native gown, the holoku or Mother Hubbard, first introduced by the missionaries; but the younger women were attired in modern shirt-waists and skirts, with very pretty hats that assumed to be New York and Paris styles. It was odd to see a stately elderly dame, barefoot, but clad in a richly embroidered silken holoku, no doubt once her wedding dress, with a bonnet (probably her mother's) fashionable thirty or forty years ago. But few were without garlands of flowers; even some of the young men wore them. If Hawaii has any prominent and peculiar national custom it is the prevalence of floral adornment.

The Rev. Kahuku preached eloquently, though quite simply, and both young and old gave close attention. When he announced the text, he read it also in English for the special benefit of the three white boys in his audience. Then at the end of the service he gave them a hearty welcome and persuaded Rollo and Russell to take each a class in the Sunday School.

"How did you make out teaching the lesson to your

little savages?" asked Russell, when they had returned and were comparing notes.

"Oh! my boys could understand and talk English fairly well, and they devoured the English lesson leaves. Savages! Why, they are as well behaved as any country boys in Vermont, and much more anxious to learn. I saw your girls just hanging on your lips and casting admiring glances at your fancy necktie."

"They were very interesting," said Russell. "Of course the young people were mostly barefoot, but what signifies that when their hearts are kindly and their souls free from debasing instincts? When we first landed I was really afraid of the Kanakas, on account of the terrible Maori wars in New Zealand, and dreadful stories of cannibalism in the Marquesas Islands; but now we may actually consider ourselves *safer* in this not long ago savage community, than we were in the heart of New York or Chicago. My class was quite cosmopolitan. I had two Japs, a Chinese girl and one Portuguese. The little brown Hawaiians were the smartest, but the Japs had the best memories. Lu-chu and Lucillo were the best behaved."

"You may not feel quite so safe when you reach Paliuli," returned Rollo. "By the way, it's Jim's birthday tomorrow, and he and Dan invite us to join them in a sandalwood trip up into the gorge of the valley."

"Hurrah! Just the chance we've been looking for. Now won't we bring back a load of curiosities and botany specimens!"

CHAPTER XV.

The Boys Learn how to Climb Waterfalls.—The Secret Garden in the Canyon.—Russell Shoots a Goat out of the Clouds.—They Blunder into the Moonshiners' Camp.—A Tropical Freshet.—Jim Hicks Divulges some Valuable Secrets.—The Distillers' Outfit Goes up in Smoke.



DAY had not broken when the five boys reached the upper valley about five o'clock, having started early, and come thus far by moonlight. They were well provided with hatchets and ropes, iron hooks, and a long bamboo. Jim and Dan now divested themselves of their clothes and carried them in bundles on their heads. Occasionally the valley narrowed to a canyon with sheer cliffs many hundred feet high, leaving only a passage for the river. This ran, now clear and deep, then dashed roaring and foaming between huge boulders, and ever and anon leaped precipices from twenty to fifty feet high. To scale these was a dangerous feat, to which Barney and the Kanakas applied themselves with great ingenuity. A hook was spliced to a rope, and then conveyed at the end of the bamboo to a tree or branch, at the top of the waterfall. Sometimes, when no such friendly help offered itself, they hooked themselves upward from one branch to another of the trees that clung to the canyon walls; then like monkeys swung themselves, pendulum fashion, to the top of the cataract.

"This for danger beats climbing church steeples," exclaimed Rollo. "Everything is wet and mossy; one little slip or misstep would hurl you on the sharp rocks below."

"Yes, there may be a lot of fun and excitement in

a sandalwooder's experience; but excuse me from such a monkey life. Oh! Rollo, look at that long stretch of precipice, as far up to the zenith as you can see,—it must be a thousand feet,—right into the clouds, covered with a rampant mattress of trees, jungle and hanging vines, for the whole length of a quarter mile. It's just one tinkle, tinkle, tinkle of falling water drops. Everything you touch around here is water soaked, and from every branch of the vines a tiny stream of water is adding its contribution to the river."

"Yes," said Rollo, "you remember Professor Alexis explained the phenomena of the northeast or windward watersheds of the Islands. The warm moisture in the air from the ocean, as it mounts the slopes, is rapidly cooled, condenses into these clouds, which are squeezed like a sponge as they climb higher to the cold mountain heights; result, a continuous little misty drizzle, almost all the year around. The same phenomena happens in the Amazon valley. The trade winds as they mount higher and higher toward the slopes of the Andes, deposit a vast quantity of moisture, but when they reverse the operation, descending the leeward Andean slopes, they are as dry as Sahara, and give western Peru and Ecuador a climate like Egypt's. On the other side of the mountain from here is Kaiwaihae, in a district always dry and parched, where rain is a novelty."

The valley now widened, and the boys found themselves in a perfect Paradise of tropical luxuriance; wild bananas and plantains abounded; lofty tree ferns, palms, candlenut trees, ohia trees, (*Eugenia*), blazing with crimson blossoms, custard apples, smoke and umbrella trees, ti-plants (*Dracena*), and a multitude of strange fruits, ferns, parasites and gorgeous flowers kept Russell continually uttering exclamations of wonder, as he found new botanical marvels. Barney and the Kanakas were more interested in searching for the precious sandal-

wood, of which they could see an occasional full-grown tree far up the precipice. They found a little island where the stream could be readily turned, and soon bagged an abundant supply of trout and shrimps.

"Quick! Misther Russell," exclaimed Barney; "that ledge up there almost overhead; a flock of goats; they come down from the ridge yander to admire the illigant scenery. Take the white kid,—he's shtandin' on the edge of the rock. Your rifle will carry the matter av six hundred feet, aisy."

Russell placed his gun in a tree crotch and took deliberate aim.

"Now, if I only had Colonel Oudinot's wonderful rifle!" he exclaimed; "but here goes anyway. I can just see a white spot in the cloud."

"You've got him!" cried Rollo. "No, he tumbles astride a bush. Yes, he's struggled free and begins to slide down the steep, smooth rock, rolling over and over; now he strikes an obstruction and, whiz! he bounds far into the valley. Hurray!—landed in the top of a banana tree!"

Jim and Dan, almost frantic with excitement, rushed up into the plantain grove and cut through the soft trunk of the tree with their knives; when they reappeared a few minutes later the kid was skinned and quartered.

"If Mr. Oudinot were here," said Rollo, "he would claim that in this valley all one needs when hungry is to shoot straight up into the clouds, and down tumbles a fat goat for dinner."

"Rollo, if we could only climb that ridge, I believe we could see down into the wondrous Emerald Valley. What say you, Barney?"

The Irishman shrugged his shoulders. "The owld praste towld me the only entrance to that same little hiven was ayther by climbing up a waterfall precipice three hundred feet, or wid a cavern tunnel; you jumped

into that same from the top av a murtherin' high ohia tree. He promises to take us as soon as he comes back from Mauna Loa."

"And there it is now!" burst out Russell. "A cave in the cliff and a convenient ohia tree! The mouth of the grotto is just visible from the top of this boulder."

"Well, here goes," said Rollo, "the worst we can do is to break our necks."

The three white boys now climbed the tall ohia.

"Just as I thought, Rollo. You can jump from that branch onto the ledge. But, Great Moccasins! only a monkey could jump back into the tree."

"Here's a black horse-hair cord from the tree into the grotto."

"Just as I guessed; jerk on it! That's the doorbell into the garden; the concierge will come out and say: 'Entree, Messieurs, avec beaucoup de plaisir!'"

"No! here comes a stout rope out of the grotto. Ah! I see:—its other end is attached to something inside. Barney's rove it around the ohia."

"I'll go first, gintlemin, being a sailor; if the beyant end gives way the Irishman can save himself by hanging hard to the hawser."

In a few moments they had scrambled down the rope into the cavern.

"Oh! Sugar!" exclaimed Russell, "it's only a moon-shiner's den. Tubs for the ti-root mash, a worm of gas pipe in a big hogshead; stream of water in one corner,—a very complete outfit, but no Paliuli."

"An' divil a drap av the blissid potheen in sight," added Barney, with a comical sob.

"But plenty of dry wood and camp utensils," continued Rollo. "Say, lads, what's the matter with our getting dinner here. Everything down in the valley is watersoaked and dripping. The rum-makers have evidently not been here for weeks."

In a quarter of an hour the kid, shrimps and other eatables had been hoisted, by means of the rope and an iron kettle, to the grotto, where Jim and Dan joined the party.

"We'll have a dinner fit for a king," exclaimed Russell. "Stewed kid, yams and kalo, shrimps, trout, roasted plantains, wild pineapples and guavas, papaiyas and native apples."

After this sumptuous meal the boys started out again; Jim and Dan, in search of sandalwood, and the white members to look for a possible entrance to Paluili. Two miles further up they came to a waterfall vaulting from a precipice, three hundred feet in height. As it was impossible to scale this, they returned and joined the Kanakas. The midday sun was now pouring down into the valley and had dried the dripping leaves.

"Jim," said Russell, as they entered a ferny, mossy grotto, embowered with bananas and tree ferns, "what are these flute-like notes we hear in every part of the valley, so sweet and clear and of many cadences. There they go now, lu-lu-luu-u-u-loo-loo-lulu-lulu-l-l-l-oo-a-oo-a-oo-u liluloo-lu-lu-loo, and so on."

"Thim's the swate mountain fairies, a-singin' their love songs to each other," put in Barney. "Ivery rock an' tree in these parts hez one or more, and whin the sun shines bright an' warm, they all burst out into praisin' Heaven, and imitatin' the harp music av the angels. If you go to slape a-listenin' to thim, the little brownies will waft you away on their wings, into the beautiful gardens and wonderlands, and whin they stop the melody, bringin' you back, you wake up agin in the cold and cruel world wid a *bump*!"

"Very pretty conceit, Barney. Now, what do you say, Jim?"

"Pu-pu-kani-ohe (flute-playing shells)," returned the Kanaka; "them land shells; almost thirty or forty kinds;

all beautiful; all make different music; look here!" and he pulled a handful from a bag tied to his belt.

"Oh! what glorious colors," exclaimed Russell. "Eight different kinds, all blushing like a maiden. Rollo, I'm going to make a collection! They are A-cha-ti-nel-las. Aunt Mary would rather have them than diamonds. What's that bundle of fresh bark Dan has?"

"That's *wauke*," returned Barney; "paper mulberry."

"Ah! that's what the Polynesian kapa is beaten out of. That's the *Marus Papyrifera*. Why wouldn't this be a capital and cheap substitute for linen fiber, Rollo?"

"Cheap! you gosling! You can harvest flax with a two-horse mower, and here you have to climb fifty-foot precipices to get a few specimens of this wauke. Barney, what are those yellow sticks in your hand?"

"Taste thim, Misther Rollo. I found a big patch av thim plants beyant the banana grove. Somebody's a-raising thim on the sly. They're worth a good deal of money. Contraband, you know, like opium."

"They taste like cloves or cocaine," said Russell; "bite your tongue and leave a numb, greasy feeling in your mouth."

"I know," cried Rollo. "This is the awa or kawa that is used by nearly all the Polynesians for an intoxicant. The botanists call it *Piper Mythisticum*. Its effects are somewhat like those of opium. The Kanakas macerate it in water and drink the decoction. Kaikoo says that's what killed Kamehameha and many other famous chieftains of Hawaiian history. Barney, this valley is so full of wonderful things, let us spend another day here."

"Faith, you'll have to spend it anyway," returned the Irishman. "There has been a heavy storm on Mauna Kea. Hark! I hear the roaring of a freshet leapin' the big waterfall a-ready."

"We'd better get up to the moonshiner's den before

the storm breaks; that's the only dry place in the valley."

They had scarcely ascended the ohia, and slid down the precarious rope bridge, when the valley was filled with black clouds rushing down from the mountain. These burst asunder with thunderbolts and terrific claps of thunder, which re-echoed far and near from the many perpendicular cliffs. Then the ledge was swept with torrents of swirling rain and wind. They appeared to be in the very focus of an electric storm. The darkness was split by zigzag lightnings playing both above and below them. They could hear trees in several directions hurled crashing down the declivity, or cloven in twain by the bolts of fire.

"What's that sudden deafening roar we hear up the valley?" exclaimed Russell. "It makes the very rocks under us shiver."

"A landslide," returned Barney. "You kin hear the boulders comin' down, bump! bump! on the ledges. It's close by; for the feshet has stopped running. Be jabers! an' we'll see some fun in a few minutes. The canyon is dammed up, but we hear the big waterfall roaring louder an' louder. Look! there's a hundred small cataracts comin' down from the ridges out of the clouds! Ain't that a magnificent sight?"

"Hurrray!" shouted Russell a few minutes later; "the dam caused by the slide has broken away; here's another Johnstown flood, boys; it sweeps the whole bottom of the valley, right through the awa plantation and banana grove; lucky we're here high and dry. Listen to the boulders grinding and bumping down the river bed!"

"And notice what a pungent, rank smell of decaying vegetation comes up from the thick, muddy waters; it's the odor of rich forest earth and broken spicy roots. There go whole trees, logs and tangles of jungle. They'll be thrown on the beach for Likapa's use as firewood," added Rollo.

After the worst of the freshet had passed, the wind and thunderbolts became less furious, but the rain continued pouring in torrents.

"Hark!" exclaimed Rollo. "I hear voices under us in the valley; some loud swearing! I guess we're in for it, boys; they're probably desperate characters. Discretion in this case is the best part of valor. The inner cave makes a little turn; supposing we hide in the dark. If they discover us, we'll all yell, and if they show fight, I think one report of our gun will send them scurrying."

Barney and the Kanakas soon had nearly every tell-tale vestige of their presence removed, and carried their traps into the inner cavern, where the whole party lay on their stomachs with bated breath.

In a few minutes two white men, puffing and blowing, reached the top of the ohia tree. "Hello!" cried one, "here's the hawser fast to the tree. I told you to throw it back into the cache. Here it's been out in the rain for three months;—don't tell me you *did*, now; for you was too drunk to know a billy-goat from a hippopotamus." Then as they entered the cave, he exclaimed: "Something the matter here! I smell smoke! If any of Sheriff Anderson's sneaks or deys are around here, I'll bore 'em through with hot lead. Pots and kettles left unwashed, too! You're a fine scullion, Bazan! Gorramitey! an elegant jackknife laying here! You don't mean to tell me you was so fuddled and obfuscated with ti-root cocktails that you abandoned such good property. Hark! didn't you hear a sneeze? How I hate that sheriff, because I believe he's a *missionary*!"

Here Russell nudged Rollo. "That's old Jim Hicks himself," he whispered. And Barney added: "He's come afther some av his blissid hell-broth."

"Monsieur Jim," replied the Frenchman, "you borrow ze troubles for naught. Eef Anderson been here,—

visite ze cache,—pouf! ze hogsheads gone up in vun demneeshun smoke. Eef Kanakas, presto! begone ze sandalwoods. Comprenez?”

“Mebbe you’re right, for once, old frog-eater. I wouldn’t care a rap for the cussed paraphernalia if it didn’t represent a couple of months’ work by moonlight,—h’isting it up the waterfalls. Now for a lunch and a few juleps.”

“Be Gorry; they’re liftin’ a big piece of pa-hoe hoe, and the jugs of mountain dew are slapeing like cherubs in the secret cellar under it,” muttered the Irishman.

“Barney,” whispered Rollo, “what does he mean when he refers to the *sandalwood*?”

“Thim’s the beauties, over yander in the back end, nigh onto twinty-five big illigant sandals; we took it for extra firewood. It’s worth fifty to one hundred dollars a log.”

The moonshiners, after removing several full jugs, sat down to a meal of poi and roasted squid, washed down by many frequent pulls at a can of hot ti-root toddy.

“I don’t like the odor in this cave,” continued Hicks, “too suspiciously like recent fire and fresh victuals. It’ll give me the nightmare for a gross of Sundays to come. By the way, didn’t Ah Sing tell us those two Yankee boys were up the valley today? I hope they won’t be poking their noses into our oh-be-joyful factory. They were very curious about Paliuli. I could have told them it was twenty miles west from here, and nowhere near this ravine, as they think. They’re just smart enough to find the place and spoil our game of supplying the colony with opedildoc. It made me mad to hear the oldest cuss of the two stand up for the missionaries, but he got me corralled so neatly in the argument that I couldn’t help admiring him.” (Here Russell patted Rollo on the back.) “The more, too, as they know my

brother in Nantucket. We'll go over to Paliuli next week and get some of the gang to help bore into Mauna Loa for the opium. They won't blow on us, for they know we can put them prisoners on the reef, for their shady work, most any time. By the way, old Parleyvous, if you can keep a secret, I'll let you into a soft thing; a little bonanza that'll land us both on Easy Street for all time to come."

"Parbleu! Mon ami, I nevair peach. You know ver' well, ven zat sheriff put me een ze witness chest, I am deaf, dumb and blind."

"Well, here it is; the old Kahuna let the cat out of the bag when his cocoanut was muddled with some of our best rose-water. In that secret ravine, out of which jumps the biggest cascade into Paliuli, are thousands of sandals, planted fifty years ago, mind you!"

"Mon D—u!" shouted the renegade, jumping up in excitement; "zey are eech like a bag of gold! Ah! I frequentment have tried to enter, but zat little ravine is like a fortress; pali's up-down, pali's on every side. Mais, Monsieur Jim, who plant him?"

"The *old guy* himself, the gal's great-grandfather, when he was hiding in Paliuli two or three generations ago. The Kahuna wouldn't touch them; he believes there's a human spook in each tree, though he helped cultivate them when he was a mere kid, a tam-ree, about knee high to a guinea-pig. We'll buy the little canyon for a song; then get into it with a rope ladder. If we can't buy it, we'll cut the trees on the Q. T., anyway. Do you savvy?"

As he said this, Rollo glanced at Barney and noted that his eyes were glowing like two coals of fire. He was intently drinking in every word uttered by the moon-shiners.

Soon after the two conspirators prepared to leave,

after lowering several jugs into the valley below by means of a thong.

"We'll have to take the ridge route to the beach," said Hicks. "This freshet won't fizzle out till morning."

After their departure, the boys emerged, cooked a royal supper, then bestowed themselves in a comfortable manner for the night. The next day, after breakfast, the Kanakas proposed to Rollo and Russell to join them in destroying the illicit still, and appropriating the moonshiners' pile of sandalwood!

"The first part we accept," returned Rollo, "but not the latter. Sandalwooding is as legitimate as raising sugar. We will not permit any disturbance of Jim Hicks' *honest work*; but as to the distillery;—why, we'll not leave enough of that to ship away in a tomato can."

All hands then went to work with a will. The mash tubs and hogshead containing the worm, and then the jugs of rum and the firewood, were thrown over the precipice and crashed together among the rocks below. Finally they descended, leaving all else as they found it. The debris they piled up near the foot of the ohia and consumed it in a bonfire.

The storm had cleared away and glorious sunshine again flooded the valley. The river, though still roaring with turbid water and choked with driftwood and other debris, delayed them but little in their descent to the village near the beach.

"I enjoyed that adventure more than any other since we left 'Frisco," said Russell.

CHAPTER XVI.

Rollo and Russell Turn Cowboys.—A Still Hunt for Wild Bullocks before Daybreak.—Noosing a Big Bull in the Deep Jungle.—The Boys Rope a Molly-Coddle.—Hunting Wild Cattle on the Precipices.—The Desperate Herd Leap the Cliff into the Clouds.—They are Carried into the Canyon by a Rock-Slide.



BEFORE a week had elapsed Rollo and Russell found themselves on the way to the great Wai-pio Valley, sixty miles north from Hilo. The journey from Waihalulu brought them over scores of fairyland gulches, very similar to the one they had left, and the road was always in sight of the Pacific, with its magnificent breakers and surf, rolling into the pretty little harbors far below them. These coves were embroidered with palms, cocoanuts and pandanus trees, and often entered deep into the mouths of the valleys, where the dashing waves sported hundreds of feet below the precipices down which our tourists were threading their way.

"Yes; and look; the little brown schoolhouse is always there, and the church with a white spire, pointing toward Heaven,—guardians of intelligence,—of peace on earth and good will toward all men."

"You know," continued Rollo, "Professor Alexis told us this Wai-pio was one of the celebrated valleys of the world. The precipices that form it on either side are from one to two thousand feet high. The waterfall

which vaults into the left-hand branch at its head, with two distinct leaps, is two thousand feet high. This and Waimanu (Valley of Songsters) are huge gashes, not into Mauna Kea, but the Kohala Mountains, separated from Mauna Kea by the high tableland of Waimea."

"Rollo, let us accept the invitation of Sam Parkman to visit his big ranch on Mauna Kea. He gave us a most kindly solicitation when we met him in Hilo."

"I'm agreeable," returned Rollo; "and we'll start some time this week."

A few days later found Rollo, Russell and Barney on the way to Mauna Kea. The road ascended the almost precipitous side of Wai-pio by a zigzag route. Up,—up,—up their horses climbed, until from the summit of the cliff they looked far down upon a ravishing landscape, the broad valley bottom divided into taro and rice patches, fish ponds and coffee orchards. Through the midst of them ran a quiet river on whose bosom canoes carried traffic and passengers to the upper villages of the valley. The same luxuriance of tropical growth that prevailed at Waihalulu added the same charm here. The precipices were frescoed with an exuberant perpendicular tapestry of forests and rampant growth of flowering plants, vines and giant ferns. Not far away, at the double head of the valley, enchanting waterfalls were vaulting, apparently out of the clouds that held the mountains in their close embrace.

Up, up, the boys climbed again, through forests of ohia and koa trees, among which wandered herds of half-wild cattle and horses, with evidences on every side of abundant rains and moisture. When nearly 5,000 feet elevation was reached, they suddenly burst from the tall timber, and another grand sight met their eyes.

To the left were the grand dome and peaks of Mauna Kea, towering nearly 15,000 feet into the sky; its summit, thirty miles distant, was glittering with ice and

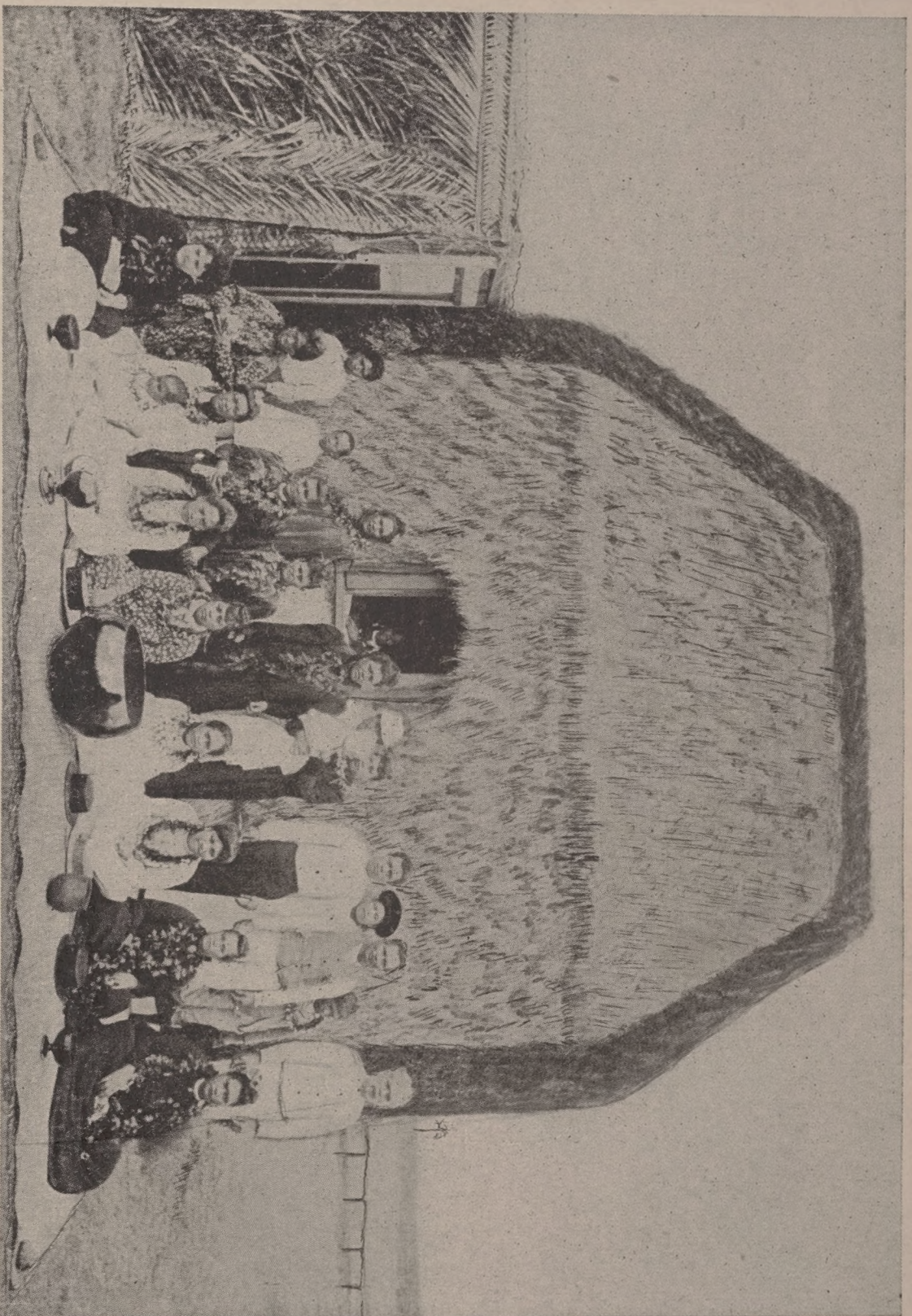
snow. Just visible behind it was the vast and far-away dome of Mauna Loa. Beyond that, frowning abruptly on the ocean, was the recently extinct volcano of Hualalai, nearly 10,000 feet high. To the right were the green, forest-embowered, cloud-wrapped Kohala Mountains. Between the four lay the great tablelands of Waimea, sloping down to the dry and rocky shores of Kawaihae Bay.

"What an abrupt and striking change!" cried Rollo. "A mile or two behind us is the rampant forest, drenched with rain. Before us lays the tableland, grassy near the woods; but not far away the wind is raising a red cloud of dry dust from the bare earth. Professor Alexis told us that these tablelands were not long ago clothed with an abundant forest and rains were frequent, but the goats and cattle have killed the trees and denuded the soil. Here is proof positive that forests bring rain, and bare earth drives it away."

Sundown found them at the Parkman ranch, on the northeast flank of Mauna Kea, having traveled many miles over the grassy uplands. These break seawardly into the many valleys and Eden-like Paradises of Hilo-paliku.

For several days the boys enjoyed the excitement of roundups, branding, taming wild horses, and dispatching of beef cattle to Kawaihae Bay for steamer shipment to Honolulu.

"Fifty to seventy-five years ago," said Mr. Ramsey, the ranchman in charge, "these mountain uplands of Hawaii were teeming with a hundred thousand wild bullocks, goats, boar and horses. In those days there were few sugar plantations; meat was almost valueless, and the game was slaughtered for the hides and tallow alone. But now, since the advent of the Chinese and Japs, there is a good market for beef and mutton, and the waste lands are being utilized for big ranches. One



THE THATCHED HOUSE OF HAWAII (now gradually disappearing), was quite comfortable. Built with upright posts and lateral poles, to which a tough grass was lashed with cocoa-nut sinnet it only needed a renewal of thatch once in 10 or 15 years. Cool and airy, it shed the rain perfectly, and when carpeted with pandanus mats and curtained with Kapas, could be kept exquisitely neat.



A STAMPEDE OF WILD CATTLE to the forest. Like a whirlwind came the desperate brutes, flashing fire from their eyes; tossing their heads and tails aloft. The air was full of dust and whirling lassos, mingled with confused yells and orders. Instantly, as the savage bull felt the noose, he halted;—then charged and tossed the horse, goring him several times.

of them is about six hundred square miles in extent. There are still several thousands of the wild bullocks left; these we shoot or noose and sell the salt beef to nearby plantations. Tomorrow we begin a hunt for wild cattle and hogs in the woods below us. It's mighty rough country and has the wildest kind of game, but if you have any extra sporting energy to work off, you may join."

"That'll just suit me!" cried Rollo, eagerly.

Russell was about to decline the dangerous adventures, when Barney whispered a few words in his ear. Instantly his enthusiasm was roused to the highest pitch, and they all hastened to make preparations for the hunt.

The next morning at three o'clock, nearly a dozen Kanaka and half-white Spaniolas (*vaqueros*) set forth by moonlight for a tongue of the woods running up the mountain side, a few miles to the south of the hacienda. The boys were mounted on fresh horses and bullock catchers' saddles. When the forest's edge was reached, the jingling rowels of the big Mexican spurs were muffled and the cavalcade cautiously wended upward, keeping a sharp watch for their game. They had not long to wait. A low "Hist!" came from Antoine Sylva, the Spaniola in charge of the squad. Following the direction of his finger, the boys saw a herd of fifteen or twenty black and white cattle, a half mile distant. It was an inspiring sight for a true sportsman.

"How do you know they are wild?" asked Russell.

The *vaquero* pointed to the foot-tracks where the herd had issued from the woods.

"Wild bullock eat in the night time; tame bullock go sleep. Wild bullock have toes, long, sharp; run in soft mud, in the woods. Tame have toes round; walk on dry mountain side."

The *riatas* were now unslung and saddles recinched.

Then the horses were led up a little ravine, until within a few hundred yards of the game. The day was now breaking. "Wind all right," said Antoine. "Bullock no smell us."

Suddenly the big black bull, with a neck like a barrel, scented the danger and, uttering a low bellow, tossed his sharp horns aloft. The whole herd, instantly wheeling, surrounded him and gazed with savage looks at the crescent-shaped cordon of mounted vaqueros slowly approaching.

"They want to drive the bastes ez far as possible from the jungle before they break for cover," explained Barney.

The cattle retreated slowly up the slope, baffled by this sudden cutting off of their retreat. The great shaggy bull, looking very much like a bison, with sundry short and savage bellows, indicated that he was ready either for a battle or a masterly stampede.

"Look out! they're going to break," shouted Sylva. "Close in, and every man for himself! Charge!"

Like a sudden whirlwind came the desperate brutes, flashing fire with their eyes, and tossing their heads and tails aloft. For a few moments the air was full of dust, swirling lassos, mingled with confused yells and orders.

"Don't touch the bull!" shouted Sylva. "I know him! he's an old devil!—killed two of my horses already."

The warning came too late, however; for one of the bullock catchers, a recent arrival from Ainepo, launched his riata fairly on the animal's horns. Instantly, as the savage brute felt the noose tighten and jerk him around with a twang, he halted. Then came a quick turn of the rope around his captor's loggerhead, and both horse and bull were thrown on their haunches by the strain. With a vindictive bellow, the furious brute charged and tossed the horse over and over on the sward, goring him several times. The vaquero barely escaped impale-

ment by leaping into a nearby gully. Three shots fired rapidly from Sylva's revolver so stunned the maddened bull that he was soon wound up to a tree.

From the balance of the herd there was less danger. Madly, however, they tore down the slope, making a bee-line for the forest. Each vaquero singled out his game and goaded his horse with whip and spurs to his highest speed to come up with the animal. In this mad race their steeds vaulted over gullies, boulders and fallen trees. Every second was needed to overtake the swift fugitives before they plunged into the jungle fastnesses. One by one a half dozen were snared, mostly fat cows, the small fry being permitted to escape.

Barney had succeeded by a desperately long throw in lassoing a fleet and full-grown heifer. He passed the riata's end to Rollo.

"Take a turn on your loggerhead. I'm going to lasso one more," he shouted. "Your horse knows what to do."

It was a new and exciting experience for Rollo. He started for a tree around which to wind the vicious creature. Suddenly Russell yelled: "Look out! She's going to charge!"

Glancing backward, he saw her horns lowered. She was coming full tilt for his horse. He started to urge him forward, but too late. Just as she came within lunging distance, both hind hoofs of the wily bullock horse flew backward, and struck such a violent blow on her nose that her two nostrils flowed with gore.

"Hurrah! that steed has got some horse sense," cried Russell. "And he's knocked all the cow scents out of the heifer," added Rollo. "Throw your lasso onto her horns."

Russell attempted this several times without success; the heifer, meantime, making many wild and dangerous dashes for freedom, which Rollo's horse resisted skil-

fully, straining backward on the twanging lasso, until his haunches nearly touched the ground.

"It looks *so* easy," said Russell, "when the bullock catchers toss the lasso fifty or sixty feet and noose both horns. My loop twists up like a crazy rattlesnake."

Finally, however, the noose became entangled in one foot and she was easily hauled up and lashed to the tree.

The Irishman was the only one of the party who succeeded in roping two bullocks.

"How do you get these ugly creatures to the plantations?" asked Russell.

"We couple each one to a tame bullock," returned Sylva, "and turn them into a big fenced corral. In a few days or weeks they may be driven (still coupled) almost anywhere."

A smoke signal was now raised, and by the time they had breakfasted a reinforcement of vaqueros, fresh horses, dogs and tame bullocks arrived from the hacienda.

Selecting those most skilled in forest craft, Sylva now plunged into the jungle. After two or three miles of scrambling through tall timber, matted together with immense ie-ie vines, and dense underbrush, and having crossed a number of deep gulches by almost precipitous trails, they arrived at a stretch of forest a mile wide, running up and down between two impassable canyons, each several hundred feet deep. Everywhere the ground was soft and yielding to the horses' hoofs, and the narrow paths had been trampled into deep mud by the wild denizens of the jungles. Signs of bullocks were abundant. Suddenly Sylva exclaimed:

"The dogs have left us; listen for their *ow-ow*."

Just then a furious bellowing of two bulls, evidently in desperate combat, was heard in close proximity.

"There they are," cried Rollo, "not a quarter of a mile away."

"Ten miles," said Sylva; and, noticing Russell's incredulous face, added: "They over the canyon, and you go five miles to the nearest crossing. Ah! there she blows!—hear the dogs. All hands hitch your horses! off with the ropes! Forward!"

"Do they lasso the wild cattle in these woods on foot?" asked Russell a little anxiously.

"Bedad, and that they don't," returned Barney. "Thim trees is so tangled you couldn't swing aven a sick tomcat amongst them. They surround the big ones, and loop the loop, wid riatas, while the dogs are playin' hide and go seek on 'em, under the ie-ie umbrellas. Here come the bow-wows, pell-mell! It's a cow and a calf. If 'twas a bull, he'd stop and fight."

Just then the cow and her robust offspring shot past them on the down trail, followed by the dogs in full cry. A few rods below, in a more open swale, they found her defending her young from the hounds. When the hunters appeared, she darted away, then circled around, bellowing for her calf.

Rollo was the first to reach and rescue the unfortunate bossy, who was bleating pitifully, while the dogs clung to him like flies. The mother was lassoed by a vaquero in one of her frenzied dashes toward her offspring.

"Why! that's a tame cow!" exclaimed Rollo.

"Tame, your granny!" replied Sylva. "She's a molly-coddle, as we call 'em, and one of the wildest. No brand on her,—this is the first time she ever see a man."

"What's a molly-coddle? Those we hunted this morning would as soon gore you as eat breakfast."

"Molly-coddles are youngish bullocks that's never been out of this jungle, and never seen Kanakas, dogs or horses; or anything to fight or be afraid of. There ain't much fun in hunting them; for soon as they are roped, they pretty quick lay down and sulk. Skin the calf,

boys; we'll eat him for dinner. He be too badly chewed up to live."

"Now, we'll get after some bigger game that's worth while."

The dogs were put on the trail again, and before long their furious barking indicated that some large animal was brought to bay. The vaqueros separated to snare their quarry with nooses, skillfully placed in the paths, and concealed by fern leaves. Rollo and Russell found it almost impossible to penetrate beyond the beaten cattle trail. So densely were the saplings interlaced with rampant ferns, undergrowth and lianas, that they were forced to cut their way slowly with hatchet and heavy bowie knife.

"There he is!" finally exclaimed Rollo; "a big red bull, short horns and barrel-shaped neck. He's at bay between three trees, and has already trampled the underbrush into a wallow of mire while charging around at the dogs. What a magnificent specimen of strength and ferocity!"

The three boys now climbed into a tree, almost over the bull's head.

"These ie-ie vines are so rampant," cried Russell, "they make great pyramids of even the very highest trees. See, the vines are as large as your arm, and the terminal tufts of long pointed leaves are like umbrellas."

Barney tried in vain to launch his lasso through the tangle. "Ha! see him toss up that big dog,—yelping and howling,—and catches him on his horns as he comes rollin' down off the pyramid, and then crushes his ribs in with his feet!"

To prevent further slaughter of the dogs, Barney now set fire to a dead bunch of ie-ie, and tossed it blazing onto the brute's back. Furious with the scorching the bull dashed madly down the nearest trail. One of the vaqueros barely escaped the fate of the hound, by leaping into a

branch over the trail as the savage bull charged at him. A yell from the Spaniolas and renewed loud yelping from the dogs announced that he had plunged into one of the nooses. When the boys reached the spot, they found him tearing around the tree to which the rope was lashed, the dogs hanging to his flanks and ears, like pendants to a chandelier. He was bellowing with impotent rage, and had already trampled the underbrush for twenty feet around the tree into the mud. A second rope was flung on his horns and he was moored between two trees by lariats running to each.

"If he was lashed to wan tree," said Barney, "he'd ayther bate his own brains out, or walk off wid the tree."

The dogs were now put on the trail once more, and in half an hour their yelps were heard in two opposite directions. Sylva at once divided his forces and the boys joined the vaqueros that went down the ridge.

They soon came up with three dogs who had a big lumbering steer at bay, a black curly Galloway without horns.

"He's a stray from the tame herd," said Barney; "the Spaniolas will bag *him* in a jiffy; let's follow the wild herd; here's the tracks,—not five minutes old: we don't need the dogs now."

As they proceeded, the ridge narrowed and they could see the two canyons joined a short distance below, where the ridge suddenly plunged into a chasm.

"Hurrah!" cried Rollo, "we've got them in a *cul-de-sac*. There's only one trail. We'll set our nooses a little below here, and when they break back we'll stampede them right into our trap."

A few rods further, Barney halted with a low "Hist!" As they peered through the ie-ie vines, an inspiring scene was presented. Two big bulls were engaged in a duel, surrounded by a score of admiring cows and young cattle. With fierce bellows the combatants struggled for the mastery; then backed off to paw the ground and throw

it on their backs. Then they attacked the rotten tree trunks laying around, goring them into fragments. The infliction of so much damage seemed to give them immense satisfaction.

Suddenly one of the cows scented the hunters, and threw up her head in alarm. Instantly the whole herd sighted them and was off like a shot down the ridge. The boys could now see from this point that the two canyons joined into one a few hundred yards below, the ridge terminating in a sheer plunge of many hundred feet. To their dismay, no cattle came in sight as they proceeded, but the footprints showed they had gone down the incline on a gallop, tearing through all obstacles with insane velocity.

"It looks like wholesale slaughter to follow the desperate creatures!" exclaimed Russell. "They act as if they preferred to plunge over the precipice rather than encounter us. The underbrush and ferns are so dense, and the ridge so narrow, that we are in great danger ourselves. There! the clouds have settled down and we are in a thick dark mist!"

"Hist," said Barney; "the game is only a few yards away:—I hear the bushes crackin' below us. They can't go any further, and we'll get one with each lasso. Follow me, and kape whist as lobsters."

The boys now crept carefully down the declivity, which was growing steeper with every yard. The broken soil and torn vines showed the cattle were below them. To the right they could see a short precipitous ravine that gashed into their ridge and then emptied into the canyon with a plunging waterfall. The sky grew darker. It was beginning to rain. The steepness increased and the jungle became more and more tangled, the ground almost precipitous. They clung to the trees as they lowered themselves from one trunk to another. Still Barney kept on, keen to secure the game. The tracks now sud-

denly turned at the edge of a precipice, and made to the right, toward the ravine. The underbrush suddenly ceased, and they found themselves on a very steep open slope, a hundred feet wide, covered with loose rocks and rubble, through which the cattle had plowed. Barney did not hesitate, but skipped across from one stone to another. His companions followed gingerly. Three rods more of steep underbrush and they emerged. They found the cattle were standing on the edge of the ravine.

The whole herd was at bay. It was a desperate predicament for both hunter and hunted. Below them was a steep rock, almost precipitous, whose dangers were concealed by ferns; under that boiled a caldron of mist, out of which came the roar of the cataract. Above was a sharp sloping bank. One of the bulls assayed to scale it, but the moist earth gave way and he tumbled backwards.

"Halt!" whispered Rollo; "this is too dangerous work. Let us hide ourselves and then the desperate creatures will scramble back."

"First we'll get one to each lasso," said Barney, and he tossed his riata squarely onto the horns of a fat cow. He then quickly ran up the bank and lashed the rope to a stout tree. The cow bellowed and strained on the lariat. One bull now made a misstep on the slippery brink and began to slide down the rock. Suddenly the whole herd followed him, as if panic-stricken, sliding, struggling, scrambling, rolling over and over. They disappeared into the misty ravine, bellowing with agony and terror as they dropped through the tree tops.

The boys were horror stricken. "Was there ever such insane desperation!" exclaimed Rollo. "No doubt every one perished on the rocks a hundred feet below. We must return; it's growing darker and the storm is about to break."

A terrific clap of thunder followed, then another and

another;—the thunderbolts striking the ridge above them. When half way across the open slope of loose rocks, Rollo was thrown down. Glancing instantly around he saw Barney and Russell were also prone and struggling in vain to rise. Small boulders came rolling down the declivity, and the air was suddenly full of dust and the roar of stones and gravel grinding together.

CHAPTER XVII.

Barney's Heroism Saves their Lives.—They Land in the Tree Tops Two Hundred Feet below.—Russell Learns what Extreme Hunger Is.—Barney Invents a Patent Fire-Escape and Cliff Climber.—They Find a Heiau, and Human Sacrifices on the Altars.—Hiwa-Hiwa suddenly Turns up.—They are Tattooed and Learn to Talk Fiji.



HE terrible truth flashed upon him.

The rocks and rubble of the slope were *sliding into the canyon!* A minute or two more and then,—an awful plunge!

He saw Barney scrambling on his hands and knees to get in line with a tree lying prone several rods below. Russell was beyond him.

"Throw one end of your riata to Rollo," shouted Barney, "and fasten the other to your waist."

Russell obeyed and Rollo caught the noose. This manœuvre gave them little hope; for the land slide was acquiring momentum. Faster and faster fell the loose rocks and gravel down the incline. In an agony of terror all three boys were struggling to reach the tree. They were nearing the edge of the precipice and could hear the roar of the rocks crashing on the boulders in the canyon far beneath them. The riata would slip over the tree unless Barney reached it. With the greatest peril to his life he bounded downward, grasped the rope, pressing it to the bark of the tree's trunk. It was slipping away from him, and the critical moment was at hand.

"Howld still till I lash it wid a thong," he shouted. This done he fastened his own riata with an unslippable knot (a whale hitch) to the smooth trunk. In a few minutes all three climbed astride of it.

"God be praised for this deliverance!" exclaimed Rus-

sell. "This tree is only three inches in diameter, but it's a better friend than the precipice under us."

"And, Barney, we owe our lives to your quick thought and heroism," added Rollo. "Three seconds more and the rope would have whisked over the branches and we with it into the canyon."

"An' didn't you save *my* life on the Fay Yan, just before she blew up?" returned the Irishman, brushing a tear from his eye. "Before God I wud have given me own safety for yours."

The storm had now burst in all its fury, and became a torrential cloud-burst. The spot where they sat being in a depression, a little freshet from the declivity poured directly over them. "What started that rock slide into motion?" said Russell. "Was it those heavy brutes that had just ploughed through the rubble?"

"Perhaps," returned Rollo, "but more likely those terrific claps of thunder."

"Misther Russell," interrupted Barney, grasping his arm, "it wor nayther of thim. It was an *earthquake*! I grabbed at a solid rock, whin I was capsized, and it was *all of a trimble*. The Saints presarve us! Look there!" The boys glanced in the direction of Barney's finger and saw to their dismay that the dashing water was undermining the tree's roots and the rock that rested on them. Barney was busy in a second. Cutting off a yard from the ring end of his lariat, he lashed it to the tree; then hastily splicing the other lassoes together, threaded them through the ring.

"I'm going down to that tree below," he said, and in a twinkling went sliding down the double rope. Sixty feet below, the boys saw for the first time in the dense mist a small ohia. When the Irishman reached it, he shouted: "Come down the rope; this tree is safer."

When they had joined him he drew down the lariats, leaving the ring. A few minutes later both tree and rock

slid down, barely missing them, and plunged into the canyon, two hundred feet underneath. The boys shuddered. They were now on the brink of a sheer precipice.

"Barney," said Rollo, "we are in great danger. A boulder from the slope may decapitate us like a cannon ball, and this rock supporting the tree is already trembling in the balance."

"There's a *mamani* tree half way down the pali," said Barney.

"But that's thirty feet to one side," returned Russell.

"It may be our only hope," muttered Rollo. "It's sure death to attempt to remount the declivity; but first, let us shout all together; possibly the paniolos may hear us."

All three yelled and halooed in unison, but the only answer was a succession of echoes from the many palis around. Barney now looped his double lasso over the ohia and slid over the precipice.

"He's perfectly crazy," muttered Russell.

"But there is *some* method in his madness," returned Rollo. "See, he has got both feet in the terminal noose, and begins to raise and dip his body. Now he's swinging like a pendulum. We'll help it vibrate."

In ten minutes more the Irishman had caught the *mamani* tree and lashed his rope to it: then he assisted the boys to descend. In another ten minutes, by the same tactics, they landed in the tops of the koa trees that filled the canyon bottom. So great was their relief from the tension of momentary expectation of death, that when they had fairly reached terra firma, the three boys kneeled down and wept tears of gratitude on each other's shoulders, for their providential and almost miraculous escape.

Suddenly a falling boulder crashed on the rocks but a few feet away. "We forget," cried Rollo, leaping up; "the rock slide is still in motion and we are squarely under it!"

The rain was still falling, and a swollen torrent raging in the river bed. A dozen waterfalls were leaping from the declivities and palis. A single sweep of the eyes was sufficient to show them that the canyon walls were absolutely inaccessible. They made a trip down the gorge for a half mile, over the rocks and debris piled up on its bottom; but it brought them suddenly to another waterfull and sharp break in the floor of the canyon. It made the boys' faces blanch to gaze down this still more dizzy plunge. Barney pulled a ball of twine from his pocket, and attaching his hunting knife for a weight measured the depth.

"Fifty fathoms," (three hundred feet) he muttered; "and the combined length of our three lariats is only two hundred and twenty-five feet."

"If there was a deep pool of water, we could chance a plunge for the other seventy-five feet," said Rollo; "but this waterfall breaks directly on the rocks. There is no friendly half way tree or ledge here."

"It's growing dark and chilly," exclaimed Russell. "Let us camp and leave the flying machine problem for tomorrow."

An overhanging ledge gave them dry shelter from the rain. Barney built a rousing fire on the solid rock floor, then swept away the ashes and replaced them with dry sand. Upon this warm bed the boys slept with great comfort. They supped on a few wild beans (*papapa*), wrapped and roasted in ti leaves, the only eatables to be found in the canyon.

Toward daybreak Russell touched Rollo's arm. "Perhaps it's a dream, or my imagination, but I certainly heard an echo like a dog's bark and the crowing of roosters down beyond the break in the canyon."

"A sandalwooder's camp, perhaps," returned Rollo. "Let us hope so, at any rate."

"An' sure, wasn't it St. Peter got into a hape of trou-

ble wid the crowing of the cocks?" muttered Barney drowsily in his sleep.

"We lack seventy-five feet of lariat," continued Russell; "there's absolutely nothing to eat here, not even another wild bean. They're not bad eating, but the strong odor outranks a brigadier general. I'm so hungry now, I believe I could even eat one of Kaikoo's octopus squids."

"If we had a Kanaka mountaineer with us," returned Rollo, "he probably could find all the food we need. They say you can't starve or drown a Polynesian, either on sea or land. We left our guns at the ranch, or we could shoot ducks, geese and plover."

"Unless a relief party from the ranch finds us," added Russell gloomily, "I can't see as we have much hope. There ain't any ravens on Mauna Kea to bring us food, as they did to Elijah, are there?"

The storm had spent itself, and the dawn was fair and bright. All day they searched in vain for something eatable. There were no fruits or berries in the thickets, or even shrimps or shellfish in the stream.

"I'm getting weaker and fainter every hour," said Russell. "I wish I had never said a word against raw fish or squid and poi. They would taste like ambrosia of the gods just now. If we should stumble onto a mountain village, I believe we'd create a famine there in about a quarter less than no time."

Toward nightfall as they were sitting gloomily around a little fire, Rollo said, "Barney, can't you invent some way to cook the lariats into soup? I've heard that is possible. We'll be too weak to crawl out of the valley unless help comes pretty soon."

"Bedad and I've got it now!" exclaimed the Irishman, instantly leaping to his feet. "Thim lariats will save us, but not in the shape av soup. We'll un-reeve one av the riatas and lengthen the rope ladder wid *poles lashed together by the thongs*."

"Hurrah!" cried Rollo, "what a set of jackasses we are to sit here starving two days, like bumps on a log, and not think of that simple ingenuity. To arms! dear friends; cut down the long saplings, and bring them to the rescue!"

The Irishman now sallied forth, and with his hatchet chopped down young ohias, while Rollo and Russell trimmed them with their hunting knives and cut notches and hooks into their ends, to prevent the thongs and poles from slipping apart. After soaking a half of one rawhide lasso in the stream for two hours, it was unbraided; and by midnight Barney had over a hundred feet of them spliced continuously together. They supped very abstemiously on a few tiny bird's eggs, and greens of *pualele* (sow thistles).

"I'm too hungry to sleep," said Russell, as they laid down to wait for the dawn, "but doesn't this remind you of Herman Melville's famous adventures in the Typee valley, with his chum Toby? We read it in that fascinating book, 'The Children of Nature in the Valley of Beauty.'"

"Very much," returned Rollo; "but remember, he and Toby had no ropes, and were compelled to crawl down the precipices hundreds of feet, clinging to bushes, vines and roughness of the rocks. It took them five days to make as many miles, and finally, as the last desperate resort, they leaped down twenty-five feet into the tops of the trees."

"Ugh," returned Russell, "I don't want to think of such things on an empty stomach. I'm going to call Barney's new contraption '*Morrissey's Patent, Duplex, Elliptic, Double Back Action, Combination Life-preserver and Fire-escape.*'"

As the sun arose, Barney lowered the boys separately over the dizzy precipice with his ingenious device, and then came down himself, hand over hand. His method



BAKING DAY SCENE. The taro, roasted in the imu, is beaten into dough on a wooden trough with a stone pestle; then placed in calabashes or wrapped in bales with ti-leaves. This dough is reduced with water to poi of the thickness of condensed milk. The Kalua-imu, or "Baking day," usually on School holiday, is an event of much jollity.



AN OLD TIME SANDAL-WOODER'S HUT in the Mountains. The lot of the poor uneducated Kanaka was hard. For the Chinese market he collected pepeiao ("dried ears"); a fungus found on fallen logs (used by Celestials in Chop Suey), and Biche-le-mer from the reefs. For the London market he gathered pulu, a soft fibre from the budding leaf of the Tree-fern (used to stuff furniture). The trees to the left are Pandanus.

of recovering the lariats was very scientific. Just before descending he fastened then to a tree by a bow-knot, the loose end of which was tied to a fragment of lava. This he left supported by a figure four trap, to which was attached his length of twine. Arriving at the bottom he jerked the twine, the lava rock leaped the precipice, bringing the ropes and poles with it. The boys now struggled through a jungle of the wildest and most rampant kind for a quarter of a mile to the next waterfall.

"There's a thatched native house in full sight down the valley," exclaimed Russell. "Thank Providence we are near civilization at last."

"Begorra, it don't resemble very much the Waldorf Astoria," remarked Barney; "an' I don't like the looks of thim gintlemin in the paddock behind it."

"Good heavens!" cried Rollo, "they're hideous idols, some of them twenty feet high."

It did not take very long to make this descent, though the leap was nearly two hundred feet. They approached the native house with caution, for its heathenish surroundings boded no good. The only doorway to the hut was closed by a pandanus mat. After shouting a salutation in Kanaka with no response, Barney lifted it and they crawled through the opening. The house contained little besides calabashes, mats and a poi trough.

"Look at that long row of hideous, wide mouthed idols hanging by their necks to a pole," whispered Russell.

"An' Mother av Moses! it's another Golgotha! Look at thim skulls!" and Barney pointed to an extensive collection of grinning craniums, perched on pegs.

From the hut they turned to the stockade in its rear, enclosed by a high wall of lava rocks and boulders, with upright trunks of trees. As there was no opening they clambered over, and leaped in. It was about an acre in size.

"Howly smoke!" ejaculated the Irishman. "It's the

stench av the bottomless pit that's wafted into our smell-ers!"

"No, it is not," returned Russell. "It's only the odors of extreme dissolution emitted by those two black pigs, laying on the stone altar before this largest deity. Isn't he a beauty? His head is the largest part of him, and his mouth the largest part of the head."

"Oh! Rollo, look there! Three ghastly skeletons of *human bodies*, mouldering on this stone altar before the hideous images. And here's another altar with a dog, goat and yams on it. The grewsome sight and horrible smells make me sick and faint. This is indeed the abode of the demons, and the evil spirits are not far away," and Russell was about to retreat over the lava wall.

"Russell," said Rollo sternly, "if you are so superstitious as to see *anything supernatural* about this old heathen *heiau*, then get right down on your knees to this most villainous looking of all the plug-uglies (and he gave the idol a kick), and ask him to *exorcise* you. As for the corpses, you wouldn't be a *particle* afraid of them if they were *alive*. How much more dangerous are they after the spark of life has fled, and they are *as dead as Julius Caesar*?"

"I believe my squeamishness was only momentary," returned Russell, looking very sheepish; and to reassure his companions of this, began to rummage every corner of the temple for portable curiosities and relics.

The boys now began to search the valley for something to eat. Not a vestige of cultivation was to be seen, save a single stick of sugar cane; this they divided and chewed ravenously. Proceeding down the valley, they suddenly were halted by another precipice and waterfall, which had a plunge of over one hundred and fifty feet. They gazed in vain at the canyon walls for a friendly slope that might give them access to the ridge.

"What does this mean?" said Rollo. "Surely the Kan-

akas are too lazy to live in a spot to which all supplies must be brought by a balloon, or similar laborious transportation. Let us try the stream again for shrimps and oopus."

They had not proceeded far, when forth from a thicket stepped a Hawaiian, carrying on his auamo (shoulder pole), a pai-ai of poi, and a calabash of fish and dried squid. On his person was not a shred of clothing except a *malo* (narrow loin cloth). He had exchanged a quiet *aloha*, and a few words with Barney, and extended his hand to Rollo, before they recognized him.

It was *Hiwahiwa, the high priest of Pele*.

"He bids us welcome," said Barney; "but asks why we force ourselves prematurely into the taboo place of the gods of Hawaii. He won't believe we came down the canyon. Only the wild geese, he says, could do that."

"Show him your patent fire-escape," returned Russell; "and tell him we're just hungry enough to eat a fried baboon on toast, or a barbecued boa constrictor. We won't have to waylay him to get into that calabash of poi, will we?"

"And don't forget to give his holiness our compliments, and the assurances of our distinguished consideration," added Rollo. And he whispered to Russell, "I bet it will shatter Barney's vocabulary to put *that* into Kanaka lingo."

"Yes; it would give the Kahuna a swelled head for a whole gross of Sundays," returned Russell.

On viewing the cliff scaling apparatus, Hiwahiwa said no more, but hastened with Barney's aid to pound the poi and roast fish in ti leaves and squid on the coals. It was not long before Russell was matching the priest's *two fingers* in the calabash, and acknowledged that this poi and squid was the most welcome meal he had ever eaten.

"He tells me," said Barney, "that Paliuli is near by here; but, bedad, the only white man that is ever let in, is Jim Hicks, and that's because of the demnition scandalous foine flavor of his ti root rum, and his *wahine* being brought up in the valley. They are outlaws in there, and *some* unwelcome intruders have disappeared very suddenly."

"I have it, then," cried Russell. "We'll go in as South Sea Islanders. You can color us up for Fijians, can't you, Barney? *You* can talk Irish, and Rollo and I French;—and how in Sancho Panza can they tell then, but what we are cannibals, the real simon pure article? But what about these human sacrifices out in the heiau?"

"The praste tells me they died a natural death, afther a drap too much av Jim Hicks' potheen. They were sandalwooders from the coast, an' slipped off forninst the pricipice."

It was finally decided that they enter the Emerald Valley the next morning. Barney and the priest gathered the necessary roots and bark, and boiled them, while Rollo and Russell busied themselves in producing a fine quality of lamp black from burned candlenuts. By midnight the three boys were brown as Indians and the Irishman had so cleverly imitated in lampblack, the tatooing of a Fijian chief on their faces and breasts, that their own parents would have repudiated them with indignation.

"He says we must be blindfolded a part of the way," said Barney.

"Then we *won't* go!" cried Russell, stoutly. "That may be a trick of his to slip us off the precipice, and we'll wind up the entertainment on one of the altars in the heiau."

"But I'll punch a little hole in me blinders," whispered Barney, "an' give you plenty av warning, if the praste acts suspiciously."

Leading the three blindfolded boys by a cord, Hiwahiwa guided them over an easy route to the cliff, and they

heard him remove several stones from a cave opening. Having entered here, he lighted a candlenut torch and relieved them of their kapa eye shades. From this point they proceeded with full use of their eyes. The cavern tunnel soon terminated in a ravine filled with glorious sunshine, in which the birds twittered in hundreds of full grown orange, mango, guava, pomegranate, cherimoya and other fruit trees. These, Barney explained, were planted forty years before by Minelulu's great-grandfather, the hermit sailor. Nearly all tropical fruit trees were here represented. Hiwahiwa now led them to a grove of tall ohia trees, and selecting one of them, as if at random, began to climb. At its summit they found themselves only a dozen feet from the cliff; to this the priest crossed by a branch, and soon returned with a short swinging bridge, constructed of bamboo. Over this it was easy to enter a second tunnel through which they quickly passed.

"Once more blindfolded," said Barney, "just for a few seconds only."

They emerged into a flood of sunshine and Hiwahiwa at once unbound their heads. The air was full of the music of a thousand birds, and the silvery dash of three most beautiful waterfalls that leaped from hidden vales above, into a pellucid lake. The whole valley bottom was a bower of fruit trees, palms and flowers, interspersed with smooth green swards of velvety *manienie* grass, patches of kalo, gardens of yams, manioc and sweet potatoes.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Emerald Valley is Indeed a Beulahland.—They Visit the Princess Minelulu.—She is Attired in the Priceless Feather Mantle.—McGregor's Wonderful War-Canoe.—Minelulu Tells of the Exciting Days of Old Hawaii.—Her Kindergarten Pupils have Immortal Souls Inside; but not Many Clothes Outside.—Russell Eats Delicious Baked Dog Unawares.



“Is this not the most enchanting landscape we have seen yet?” exclaimed Rollo. “Behind us rises Mauna Kea the Grand, with peaks of snow and ice, glistening above the clouds; these surround its flanks like the rings of Saturn, long wavy platoons of them like wild geese, following one another. To the left we see the smiling mountains of Kohala, gashed to the very heart by the huge canyons,—terrific, yet beautiful,—of Waipio and Waimanu. Beyond looms up against the sky, the mighty volcano Hale-aka-la, grim, desolate, dead; a serrated punchbowl, holding within its rim the biggest fire crater of the world. Then comes the blue Pacific, smiling, wimpling, dimpling in the sunshine, rolling its wavelets into those pretty palm girt harbors, with the ceaseless murmur of a thousand years. Far away to the right come the sugar plantations of Onomea,—Hakalau,—Laupahoehoe: oases of lemon yellow sweetness, in a dark green wilderness of rampant forests, laughing valleys and vine clad precipices. Silvery waterfalls,—rose tinted rainbows,—and joyful streamlets,—*everywhere!* uncouth and common things *nowhere!*”

“Yes, that is the setting of the gem,” added Russell; “and here is the pearl,—the valley itself. It reminds you both of Aladdin’s lamp, and the garden of rubies in which he found it. If you want fruits, here they are; golden bananas and oranges;—plantains and papai-yas;—honeyed dates and ohias; cocoanuts and breadfruits in wild

profusion. Ask for flowers and you may luxuriate in roses and chrysanthemums, crocuses and lilies. The precipices are all glorious with passion flowers and night blooming cereus. If your soul thirsts for green lawns and running brooks, they spring up like magic; look at them; velvety swards, hundreds of tiny cascades, fairy bowers and leafy vine clad grottos. The Rocky Mountains have the Garden of the Gods, but this is the Eden of the Fairies, the pre-eminent beauty spot of the Pacific; not only a Paradise, but a fortress as well, walled in by unscaleable precipices and uncrossable canyon moats. And, Rollo, those grass thatched houses, embowered by luxurious palms and bananas, are far from being the abodes of *civilized* man. Their inmates are typically 'The Children of Nature in the Valley of Beauty'!"

It was a relief to the boys that the priest quartered them with Bolabola, a runaway sailor and a South Sea Islander, instead of extending his own hospitality. The vision of those reeking human bodies, offerings to his hideous deities, gave them a mortal aversion to the sinister old pagan. They took kindly to the Marquesan, and he to them; for having been a cabin boy on a sperm whaler, though his parents were cannibals, yet he had a sincere hatred, both for the horrid practices of his own people, and the paganism of Paliuli.

"We are supposed to know only a few words of English," said Rollo; "how shall we manage to communicate when we are not alone?"

"*Let us talk pig French,*"* returned Russell, "as we used to at school. Barney is shrewd and will soon catch the trick. The dialect is so outlandish, no one can possibly detect it as 'United States.'"

"Ca pit a pal! I pam a gre pa ble to thapat. (Capital!

*In Pig French, an extra consonant (usually a labial), is repeated in each principal word. For instance, "Ja-pack and Ji-pill we-pent up the hipill," is the adaptation of "Jack and Jill went up the hill." It is an easy dialect to talk, and understand, but is Choctaw to the uninitiated.

I'm agreeable to that)," replied Rollo. "We can easily work that off for genuine Fijian, which Barney says is more Papuan than Polynesian. By the way, where has he so suddenly disappeared to?"

"Can't you guess? Of course he is now basking in the smiles of his adored Dulcinea, the Princess Minelulu."

The Irishman soon reappeared and informed them that Minelulu was present in the valley. She had arrived several weeks before, and was receiving the genuine homage of her feudal retainers. Though the leadership was nominally vested in her uncle Kalulu; yet, she had more royal blood in her veins, and was the choice of the tribe as chieftess, whenever she might elect to assume the power. For the present, however, she was satisfied with the homage. He told them how she shed tears of joy when Hiwa-hiwa brought him into her presence; for after leaving the Fay Yan she had mourned him for dead, and only a strong faith in his shrewdness and determination had kept the flame of hope alive.

It was evening when they sauntered forth to view the village and its people. There was no street, or even pretense of a highway. Each house was on its own sward and connected with its neighbor by a narrow pathway. With Bolabola they visited many of the groups of Kanakas, as they sat around their outdoor fires, roasting squid, fish or dried goat meat or pounding baked kalo or breadfruit with stone pestles. Nearly everywhere they were regarded with suspicion, and met with discourtesy. Until long past midnight the younger people, without regard to sex or age, gathered around the fires, chewing awa, ti-root or sugar cane, listening to the bards as they sat crosslegged, whirling gourd rattles, and chanting *meles* or *kanikaus* (epic and tragic songs). Many of these were so disgustingly obscene, by reason of improper word or gesture, that the boys were driven to search for other and less revolting pastimes,

"What a striking difference between this and what we saw of Hawaiian life at Wai-halulu," said Russell the next morning. "There, everyone greeted his neighbor with a hearty and kindly 'Aloha' (love to you); here we have not heard that word once. There, we were welcome in every gathering, and someone was sure to offer fruit or some other delicacy, and appeared hurt if you did not accept it. Here, they pay no attention, and we have to offer money or barter to get even bananas, of which they have thousands, and feed to the swine. There, with the exception of the fishermen at work outside the reefs, everyone was clothed both decently and tastefully. Here, only the older women wear *holokus*, the children are absolutely nude, the young people and most of the men wear nothing but the scanty *malo* (loincloth). In Wai-halulu we very seldom saw or heard an improper expression or suggestion. Here the most of their conversation runs to things that are unfit for civilized people to converse about."

"Yes," returned Rollo; "and that is not the worst of it. Bolabola has hinted to me of some things that will shock us, notwithstanding we were well fortified and forewarned before coming into the valley."

"He says that no such thing as marriage is known here. Some of the better ones live faithfully as man and wife, but free love is the rule. Many of the children do not know who their parents are, and many of the mothers could not tell who were the fathers of their children. And that is not the worst of it. Down by the heiau, in the lower corner of Paliuli, there is a grove of luxuriant candlenut trees, and beneath them the ground is full of human remains. It is sad to think of it. For hundreds of years, perhaps thousands, the larger part of the infants born in the valley have been buried there by hags, who made it their business; yes, *buried alive!*"

"Is not that awful, Rollo? It would seem that the only real comfort and satisfaction that a dweller of the place could enjoy is in living under his own vine and fig tree."

"His own!" exclaimed Rollo. "What a mockery. They do not own *anything*. Everything in this valley *belongs to the chief*, and he can at will take the land away from one man and give it to another. There is no recourse. It is the same feudal system that existed in Europe before the Middle Ages, and it existed in Hawaii until the missionaries induced the king and chiefs to give the people a constitution, and divide the lands equitably among all their subjects."

"Then, again," continued Russell, "every Hawaiian in Wai-halulu over six years old could read and write. They had many books, and nearly all read the weekly newspapers from Hilo and Honolulu. And what a contrast is here. I don't believe there is a soul in Paliuli that can read, except Bolabola and Minelulu. Apart from house-building, mat-weaving, kapa-beating and the cultivation and preparation of their food, their education and knowledge appears to be as slim as that of their swine and dogs. In Wai-halulu, with the exception of Jim Hicks' ranch, the houses were neat and clean, and they had many modern civilized comforts. Here the most of their huts are disorderly, and begrimed with smoke. Old and young appear to live promiscuously with the pigs, poultry and curs."

"They don't even know how to make their own rum, and buy it of Jim Hicks."

"And this, by the way, is the *ideal social life*, which Jim Hicks and thousands of others of his class in the Pacific Ocean, claim existed before the missionaries came here and '*ruined the country*.' But, Russell, there is something to be learned, even from barbarians. This may be the only opportunity of our lives to study savage

existence in its primitive state and original simplicity. It is revolting in the extreme in some respects, but we must be willing to suffer a little in the cause of science."

"Hello, Barney! what's this? An invitation from her Highness, did you say? Elegant court stationery, too! monogram and crest! Say, Russell, this doesn't look very barbarous, either. Written in a beautiful lady's hand, too!"

"The Princess Minelulu requests the pleasure of the company of Mr. Morrissey's friends, Rollo and Russell, to partake of a Hawaiian *luau* at her summer chateau, Paliuli, this afternoon at two o'clock."

"Don't decline, gintilmin," said Barney; "it will be a very swell affair."

The boys looked at each other in amazement and dismay.

"Oh, horrors!" exclaimed Russell. "The idea of attending a royal dinner and reception in our plain hunting clothes, dark as negroes, and hideous with Fijian tattooing and lamp-black! Excuse *me*!"

"Don't mind thim little thrifles," returned the Irishman. "Her ladyship has sent you some decorations av flowers, necklaces av pandanus nuts and sharks' teeth, and belts av foine sea shells and wampum pearls. Whin I've scrubbed away the tattooing, ye won't know yourselves by rayson of the Polynesian iligance av yer togger."

"All right, Barney," said Rollo. "We are in your hands. But meanwhile we want to saunter around the valley and see what is going on by daylight."

Although it was ten o'clock, and the sun blazing into the valley, yet few of the thriftless Kanakas of the village were stirring. Some of the older men were in the garden patches, weeding their tobacco, ava and arrow-root plants with an *o-o*, or long-handled blubber spade,

To do this they squatted on their heels, and worked the ground around them in a sitting position.

"What's the noise we hear in yonder short ravine, opening off from the valley?" asked Russell;—"a quick, sharp stroke, sounding like kow-kow-kow! from early morning into the night."

"That," said Bolabola, "is old woman beating kapa. I show you."

When they reached the low hut, consisting of a thatched lean-to set against the pali, they found in it three gray-headed women, clad most scantily in cotton and kapa skirts, seated crosslegged before a heavy beam, one side of which had been flattened smooth with an adze. On this were laid the large sheets of bark cloth, which they struck continuously with an iron-wood four square club. As the piece of cloth grew larger, the artisan skillfully added to the thin spots a reinforcement of prepared pulp, wetting and beating the fabric day after day, until it had reached the necessary evenness and toughness.

"Why, it resembles gold beating, doesn't it?" said Russell; "only in this case, the material is not metal, but a paste of ground bark."

"And here is a calabash full of the bark," said Rollo, "as tough as manilla rope; can the kapa be washed when soiled?"

"Oh! yes," returned Bolabola, "can be soak, but not rub."

"Here is a coverlet of it, ready for use; several thicknesses joined at the edges. These beautiful decorations are stamped on with those engraved slats of bamboo," added Barney.

"And the Kanaka who invented that came pretty near to discovering the art of printing," remarked Rollo.

"And do the Marquesans make kapa?" asked Rollo of Bolabola,

"Yes, only more fine. Tahiti, too; New Zealand, Samoa, Fiji, Raratonga. Everywhere in Pacific, you find wauke grow in mountain, make kapa; everywhere kalo grow, make poi; everywhere make canoe with outrigger; everywhere eat raw fish, baked dog, roast squid, drink ava, pray idols in heiau. Kanakas, they like one family. But you come to Malays, Borneo, New Guinea, Java and West, wagh! all different! eat rice, drink sake, pray to Booda in big temple. Dyaks in Borneo,—kill other Dyak,—hunt heads. Kanakas all love each other."

"But, Bolabola," said Russell. "The Marquesans are noted cannibals,—eat their prisoners of war. That's not love for one another. Not as the Bible teaches."

"You mistake. When white man love his wife he get very near to her,—he kiss her. When Marquesan love his enemy, he get *more near to him*,—put him inside,—make one man out of two."

"Bolabola," said Rollo, "I see opposite there a cave half way up the precipice, with a thatched veranda over its mouth; do people really live there?"

"Oh, yes! That very good house, no leaks by the rain. We shall go see it?"

"All right," said Rollo, "but this is the first instance I have known of the Kanakas being cave-dwellers."

"Professor Alexis says it's common in dry districts," added Russell.

The approach lay over an accumulation of immense angular boulders, which had been once thrown from the cliff by a violent earthquake. Between these had sprung up a rampant growth of papaiya trees, lemons and guavas, ti-plants, wild beans, magnificent morning glories, passion flowers and calabash (gourd) vines. They were compelled to leap like goats from one rock to another, and then scale several dangerous ledges to reach the grotto.

Within it they found a capacious chamber, divided by

kapa curtains. It was evidently the abode of several families. They were met by an old heathen of sinister appearance with scowls and suspicious aspect. These were relaxed, however, when Russell proposed to buy some of his handiwork. He then ascended a ledge in the cavern, and took, from a pole on which they hung, several covered calabashes and exhibited their contents.

"Oh, Rollo!" said Russell, "here are just what we have been looking for. A *niho palaoa* (whales'-tooth ornament, suspended from a necklace of braided human hair); a wooden adze with a cutting edge of hard syenite; a beautiful many-colored Niihau mat, woven of fine rushes; a woman's necklace with elegant mother of pearl pendants; a spear head beaten out of a marline spike; bracelets of red and black coral, also of brilliant colored little polished shells; little images of Kalaipahoa (the poison god), in iron wood; polished kukui nut finger rings; little kahilis of red and golden feathers; fish hooks carved of bone,—human bones, too, I'll wager, —gourd water bottle covered with finely woven bamboo splits; gimlets, dirks and saws; these were beaten out of ship's nails, spikes and hoop iron."

"And, most valuable of all," continued Rollo, "a necklace of the golden feathers of the mamo bird;—those feathers couldn't be replaced at fifty cents each; and, oh joy! here are sandalwood boxes and trinkets galore."

"We have just struck a bonanza! This old savage is ingenious and industrious; he's been collecting some and patiently fabricating others, all his life-time," chimed in Russell.

"Don't select too many to start with," returned Rollo. "We will come up here every day and do a little negotiating. If he gets a notion we are anxious, or flush with money, his prices will soar skyward. Otherwise we can buy all we can carry away for a few dollars."

This conversation was carried on in pig-French, much

to the mystification of the Marquesan and Kamalu, the Kanaka antiquarian, to whom Bolabola explained, "Ua maa lauaika namu Figi"; then translated the remark, "He plenty much Fiji palaver."

At one o'clock Barney conducted his friends to the residence of Minelulu. This comprised several commodious grass houses, enclosed by a stone wall, surrounded by breadfruits, palm and ohia-apple trees. A grape *lanai* (veranda) hung with luscious purple fruit, and stately bamboos, dates and cocoanuts gave the premises a most charming tropical aspect. Barney first led the boys into a thatched cottage next to the entrance, where he removed the lamp black and brown stain from their heads and hands; then adorned them with the garlands and regalia, some of which had been supplied by Minelulu, and others by the ancient pagan in the cave.

"Faith! an' ye look as foine and scrumptious as the Duke of Connaught on the Queen's birthday."

"And feel about as comfortable as the King of the Cannibal Islands, dressed in a coat of steel armor," added Russell. "Rollo, this is the first time we have ever been introduced to a member of a *Royal family*. I'm completely in a flutter."

"An' sure, you ought to take a dose av Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for that same," suggested Barney.

"What a goose!" whispered Rollo. "You probably will see an ordinary Hawaiian woman, bare-foot, and dressed in a green and yellow Mother Hubbard, with perhaps a pet pig in her arms; also a half nude attendant, perfumed with onions and ancient cocoanut oil, to carry her spittoon and tobacco pipe."

The door to the chateau was of pine, the only one in the village, and rejoiced in both knob and lock. Being ushered in and left by Barney, they found themselves at once in what Russell was pleased to style "a scene of barbaric splendor."

Fine Niihau mats and beautifully decorated kapas, answering for carpets and tapestries, were there in the greatest profusion. The spacious house was separated into three large rooms by means of the hanging bead-work, known as Japanese curtains, composed in this case of white bamboo joints, mother of pearl beads and buttons, ivory and white bone ornaments, sea beans and polished sea shells of exquisite beauty. There were tables, mirrors, lockers and sideboards of richest carved mahogany and rosewood; but they all gave evidence of antiquity, and of having once belonged to a prince's yacht, or rear admiral's flagship.

"Oh, Rollo!" cried Russell, "what a delightful treasure house of wonders and antiquities this is! Look at those spears, javelins and shark-tooth swords; this helmet of wickerware and armor of sinnet network. Here are war clubs and magnificent polished koa calabashes, carved whale's teeth, and an endless variety of Chinese, Japanese and East Indian curios and bric-a-brac. I tell you, Rollo, whoever collected these was a masterly antiquarian, and whoever executed the decorative and artistic work was a genius. I've got a big bone to pick with you, though."

"And pray what's that?" asked Rollo.

"Two of them, in fact; these two jaw bones of a right whale; why, they are twenty feet long. If Jim Hicks had had that sized jaw you wouldn't have got off so easy in your argument with him! Oh! Oh! look overhead; a monster canoe suspended from the ridge pole, runs from end to end of the house, complete with outrigger and stained in striking bright colors. The name on the prow? Why, it's '*Lady of the Lake*'! I'll wager the chap who built it was a Scotchman who——"

"Mr. Russell and Mr. Rollo, I bid you welcome to Paliuli," said a lady's melodious voice behind them. The boys turned suddenly and were for a few moments dumb

with astonishment at the sudden apparition. The happy-faced maiden in the photograph found on the Fay Yan was before them; but the picture was now set in a frame of golden splendor. It was undeniably *Minelulu*, but this time, arrayed in a royal mantle of amber and gold, of downy feathers, variegated with dashes of crimson. On her head was a garland of white, crimson and saffron-tinted flowers, so woven that they resembled, at the first glance, a royal crown of gold, pearls and rubies. As she swept toward them, the trailing of the mantle, the easy carriage of her willowy figure, lent a queenly grace to the princess, which to our boys was for a moment stunning. In her face could be seen the lineaments of a refined and intelligent Scotchwoman, but her pearly white teeth, the dark, rich blood behind the clear skin and the cascade of raven tresses that fell behind her shoulders gave evidence that she was descended from a duskier royalty than that of James the Second. She noticed their embarrassment, and, taking each by the arm, began a promenade of the room, calling attention to the most striking objects.

"Thank you for your kindly welcome," returned Rollo. "The wonders and beauties of the Emerald Valley are most fascinating to us."

"Your highness has a marvelous collection of rare treasures," added Russell. "We were quite dazed by them when you addressed us."

The princess, stopping short, uttered a silvery laugh and shook her finger mischievously at the boys, and her playful action put them immediately at ease.

"Now, I just forbid your giving me any royal titles. I am just plain *Minelulu*, and that's all; so poverty-stricken that I can only afford *one name*; most girls have two or three; but it's all I can do to take care of a single one respectably. Now, there's the wicker helmet and the whale's tooth that my great-great-grandfather wore,

the renowned *Kamehameha*, the Napoleon of the Pacific. He was the famous *first ruler* of all the Islands, but I do not dare to assume even the shadow of his name, because royalty now in Hawaii is only a tradition, a bursted bubble,—a vanishing star. Then I might take the honored name of McGregor, my white great-grandfather, but if I do, the world will regard me as a Scotchwoman, for which legacy I have but little desire. So I am content with being simply Minelulu, a Hawaiian girl. As a Hawaiian I have an ambition to do great things for my people, and win love and respect in the arts of peace and civilization and philanthropy, just as did my ancestor win fame in deeds of war and in the unifying of savage tribes into one nation.”

“And may God bless you in that,” exclaimed Rollo. “You have indeed a glorious work and opportunity before you,” added Russell. “Do tell us about that beautiful and swan-like canoe. How in the world did it come here, so many miles away from the ocean?”

“That,” said the princess, “my great-grandfather McGregor had carved from the biggest tree on the island, growing right here in Paliuli. So ponderous was it that he couldn’t gather together enough men to assist in lowering it down the palis to the sea coast. He intended to join Kamehameha’s great fleet of war canoes, the *Pe-le-leu*, when the King made his celebrated expedition to Maui and Oahu; but the failure to launch this canoe prevented him from attaining the renown for warlike deeds enjoyed by John Young and Isaac Davis, the white men who assisted in the conquest. So the beautiful craft has been stored here ever since, and McGregor lived in obscurity in this valley. His name was never mentioned in history, but he was a favorite with the high chiefs who came to visit him. This is one of Kamehameha’s spears, so ponderous that few others could wield it. So great was Kamehameha’s strength

and skill that he could catch these spears unharmed, while three warriors were hurling them at him, simultaneously."

"And how did all these Oriental curios come to Paliuli?" asked Russell.

"Well, McGregor was a lieutenant on the Duke of Lancaster's yacht. That was wrecked here after a cruise in the Indian Ocean, and among the ports of China. The Duke abandoned his valuable collections and went home to England in a whaling vessel. McGregor recovered them with Kanaka divers."

"And did this beautiful feather mantle belong to Lieut. McGregor?"

"Oh, no! That was a gift from Kamehameha to my great-grandmother, his daughter. It is not so valuable as the Royal Mantle now at Honolulu. The cost in labor of catching the birds for that one amounted, by careful estimate to more than a million dollars, and the feathers took several generations of mountain bird catchers to accumulate. This is made up partly of the rare feathers of the mamo bird, but supplemented by plumage of the Iiwi Polena, dyed a golden color. But it is just as beautiful, and I am very proud of it. Let me take it off and show you how skillfully it is woven."

As she laid aside the sumptuous garment, there emerged a faultlessly attired lady, gowned in a rich dress of heavy lavender-tinted China silk, encircled by a Hawaiian belt, embroidered with tiny polished shells and mother of pearl beads. Around her neck and dependent from her throat was a necklace of real pearls of exquisite beauty.

"That," she said, pointing to it, "was also my great-grandmother's; a royal gift from her father. The wearing of it gives me both pain and pleasure, the former, because it was bartered for in China, in exchange for a schooner-load of sandalwood, whose gathering on the

palis cost the unhappy feudal subjects of old-time chiefs many a month of hardship and suffering; pleasure, because it represented in Hawaii the first dawn of love and respect for womankind. Before that they had been treated as slaves and inferiors by the men, their assumed lords and masters."

"That is all changed now, I suppose," said Rollo, "and woman is the equal of man."

"Everywhere in Hawaii except Paliuli," said the princess. "I would have invited my uncle Kalulu, the high chief, and his family, to meet you here today; but, alas! it is strictly forbidden for a woman to eat in the presence of men, according to the old-time taboo. She must partake of her meals in solitude, in a little hut by herself."

"We have been intensely interested," said Russell, "in studying the old-time customs as they exist in the valley. There are other taboos, too, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, many of them. Some of them come periodically; others are arbitrarily proclaimed by Hiwa-hiwa and Kalulu, who alone have the power of life and death, and whose word is law."

"Then they have no code of laws, except obedience to the chief's edict, I suppose; not even unwritten laws; and what are the penalties?"

"Alas! no; and they are only ruled by fear of death, and the traditions of the gods. The chief does not punish openly, except by imposing sometimes a more grinding tax of pigs and sandalwood. But the horrible *Mu*, the high priest's executioner, prowls around at night, and often clubs the unfortunate breaker of the taboo; his body is spirited away to the heiau, and he is reported to have fallen from a precipice, and his body is thus consecrated to the gods as a propitiation and a sacrifice to his impiety."

"And have you not the power with your royal pre-

rogative to assume the rule and do away with this terrible state of things?"

"Perhaps so," returned Minelulu. "I know I have the love of the majority of the tribe. But there are many whose insane fanaticism would tolerate no revolutions of the old traditions. They would girdle the fruit trees, burn all the houses, turn secret executioners themselves, and, if resisted, they would break away the barriers of the lake and let a mountain freshet tear away all the gardens and kalo patches into the sea. I must be discreet, and bring about the change by love and example. Come here; I want to show you my kindergarten;" and she led the way hastily to an adjoining thatched house, in which a score or more of young children were amusing themselves in innocent merriment.

"See, I have just started this school. This is my assistant, Liliha, Bolabola's sister. We teach these little cherubs to read and write and sing; the girls to sew, and weave their own hats; the boys to carve toys and become handy with tools. You have no idea what pride and pleasure we take in their progress. They have not many clothes on the outside, but they have immortal souls and sweet, innocent spirits *inside* of them. We are teaching these children obedience to their parents, and cultivating in their young minds an ambition for self-improvement, and a yearning for things that are true, beautiful and good. Already the mothers and older sisters have caught the inspiration, and secretly petitioned me to admit them to our instructions. But I have to be very careful. The only white man admitted to Paliuli is Jim Hicks, and he has joined the most fanatical of the tribe in poisoning the minds of the people against the missionaries. When my uncle dies (he is becoming aged and feeble), then the people of Paliuli may look to me for leadership. I am young now, but I hope by

that time to have overcome their worst prejudices. With the help of kind Providence, I will bar out things that are debasing from the valley; and,—just as it is a pest hole now for evil, I trust that God will help me to make it a shining light for things that are good.”

“It is a grand and wholesome inspiration to listen to these noble words,” said Rollo. “Barney has told us a little about your zeal for the uplifting of your countrymen. You know we found him on the *Fay Yan*, but he implored us to keep sacred what he revealed to us about yourself; not to press him to divulge the incidents of your life, the occasion of your voyage to China, and adventures there.”

“He did quite right,” said Minelulu. “I do not crave notoriety. If the painful circumstances of my visit to the Orient were made public now, it would embarrass me very much; in fact, endanger my life. Probably it would make my reputation a football, to be kicked around with impunity by the newspapers of the world. If I were not the scion of a Royal Family they would pay little attention to the incidents.”

“We certainly respect your wishes, your high—, I mean Miss Minelulu,” said Russell, “and will banish all inquisitiveness.”

“No, you will not,” said the princess, laughing; “you are going to know all; that is, if you have the patience to listen to it, and will still keep it sacred until the proper time. And here is the reason: I owe my life to Barney. He owes his life to you. You saved him from being blown up on the *Fay Yan*. From what he tells me of you and your uncle, I consider you our best friends, and worthy of every confidence. The time may come when by a full knowledge of the circumstances you can do him still more service.”

“And we are both eager and anxious to do it,” exclaimed Rollo, “for did he not save our lives on *Mauna*

Kea? Had it not been for his bravery and presence of mind, we would have gone down with the rock slide, and fallen two hundred feet onto the sharp boulders."

"Why, he never told me of that," returned the princess. "However, it is time for our luau. I am going to banish Barney after that, while we tell our yarns. It would embarrass him very much to listen to his own praises."

As she entered the main room of her house, Minelulu clapped her hands. Bolabola and Liliha entered, bearing sundry koa calabashes and wooden platters. The latter were garnished with ti-leaves, wild ginger and *pala ferns*, upon which lay a tempting variety of Hawaiian delicacies. The Marquesans were attired in simple white, with white aprons. The viands were placed on a generous Niihau mat, and the hostess seated her guests and herself around them in Turkish style.

At that moment Barney entered and joined them. He was clad in a new broadcloth suit, fancy green vest and patent leather shoes.

"I never knew before that you could make such a handsome gentleman out of an every-day Irishman," whispered Russell to Rollo.

"Misther Rollo," said Barney, "the praste has just gone down on a trip forninst the village av Lau-pa-hoe-hoe. I towld him to hev the Chinee shoppy telephone to your uncle that ye were safe, enjoying yourselves in a royal chateau, an' creatin' a famine wid yer appetites."

"Ha!" exclaimed Russell, "he'll be glad to hear from us; but what about Mr. Ramsey?"

"That same message for the Parkman ranch."

"And you needn't be afraid that he'll divulge anything about Paliuli," added the princess. "He'd sooner lose his head. Here, Mr. Rollo, is a Marquesan dish prepared by Bolabola; *koku*, a confection of breadfruit, cocoanut grated in its milk, and duck eggs. I hear you

are becoming a Polynesian, and like fresh mullets and poi, Mr. Russell. These Hiwa-hiwa brought up recently from Lau-pa-hoe-hoe."

"Yes," said Rollo. "Before we leave for Panama, he will be a genuine Kanaka, addicted to raw fish with peppers and onions. I don't think he will even balk at fresh squid and seaweed."

"But I draw the line at baked dog," exclaimed Russell. "Not even the sirens themselves could beguile and hypnotize me into sampling a Kanaka bow-wow."

"But you like roast sucking pig, do you not?" said the princess. "Try this meat, smoking hot, and just from the imu; it was stuffed with plantains and salted peanuts. I believe Bolabola is the best Polynesian cook in the Pacific Islands."

"He certainly is," answered Russell. "Nothing could be finer than the flavor of his unique stuffing, in this particular roast. I have become desperately fond of his roasted plantains and taro cakes. But what queer teeth these Polynesian pigs have! They are as sharp as sharks' teeth."

Meanwhile the Marquesans had been employed in cooling the air by waving over the guests tall, red-plumed *ka-hi-lis*, that bore the appearance of feather dusters, five or eight feet in length, with short handles.

"In olden times," said Minelulu, "only the high chiefs were allowed to have kahili bearers, and they generally formed a part of the royal retinue."

The Marquesans passed around the several beverages, Kona coffee, chocolate, pineapple cider; and then brought courses of chicken chop suey, bowls of rice, wild geese and ducks roasted on the spit. These were served with many delicious confections of Hawaiian fruits; preserves of ohelos, marmalades of guavas, pohas (cape gooseberries), tangerines and mangoes, dainty cups of Japanese tea, sherbet of pineapples and limes, birds' nests of arrow-

root custard and guava jelly, sangaree of tamarinds and wild ginger root, winding up with a basket of new almonds, dates and raisins.

"With the exception of the fish," said Minelulu, "I think every item of this luau was produced in Paliuli. I know you will pardon us for offering so few exotics. Mr. Morrissey, would you teach my kindergarten boys to make sailor knots and braids, while your friends relate to me your adventures among the lava flows on Mauna Loa?"

CHAPTER XIX.

Minelulu Tells Her Strange and Wonderful Story.—Her Dear, Good Missionary Friend, Mrs. Judson.—The Decoy Letter from Canton.—Alone in China.—A Message from Li Hung Chang.—A Blessed Retreat with the Missionaries.—Barney Recognizes her Feather Necklace.—The Man with a Slashed Ear Plays Eavesdropper on the Lovers.—Hurried into a Graveyard.—Drugged with Opium in a Sarcophagus.—She Recognizes the Smuggler Fay Yan.—Barney Dives and Cuts her loose from the Gravestone.



“AND now, Miss Minelulu,” said Russell, as they seated themselves under the big war canoe, and were surrounded by the weapons of war and royal regalia of a hundred years before, “will you not tell us more about your ancestors, and the time when Hawaii was budding into importance as one of the world’s nations?”

“Nothing would please me better,” returned the princess. “My great-great-grandfather, Ka-meha-meha I, was born November, 1736, at Kokoiki, in Kohala. We can almost see the locality of the village from yonder cliff. He was a high chief, and by his shrewdness and bravery became the most brilliant and progressive of all the kings of Hawaii. Ka-la-ni-o-puu, his uncle, then king of the whole Island, made an expedition against the King of the Island of Maui, and his famous legion of picked warriors, the Alapa, was almost annihilated in the terrible Battle of the Sand Hills. This took place on the plain,—then barren,—between East and West Maui, and now cultivated as Spreckel’s big sugar plantation. Young Kamehameha achieved fame for himself in this battle as a brave and skillful warrior.

“That was in 1776. Two years later, in 1778, Capt.

Cook discovered the Islands, and, anchoring in Ke-ala-ke-kua Bay, made friends with Kalaniopuu. The sight of those two ships, the *Discovery* and the *Resolution*, filled the natives with astonishment. They flocked from all parts of Hawaii to see the white gods, as they styled the newcomers. Couriers were dispatched to many of the villages, who told the people that their god Lono had returned in two canoes so big that on them grew tall trees (masts). (Lono was a deified prince, who two hundred years before had sailed away on an expedition to Tahiti.) These white men, they claimed, were deities, because they breathed fire and vapors from their mouths (tobacco smoke); ate the raw flesh of men (water-melons), and thrust their hands deep into holes in their sides (pockets), whence they brought from their stomachs no end of spikes, knives, pieces of hoop iron, beads and other priceless treasures. Capt. Cook and his officers were taken to the heiau (temple), where they were worshiped and feasted. Kalaniopuu threw over the shoulders of the great navigator his own feather mantle, and then presented his officers with six others. This one that I wear is one of those six, left behind during the fracas that followed later. The Englishmen did not appreciate the vast labor of their construction enough to carry them on board while they could. Hundreds of pigs and many canoe loads of breadfruit, yams, bananas and cocoanuts were presented to the new guests of the King, with lavish generosity; but so depraved and brutish were these representatives of Great Britain, that the greater the courtesy received, the worse they treated their hosts. Cook demolished the fence enclosing the temple for firewood, allowed his sailors to invade the sanctity of their families by abduction of their wives and sisters. In short, so shameless and brutal were their depredations that the friendship of the natives was naturally and gradually turned to hatred. The King and

chiefs sought to allay the general indignation, but after several natives had been killed, Cook lost his life in a brawl with the Kanakas. Without the King's knowledge a boat had been stolen and the nails drawn from it.

"Although he had received in presents already a hundred times the boat's value, the navigator went on shore with a squad of marines, and attempted to take Kalaniopuu prisoner, in order to hold him as hostage for the boat's return. In the scrimmage Cook and four marines were slain. Cook's body was carried up-country and the bones removed. In retaliation the British bombarded the village of Napoopoo and destroyed it, killing more than fifty innocent men, women and children. A part of Cook's remains were recovered and buried with military honors in the bay.

"My ancestor, Kamehameha, was the only one of the chiefs bold enough to trust himself on board the ships as they cruised around the Islands. He was so impressed with the superiority and execution of the white man's weapons that he determined to arm a part of his retainers with such firearms as he could secure, and then make himself master of the whole group of Islands. Following the navigator, in a few years, came a number of trading ships. Little by little, he accumulated cannon, muskets and powder. After Kalaniopuu's death, he gradually conquered for himself the whole Island of Hawaii. Then in 1789 the ship *Eleanor* touched at Lahaina, and a boat with a sailor in it was stolen by the natives of Oloalu. The commander, Capt. Metcalf, anchored in front of the village, and invited the chiefs off to trade. Not suspecting his terrible treachery, or the retribution, the kindly natives flocked to his vessel with canoe loads of sweet potatoes, kalo, pigs and poultry. Metcalf maneuvered them into a huddle on one side of his ship, then suddenly opened fire with his musketry and cannon. The ocean was strewn with the

dead bodies of nearly a hundred men and innocent women and children. For this outrage the Hawaiians seized the schooner *Fair American*, commanded by Capt. Metcalf's son, and captured two sailors, John Young and Isaac Davis. Kamehameha now became possessor of the little ship, its cannon and stock of firearms. He shrewdly gave Young and Davis lands and wives, and made them advisors in his cabinet and lieutenants in his little army. About that time my great-grandfather McGregor, a young man, in fact a mere boy, was marooned on Hawaii, and, being especially intelligent, Kamehameha gave him these lands around Paliuli and he married him to a daughter by one of his early wives. In those days the high chiefs, like the patriarchs of Israel, frequently had several wives. Later, when he became King of the whole group, Kaahu-ma-nu, his favorite and youngest wife, became the Queen, and after his death was appointed the Regent. I know little about my grandmother or my parents, who both died young. But I remember well my great-grandfather McGregor. He lived to a very old age here, and in the valley adjoining, where you saw so many beautiful fruit trees of his planting. He was very fond of me, and taught me to speak and read English. For some reason he lived like a recluse, wrapped up in his books, never seeking the companionship of his own countrymen. Well, when I was old enough, I was sent to a Missionary School at Hilo. Dear old Mrs. Judson! how carefully she trained all the girls in her charge! She was just like a devoted mother to every one, and yet she shared our joys and sorrows, and appreciated our human nature as would an elder sister. She seldom scolded or punished; but when the girls were naughty, she cried over us, and then her grief nearly broke our hearts. She so trained us to admire all things true, good and beautiful, that from her inspiration comes my greatest ambition, namely, to live

such a life of usefulness to my countrymen as I know she would approve."

"Did not your grandfather plant and cultivate some other than fruit trees?" asked Rollo, hesitatingly; "some sandals, for instance."

Minelulu started and answered quickly, with a sharp glance at both the boys: "If he did, I do not know where they are. I was taught never to mention my ancestry or refer to Paliuli. At school I was supposed to be the child of a runaway sailor. My grandfather explained it to me in this way: That there were old chiefs living who, if my existence as a princess were known, would try to prove that Kamehameha discredited my great-grandmother, because McGregor failed to join him in his conquests. On the other hand, he had papers from John Young and Isaac Davis, his friends, which would *prove* that I was an heir to the throne.

"‘Some day,’ he would say, ‘when your detractors have disappeared and the descendants of Kamehameha pass away, as I know they must, without leaving heirs, —then with these papers you will be proven to be the nearest heir, and will be proclaimed Queen.’"

"And did Kamehameha put the cannon and schooner Fair American into use against his enemies at once?" asked Russell.

"Yes; but he proceeded very cautiously. After weeding out the hostile chiefs of Hawaii, he divided the lands among those who were loyal to him, and proceeded to construct the famous fleet of war canoes known as the Peleleu, of which the beautiful craft over our heads was to be the flagship. The chief Kaiana, who had been to China on a trading vessel, brought back a number of muskets with ammunition, and joined forces with Kamehameha. Then the King of Maui made an expedition against him, and a terrible sea battle was fought off Wai-ma-nu (Valley of Songsters). You can imagine

the result. Young and Davis were there, with the Fair American and a big double war canoe, on which they placed the extra cannon.

"Kahekili's fleet returned shattered to Maui. Soon after Kamehameha invaded Maui with the Peleleu, the squadron of war canoes. The two armies now fought the most terrible battle known in the annals of the Pacific Ocean. The scene of the conflict was in the populous and rich valleys of East Maui. The worsted Mauians fled up the great Valley of Iao and made a rally among the clouds, on a high sugar-loaf peak. The Hawaiians concealed themselves in the jungle, and when the Mauians came down for food, ambuscaded and almost annihilated them."

"What was that battle called?" asked Russell.

"*Pani-wai*, or the damming of the waters. So named from the choking of the river of Wailuku by the dead bodies. Four distinct conflicts took place and the four valleys are now named after the battles. Waikapu, the blast of the conch-shell; Wailuku, waters of slaughter; Waiehu, river of blood; Waihee, valley of retreat."

"Did that give the conqueror full possession of the group?" asked Rollo.

"No; the Peleleu then sailed for Honolulu, and the final struggle took place in Nunanu Valley, back of Honolulu. Here Kamehameha's cannon and muskets played a most important part. The Oahuans were forced up to the Pali, then surrounded and hurled down the precipices a thousand feet to the rocks below. So sudden and terrific and spectacular was this defeat that the other tribes and islands at once submitted to the conqueror. Like Napoleon, he was terrible in war and indefatigable in peace. From that moment Hawaii, though its cornerstone was laid in blood, took its place in the family of nations, and by rapid bounds has become one of the busiest and richest commercial and in-

dustrial centers of the Pacific. When the missionaries came in 1820, they found, on the one hand, busy marts of trade at Lahaina and Honolulu, trading vessels and whaleships from all parts of the world; on the other hand, the Hawaiians, without teachers, without a God, were plunging themselves into a chaos of sensual debauchery and free love, dying by tens of thousands from inebriation, and from diseases and vices introduced from foreign lands."

"Yes," exclaimed Rollo, "that's the ideal state Jim Hicks says existed before the missionaries *ruined the country*."

"I will give you a little peep behind the curtains into that beautiful paradoxical cesspool existing just before the advent of Christianity," continued the princess. "Shortly after Liholiho (Kamehameha II) had ascended the throne, a festival was held in Honolulu to celebrate the anniversary. His favorite queen, Kamamalu, was borne in the procession seated in a *whaleboat*, carried by seventy men, some in scanty attire, others in helmets and feather cloaks. The young King himself and his suite, almost or quite nude, were so intoxicated that they were blind to all decency. The young King rode bareback on a horse through and around the village, followed by an escort of sixty men, running at full speed, clad only in malos, and yelling like an insane rabble.

"The queen dowager wore seventy-two yards of yellow and crimson Kerseymere as a pau or mantle. She attired herself in this by stretching it flat upon the sand, then rolled herself over and over on it until its numerous coils under her arms made them stand out horizontally. When the queen mother was taken ill, ten men were seized by the Mu for execution at Waikiki, but as she quickly recovered, only two were sacrificed to the gods as an expression of gratitude."

"Did Kamehameha embrace Christianity?" asked Russell.

"No; he died a pagan in 1819, one year before the missionaries arrived (1820). He endeavored to inform himself as to the principles of Christianity, but, strange to say, not one person in his kingdom, white or brown, could tell him of the true God, or explain to him the gospel of Christ, or the plan of salvation.

"Now," continued the princess, "I will tell you more of my own story. After I had completed my course in the girls' school, I went to Honolulu, intending to fit myself, either there or in California, as a teacher. But one day I received a letter from Canton, China, written by a person who assumed to be a relative of my great-grandfather. He signed himself Bruce McGregor, and stated that he was a second cousin to myself, and had married the daughter of a Mandarin; that this connection gave him such a high prestige that he enjoyed a lucrative government office as collector of a port, under the great premier Li Hung Chang. He had heard of me through a sea captain who was a close friend of my great-grandfather McGregor, and was anxious to have me come to China, where I not only could complete my studies in a university conducted by missionaries near Canton, but he could, as soon as I desired, have me appointed to a high-salaried position in the Mandarin's court as governess.

"He told me to call on a certain Chinese merchant in Honolulu, named Ah Fong Lo, who would advance me passage money and draw on him. This offer so pleased me that I foolishly did not consult my missionary friends. They could have confirmed or disproved what the letter claimed in a few days, by a cablegram to the American Consul at Canton. I only asked advice from a government official who had been very intimate with King

Kalakaua. He at once told me I was most fortunate in having such an offer.

“‘There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune and fame. You might wait here,’ he said, ‘a hundred years before another so flattering a proposition would come to you unsolicited. Let us go and see Ah Fong Lo.’

“So before I had time to weigh the dangers of the expedition, I made my decision. Ah Fong Lo could give me very little information, but he was quite willing to cash a draft on my second cousin and buy my ticket. To make a long story short, I landed from the Chinese packet in Canton a few weeks later, with only a few yen in my purse, and to my dismay and astonishment, found that *no such person as my assumed cousin lived in Canton.*

“I went at once to the American missionaries, and found them friends indeed in my hour of need. The United States Consul was visited and made inquiries at Pekin. After long weeks of delay word came from Premier Li that B. McGregor of *Shanghai* had been sent on a surveying expedition in connection with a new military road and fort in Tartary, and would not return for six months or a year. I would have started back at once to Honolulu, but for my pride and the lack of money. That was the last I ever heard of that spurious second cousin. You can see that it was all a cunning plot on the part of secret and unscrupulous enemies to get me away from Hawaii and lost among the millions in China. The dear, good missionaries offered me an asylum in their school, with a chance both to study and teach, which I accepted. I wrote to Ah Fong Lo, to a wealthy relative in Honolulu, and to King Kalakaua’s friend, but only heard from the latter. He sent me a trifling sum of money, and advised me to remain in Canton until politics in Hawaii were a little more set-

tled. It was at the time that Queen Liliuokalani was preparing to promulgate a new constitution, and there was a bloody revolution brewing, he said. That I, as a royalist chiefess, was most fortunate to be so many thousand miles away from the seat of trouble. Then a few months later he wrote me another letter. Here it is in my scrap book. Read it and see how cunning he was in his malice, and what a silly girl I was to swallow his cock and bull stories:

“ ‘Miss Minelulu:—

“ ‘I beg to inform your highness that the revolution I prophesied has taken place, and Hawaii is in a state of anarchy and seething chaos. The Annexation party rose, and by force hurled the Queen from her throne. They have tried to sneak the whole nation into the clutches of Uncle Sam. If they are successful in this, the Kanakas will be persecuted and exterminated for the possession of their lands, just as were the North American Indians, and the Maoris of New Zealand. But we understand that as soon as the newly elected president of the United States, Grover Cleveland, is inaugurated, he will at once send a squadron of battleships, and after restoring the Queen’s throne to her, hang all the rebels. The Royalists are so excited over these prospects that they are plotting to assassinate all claimants to the throne but the Queen and the Princess K., the heir apparent. The Queen herself has been imprisoned by the rebels. Until all these dangers pass away, your life is in jeopardy the instant you set foot on Hawaiian soil. At present there is a forced calm, compelled by regiments of United States marines and foreign warships, but the smoldering volcano is sure to break out sooner or later, and fill the land with bloodshed and violence. I will keep you posted from time to time. Your sincere friend,

“ ‘Fred Hutchinson.’

"I saw at once there were exaggerations in this letter; but I reasoned that where there was so much smoke there must be some fire. So I stayed on and on for years. My work as instructor became more and more a pleasure to me. There was a splendid college library, from which I could draw books and read, and was happy in the consciousness that I was improving myself daily, as well as the Chinese girls and boys placed under my tuition.

"But I longed for the beautiful valleys and palis of Hawaii, the grand old peaks of Mauna Kea and Haleakala. I dreamed constantly of diving into coral gardens, sporting among the breakers on my surf board, and ranging the fairyland of jungle, peak and forest on my agile pony, in search of new wonders.

"One day I was strolling along the wharves with my little Chinese schoolboys, as I often did to instruct them in the commerce and industry of the great seaport, calling their attention to the wonderful variety of merchandise brought and carried away by the junks and sampans, loaded on the big and little ships of all the world's nations. A young sailor passed me, eyeing very attentively, not my face, but the necklace of golden mambo feathers and polished shells I wore around my throat. I thought I heard him utter the magic word '*aloha*,' and without a second thought I returned the salutation '*aloha oe*.' Instantly he was back at my side jabbering, not pigeon English, but the most perfect Hawaiian. You can imagine my joy at meeting, after years of exile, one who could speak my mother tongue so well. He told me that he recognized in the feathers of the mambo bird (found only in Hawaii) that I might be a Kanaka; that he had lived many years on the Islands, and was very familiar with these valleys of Hilo-paliku; that he came as a supercargo from Honolulu, and had just engaged

in the same capacity with a friend of his, Captain Jardine of the Chinese clipper *Fay Yan*, plying between Canton and 'Frisco in the rice trade.

"On my part, I explained that I was brought up and educated in Hawaii, and was now an instructor in the American School in Canton. I did not tell him of my birth and ancestry until later, when we had become well acquainted. As he seemed familiar with the political situation at Honolulu, I was eager to learn all the news, and begged him to call on me at the college. Suddenly he touched my arm, and with a quick jerk of his thumb pointed to a couple of sailors, both seemingly maudlin drunk, and swearing at each other in French. They were seated on a pile of tea boxes. As Barney and I moved away, he whispered to me: 'I've seen that parleyvous with a split ear in Honolulu, and I believe he understands Kanaka, too.' I turned to look at him, and saw that one of the tars had the scar of a sabre cut on one cheek; his right ear had also been slashed, and his hair was of a fiery red hue. Now, tell me, Rollo, why do you exchange sudden glances with your friend?"

"Why, that's the very chap we saw with Jim Hicks in the distillers' cave!" exclaimed Russell.

Rollo now related briefly the adventure in the cave on the pali at Waihalulu with the moonshiners. The princess was visibly agitated.

"I wonder if that fiend is going to dog my footsteps for all time! But you say Barney heard him; *well*, he's just smart enough to circumvent that French sot. I never knew anyone to get ahead of our Irishman yet. Now, to resume, Barney suggested that I should meet him in a beautiful garden near the river the next afternoon. There was a Chinese temple in it, and a tea house adjoining, where we could talk without molestation. There I found him the next day, and two or three happy hours sped away, while I listened to the latest

news from my native land. To my astonishment, I learned that there had been the greatest peace and prosperity under the republic, instead of the riot and anarchy described by Mr. Hutchinson. Barney also told me that the old Royalists, who had been so bitter against the new government, had either died or, accepting the inevitable, had taken the oath of allegiance and were enjoying the general good times. No sooner had I heard this than I was seized with an irresistible impulse to return to my beloved native land. The memory of the waterfalls, the rainbows and the trilling bird songs of Paliuli flooded my soul with an intense longing to rejoin my relatives, and once more breathe these soft, sweet airs of Hilo. The mythical Bruce McGregor had never turned up; I had learned the Cantonese dialect, and become so familiar with the customs and peculiarities of the Chinese, that my services as an instructor would be in demand; for Barney told me there were nearly forty thousand Chinese—old and young—now in Hawaii.

“‘I can secure a passage for you to Honolulu,’ said Barney. ‘Capt. Jardine will touch there on his way to Frisco.’

“‘Ask Capt. Jardine if he will not call on me,’ I said. ‘Now let us have one more pot of tea and some rice cakes; then I must start for the Mission. It is growing dark. Hark! what’s that rustling behind the bamboo jealousies? Someone is eavesdropping. Lucky we talked in Kanaka.’

“Barney slid back the paper partition and leaped out. I heard a violent scuffle and some French imprecations. Then Barney reappeared.

“‘It was a Chinaman,’ he said. ‘I grabbed his pigtail, and he left it behind him and vanished around the Joss Houses.’

“‘What do you suppose he wanted with us?’ I asked,

"Barney whispered, 'His right ear was split!'

"The next evening Captain Jardine called at the Mission to see me. He was an Englishman, quite well acquainted in Honolulu, and knew many of my friends in the Islands. I liked him. He was so kind and gentlemanly; but there was a mysterious restlessness in his eyes I could not fathom. They were always glancing out of the window, down the street, among the bamboos, or into every nook and corner, as if on the watch for some lurking danger.

"Now that \$160,000 worth of contraband opium has turned up in his ship's keel, we need no longer wonder at this peculiarity."

"And were not the missionaries opposed to your return?" asked Rollo.

"To my surprise, they were quite willing. 'Dear daughter,' said the patriarch, Mr. Coan, 'this may be the will of God. Only yesterday I received a letter from the Board of Instruction at Honolulu, asking if we could spare them any teachers for their Chinese schools. I look for glorious things from this little Hawaii, because there their education is untrammelled by these prejudices against foreigners which militate against enlightenment in China, or the dislike of Mongolians which prevails among the working class in the United States. Before very long, Hawaii, I prophesy, will supply many great educators to sow both the gospel and enlightenment in China. When you arrive in Honolulu, go and tell my dear friend Bishop that the morning light is breaking in China. I can now see the beautiful feet of him who cometh over the mountain tops, bringing a glorious salvation to this benighted people. Soon the love of God will enter their souls; the love for one another is even now springing up from the seeds of the Gospel. The fields are white for the harvest.'

"So everything was arranged and I packed my be-

longings and sent them on board of Capt. Jardine's ship. The day before she sailed I bade my little Chinese pupils and dear missionary friends a tearful goodbye. Then Mr. Coan accompanied me as far as the boat landing. Here I engaged the first sampan that presented itself to row me to the Fay Yan, which lay in the stream below. It was a beautiful evening and I was enjoying the busy scene around me; junks, tugs and Chinese barges, with thousands of boats covered by bamboo roofs, tenanted by the celestials who could not afford to live on the land.

"Suddenly I was startled by noticing that the owner of the sampan, in adjusting his bamboo splint hat, uncovered his right ear. *It was slashed!* My heart sank within me, for I surmised at once that this boatman was no other than that desperate Frenchman, disguised as a Mongolian. My suspicion was soon verified; for when the sampan had left the city it was suddenly swerved to the bank, near which was a lonely graveyard and temple. The boatmen said they were hungry, and must have a cup of arrack, and bowl of rice, at an adjacent chop suey house. In vain I protested, and was about to scream for assistance, when, like a flash, a thick woolen blanket was thrown over my head, my feet bound with a lanyard, and despite my struggles I was carried helpless on shore. When I was allowed to open my eyes, I found myself in a large tomb of solid masonry, surrounded by three men, two of whom were white ruffians. The third boatman, I could now see by the light of the candle he held, had a sabre-cut scar on his left cheek. All three were conversing in low tones in French, which I could not understand.

"Presently one of them untied my hands and placed in them a piece of parchment upon which was engrossed an affidavit in English. It was already signed by wit-

nesses and bore the attest and coat of arms of the *British Consul at Shanghai*.

“‘Mademoiselle will sign ze papier, *tres vit*. Ve air in von hurry to sail vid her to Macao, on some business pressing. Sign also zis note to ze Capitain Jardine.’ At the same time he handed me a pen, and, cocking a revolver, held it to my head and said: ‘You vill not hesitate to do justice to ze little Prince George, and save your own life.’

“‘I sign nothing without reading it!’ I exclaimed.

“‘Ver’ well, read, but ze mattair grow worse each minute of de-lay. Ve must not miss ze steamer to Macao.’

“I read it rapidly, and at once the diabolical plot flashed clearly into plain significance. The affidavit was to the effect that I was *not* the great-granddaughter of McGregor, nor a descendant of Kamehameha; that my father was a runaway sailor, living at Laupahoe, and my mother a woman of common rank in that village; that I was adopted by McGregor when orphaned at seven years of age. I further resigned all my right and title in McGregor’s lands given him by Kamehameha, in favor of Prince George Umi, who was a direct and lineal descendant of McGregor by Kamehameha’s daughter. The note for me to copy was to Capt. Jardine, telling him that I had changed my mind and would stay in Canton for the present; he would kindly deliver my luggage to the bearer.

“Never in my life was I so cool or my mind so clear as at that moment. I remembered seeing in a Hong Kong paper a week before that the British Consul at Shanghai was *dead*. The plotters had selected him, because he could never deny his forged signature on the parchment. I then glanced at Bazan,—he of the slashed ear. He had detached a heavy gravestone and was tying it in a sling. He said in English to his accomplices:

'She vill not sign. I vill here vait and take ze lettair to Jardine. You do not know his ship. I do.'

"Then I made up my mind that the gravestone was to sink my body in the deep bay off Whampoa; *sign or no sign,—that was my destination*. They would not risk putting me to death on land. My only salvation was to gain time until I could invent some maneuver or some counterplot to circumvent them.

"'I do not understand this. I will not sign until bye and bye, when I have read it over and understand it better. I do not refuse.'

"In vain did the ruffian flourish his revolver and click its trigger at my head. I continued reading and repeating, 'Bye and bye; I do not refuse. Bye and bye I will understand.'

"Suddenly my hands were tied again and the blanket thrown over my head; then I smelled opium, a lighted pipe full of which was thrust under my nose. I held my breath until I was faint, determined not to be drugged. When they removed the blanket I feigned deep sleep. Then, as if to make sure that I was not shamming, they tore down a coffin, emptied from it the bones and mouldering remains, and placed me in it with a burning pipe of the drug,—then clapped on the cover. A friendly gleam of the candle showed me a hole in the wood, and to this I applied my mouth and softly sucked in the life-giving air.

"'A Whampoa! Vit!' suddenly exclaimed the leader, and I was bundled out of the sarcophagus and carried to the river bank. Instead of the sampan they now entered a barge which had four rowers.

"We were approaching the fleet of merchant vessels anchored in the stream. I looked at the forest of masts, and searched in nervous haste for the one whose flag flying at the mizzen-top would indicate that she was to sail the next day. There it was! the yellow emblem of

China. She was not far away, and we might pass within hailing distance. Oh, heavens! this was my *last chance for life!* If I only had strength enough left to throw my voice across the waters to Barney's ear. I had faith that his cunning and ability would save me. He had related to me a number of his adventures, which required the shrewdest judgment and promptest action. I could see a lantern hanging to a swinging boom. It flashed just once on the outer taffrail, and I read the words *Fay Yan*. Then I struggled to a sitting posture and shouted: '*Fay Yan! ahoy! Barney Morrissey!*' Instantly I heard his voice: 'Boat ahoy! what's wanted?' and I shouted again: 'O Minelulu no wau! e wiki mai! e kokua paipai, o make ino wau e ka Farani Diabolo (I am Minelulu! haste to my rescue. Delay not, for I go to my death at the hand of the fiendish Frenchman).' I could say no more, for the ruffians, leaping over the rowers, forced me down with a pistol at my head and their hands on my throat.

"But I had said enough. I heard hasty orders,—the rattle of oars,—and the creak of blocks and davits,—then the splash of a boat. The two Frenchmen seized extra oars, and with terrible oaths and imprecations urged forward the Chinese rowers. In the twilight I saw that one of our pursuers was Capt. Jardine, and that he had a rifle by his side, as well as an oar in his hand. The boats were very evenly matched; it would be a long chase unless something happened in their favor. The fleet of ships at anchor were soon cleared and we were on the bay; it was rapidly growing dark. Suddenly a rifle shot rang out clearly through the startled air, and one of the ruffians dropped in the bottom of the boat. The other ceased rowing and began to fasten the gravestone to my feet. I gave myself up for lost, for the fiend evidently had determined to conceal all evidence of his crime by sending me to the bottom among the coral

groves. He seized me in his arms and forced me over the gunwale. I glanced upward and saw the outline of Jardine's boat prow and the Irishman just about to leap into the barge.

"'Barney,' I screamed, 'e luu! Oki ke kaula me ka pahi! (Dive and cut the thongs with your knife!).'

"The fiend raised his pistol and fired at him. I drew a long breath, then felt a wave close above me. I gave up all for lost; but at that instant something heavy shot down past me; my feet were grasped. I was sinking rapidly. But now,—oh! joy!—my ankles were released, and a cold something was sawing between my hands. Thank God!—they, too, were free, and I struck out with them for the surface. They say you cannot drown a Polynesian. I was not an exception to the rule. With my limbs untrammelled, I feel almost as much at home in the water as on the land.

"We both emerged and grasped an empty keg thrown over for our support. In a few minutes Jardine's boat returned. He had fired a second shot and believed he had killed or mortally wounded the other Frenchman. Then the barge vanished in the black night."

"Noble Barney!" cried Rollo. "All the world loves a hero!" added Russell, with enthusiasm.

"Do you wonder, then," said Minelulu, "that I have a regard for that young man? Not a passion, nor a passing romantic attachment; but a deep gratitude, a respect and admiration which is as far above an ordinary woman's affection as the ocean is more profound than yon little lake under the waterfalls. I ask for no greater happiness than to be able to throw into *his life* sunshine and joy and comfort. He has not asked me to marry him. That matters not; we are like brother and sister, and if in God's providence he should love another better than myself, I would still be to him a devoted sister.

"The next morning when I awoke, the Fay Yan was

plowing her way through the billows of the China Sea. Capt. Jardine did not care to encounter the long delays of Chinese justice; the two main offenders had been punished, and that satisfied him. I was glad enough to escape them, without going back to encounter any more of the horrid men, or revisit the scene of my painful experiences. Of the mutiny and the wreck Barney has told you the story. Who are the real plotters against my life may always remain a mystery. I am sure the dear little boy, Prince George, knows nothing of the conspiracy. I met him in Hilo, and he was as affectionate toward me as to an own mother. The conspiracy, no doubt, is to get possession of my estate. It is not worth much, unless, as has been hinted to me, there are some sandalwoods left among the ravines."

"How did it happen that you did not accompany Capt. Jardine in his flight from the Fay Yan?" asked Rollo.

"I had nursed one of the Chinese seamen through a severe and dangerous sickness on the way from Canton. They made me prisoner, and would have killed me, I believe, but for the gratitude they entertained for what I had done for their companion. They landed at Kahoolawe and concealed the opium in a cave under a high precipice. I managed to escape with a fisherman who came from Lahaina to catch turtles. He brought me in his canoe to Waimanu, where I found Hiwa-hiwa. It did not take him very long to reach Kahoolawe, discover the opium and convey it secretly to the Tombs of the Kings on Mauna Loa. Capt. Jardine helped to save my life, and I was determined to save his property for him. Hiwa-hiwa expected Jardine would reward him. He did not intend to dispose of the treasure. I accompanied the priest to the Tombs, and when the volcano river approached, came back to send him an assistant from Paliuli."

CHAPTER XX.

The Conspiracy to Rob the Princess of her Sandalwood.—The Boys Unite with Barney in a Counterplot.—Tangled in the Impenetrable Tropical Jungle.—A Fortune in the Legacy of Sandalwood.—An Old-Time Fortress of the Savages.—The Poacher Sees the Ghosts of Famous Warriors Emerge from the Sandals as he Cuts.—Bazan is Promised a 200-Foot Leap over the Waterfall.—Around the Campfire they Tell "How it all Happened."



THAT night Rollo and Russell and Barney resumed their disguises. The Irishman was the more anxious to do this, as Hiwa-hiwa had told him of an expected visit from Jim Hicks. About two o'clock in the morning, Barney awoke his companions. "Thim swate angels are here, Bazan and Hicks. Come quick with me, and we'll be afther finding out their errand. It's some worruk of the divil, I'll bet a twinty-pound cocoanut."

In a minute the boys were following the Irishman, who led stealthily to a solitary hut near where they entered the valley. They peered through one corner where the thatch had been eaten away by stray goats. The two moonshiners were discussing a canteen of ti-root rum, with poi and yams and crimson crayfish.

"Meester Hicks," protested Bazan, "by the holy virgin I has nothing to do with ze outrage."

"Well, it looks mighty fishy. If it had been the sheriff's posse or any dod-rotted yellow skins, they'd have konobled every chip of the sandalwood. There wasn't a cussed soul on earth but you that knew of that cachey. Now write your name on this piece of paper, so's I will know how to spell it."

"Here it ees, Monsieur Hicks. Parbleu! what zat you make comparáshon with in your hand?"

"You get off easy this time, old frog-eater; here's a paper I found pinned to the sandalwood logs:

"'Ka uhane no au o Keawe-nui mai loko mai o ka wahie ala. Nau keia poho. Mai kuai aku oe i keia okolehao ino i ka lahui Hawaii, o make ino auanei oe e na hekili o ke Akua.'" ("I am the spirit of the mighty King Keawe, dwelling in this sandalwood, and the author of this ruin. Sell not your accursed rum to the Children of Hawaii, lest you perish by the thunderbolts of God.")

"Ah! Diable! Eef all ze ghosts of renown come out of ze trees in sandalwood vallee, ve air in von perdicament tereebble. Many hundred spireets vil combat two men."

"One man, you mean. There's no need of two trying the experiment. You are going in *tomorrow evening*, do you hear? And if the old heathen devils don't throw over the pali, as they did our demnition jugs and worm, I'll help you to finish up the job."

"Russell," whispered Rollo, "who do you suppose left that note in the Waihalulu moonshiners' cave?"

"There's only one chap smart enough to think of the shrewd little trick," returned Russell; "and he's an Irishman. These two old rascals evidently have a wholesome dread of the wraiths of the old warriors lurking in the sandals."

"If everything comes out right, Hiwa-hiwa will help us in the job," continued Hicks. "He's the only one who knows of the orchard besides ourselves. The hoo-doo of their ghosts is the only thing that's kept him from waltzing off with every mother's brat of them long ago. Whatever became of the girl,—old McGregor's heir? The last I heard she had joined those

dod-rotted missionaries in China. These sandals belong to the old Scotchman's estate."

"Parbleu! she nevaire trouble us. She joined, not ze missionaries, but ze angels. She is tres mort. With my own eyes I observe them carry her on ze boat to ze burial place."

"On a boat? Likely story! Do they inter their dead in the coral groves under the China Sea?"

"Diable! No! Mais, it sufficeth she is *dead*! We may sleep now, for the morrow is full of hard work among ze sandals and palis."

"And the phantom demons of old Hawaii coming back from over the Styx," added Hicks, with a sardonic grin.

"Barney," said Rollo, as they returned, "do you know where this wonderful garden of golden wood is located?"

"An' sure I do. Bedad, an' it's a cowl'd day whin Barney Morrissey is put to his thrumps. But thim two thievin' renegades are agin one Irishman."

"And add two Yankees to the Irishman," put in Russell. "There's nothing reasonable we wouldn't do for you and Minelulu."

"In that case we'll be afther goin' up this blissid minit." Barney now left them a few minutes to communicate with Bolabola. When he returned, he was provided with a long, stout rope, and led the way to a cave in the canyon wall at the lower end of Paliuli. Here he lit a kukui nut candle, and began to dig with his sheath knife in the ashes of what had once been a fireplace. Very soon a lava slab was revealed, which he easily pried up and conducted the boys through a winding shaft, opening onto a ledge on the side of the cliff. On hands and knees, with Paliuli behind them shimmering in the moonlight, they stealthily made their way along this shelf, being prevented from standing upright by the overhanging cliff. Beneath the ledge was a sheer precipice of two hundred feet. They emerged at the top of the ridge



HIWA-HIWA, THE PRIEST, in his garden. The power of the chief was retained over his serfs, through the Kahu-nas, and the superstitions of the people. When a man became obnoxious to the chieftain, or his high priest, he was secretly made away with by the Mu, or royal executioner.



HULA GIRLS, who answer to the Naitch dancers of the Orient, are yet to be found. Some of their Meles (songs) and dances, are very pretty and graceful—others of questionable morals. Their Entertainments were varied by the Bards, who chanted in unison Kanikaus or tragic tales.

and for three hours toiled through a jungle matted with ie-ie vines, ferns and big-leaved tropical plants. Sunrise found them looking down into one of the ravines whence leaped the waterfalls of the Emerald Valley.

"We never imagined," said Rollo, "that such a wild jungle existed on the face of the globe. You can hardly squeeze between the saplings. I could put my ear to the leafmold most anywhere and hear streams of water tinkling somewhere below."

"Is not this a rapturous landscape?" exclaimed Russell. "The waterfalls, the little lake, the fairy-like Valley of Paliuli, the stern, majestic precipices, clad with laughing vines and flowers; it's an earthly Paradise."

"Ah! here are the sandalwood trees," cried Rollo. "Look! the ravine bottom below us is covered with a forest of them, planted in rows, and full grown, too!"

"Now, we can make an estimate," continued Russell. "There are thirty rows, and at least a hundred in each, or three thousand. The trunks of the trees are about twice the size of a large man,—say three hundred pounds,—and at 30c a pound in Shanghai, are worth ninety to one hundred dollars each. For the whole crop,—Great Pele and little fire imps! Rollo,—two hundred and fifty thousand dollars! I wonder if the old Scotchman ever *dreamed* of this great fortune which his industry would confer upon his posterity. And, look! in every part of the ravine are young and half-grown trees. In ten or twenty years more there will be another harvest."

By means of Barney's rope they lowered themselves over the precipice and landed in a grove of fruit trees, many of which were bearing.

"Here's another marvel," exclaimed Russell. "The old Scotchman was evidently an enthusiast in the matter of tropical luxuries, and collected them from every garden spot between Cancer and Capricorn. Here, Barney,

you've been a globe trotter,—following the equator,—tell us what some of these job lots in monkey diet are."

"Thim little oranges no bigger'n your thumb are kumquats from Cochin China."

"And what's this huge fruit,—big as a watermelon? And oh, my! how good it tastes!" exclaimed Russell, slashing with his bowie knife into a ripe one, just within reach.

"Thim is *Duriens*, from Borneo, and they taste good to *all* the young Orang-outangs from the Malay country."

"Thank you; my ancestors come from just the *opposite* side of the world from Borneo. Now, Rollo, here's a plum tree that's been in bad company; married into the Catsup family. See, it's raising a crop of tomatoes."

"That's the *Tomato Tree*, from Jamaica," said Barney. "Now here's the *Monkey Bread Tree*, from Africa; the Gorillas make Sally Lun *biskits* from the big balls of fruit it raises. Here's *Sapotas* and *Sapodillas* from the West Indies. That's a Spanish lime tree from Canary Islands. The seeds inside of *that lemon* are better 'atein' than peanuts."

"And what are those two rough fruits that look as if they had been run through a thrashing machine in their early days?" inquired Rollo.

"I know," cried Russell. "*Sweet Sop* and *Sour Sop*. I saw them in the Botanic Gardens at Honolulu. I know this one too, the *Cashew Nut*, from Ceylon. But they may have *all* the other fruits and welcome. I'll take the *Sweet* and *Sour Guavas* that grow wild all over these mountains. I'd rather have *them*, than peaches and pears."

"Yes," returned Rollo, "if you only had the capacity of an elephant, I'm sure you never *would* stop eating Guavas."

They now proceeded to explore the ravine. After

ascending half a mile they found it suddenly terminated in a precipice several hundred feet high. At the base of this was a deep pool in which sported thousands of oopus and goldfish. From a cave beneath its surface welled up the spring of limpid water which supplied the silvery waterfall leaping below into Paliuli.

"This explains the wonderful fertility of this soil," said Rollo. "The stream bubbles out of the rock, and the valley is not subject to the usual freshets which wash away the decaying vegetation."

"Oh, Rollo!" cried Russell, "look at the caves. There are a dozen or more of them. I'll just wager that this was one of the fortresses of the ancient Hawaiians, once as impregnable to their enemies as Gibraltar is now."

They climbed to several of the caverns and found in every one traces of former occupation. In the rock niches they discovered carved images of the gods, necklaces of sharks' and dogs' teeth, ivory-pointed spears, fish hooks made of human bones, ironwood mallets for pounding kapa, with many ornaments of mother of pearl and tortoise shell. So interested were they in these searches and discoveries that it was nearly high noon when Barney reminded them that they had missed their breakfast. He then regaled them on black trout, wild yams and pineapples, with biscuits of grated breadfruit, and plantains baked in ti leaves.

"How on earth did those oopus and goldfish get up here?" asked Russell. "There are a dozen high precipices in the valley between this and the ocean."

"The oopus climb up the wet cliffs behind the waterfalls," returned Rollo. "I've seen them clinging to the water-soaked face of the rock twenty or thirty feet above the pools. You see, they have a powerful sucker on the belly. Professor Alexis says the oopus abound in every permanent stream. The goldfish were probably brought here by Hiwa-hiwa."

"And where did all the Hawaiians come from? Barney says that this fortress of theirs is so ancient that even the oldest inhabitant has no tradition of it."

"That," said Rollo, "is not hard to explain. Judge Fornander, in his great work on the Polynesian Races, places the first colony into Hawaii in 500 A. D. They came from Savaii in Samoa. The Polynesians were such expert fishermen and navigators that they wandered nearly all over the Pacific in their double canoes, living on the catch of their nets, guided by the moon, stars and winds. They were the *Vikings* of the ocean, and the Kanakas have populated nearly all the habitable groups: Tahiti, New Zealand, Fiji, Samoa, the Tongan, Marquesan and Micronesian Islands, and the Hawaiian group. All of them have somewhat similar languages, and nearly all claim descent from a common father and mother, Wakea and Papa. From their time they compute 60 generations."

Under Barney's instructions the boys took up their position in a cavern which overlooked the whole sandalwood orchard, and watched for the advent of Bazan and Hicks. Just as they were about to give up the vigil, as the sun bent low toward the pellucid, glittering peaks of Mauna Kea, just visible between the palis, Russell whispered:

"Here's the Frenchman, just emerged from a cave nearby. There must be an underground entrance. That's him,—red hair,—one ear cleft and the scar of a savage cut on one cheek. He has a saw in his hand; he doesn't propose to let the Kanakas in Paliuli hear any wood-chopping or tell-tale echoes. Now he's selected the two handsomest sandals in the grove."

The boys watched the moonshiner saw down the trees, then trim off their branches and cut the trunks into lengths of six feet each. The sweet odor of the fragrant sap was wafted into the cave.

"Are you going to let him get away with four hundred dollars' worth of this precious stuff?" asked Rollo.

"Bedad, an' he won't lift thim shticks till he's ate his supper. They are two hundred and fifty pounds apiece. Be as aisy as you can. There will be heaps of fun before long, more'n you can shake fourteen shticks at."

The Irishman was right, for the lazy beachcomber now adjusted a tripod, on which he hung a little kettle, and leisurely cooked a supper of salted wild pig and roasted squid, which he had brought with him. These he ate with poi, and wound up with baked plantains and heavy potations of ti-root punch. Meanwhile Barney had slipped away to make ready, as he expressed it, for the "illigant surprise party."

"The sandalwood poacher evidently intends to work after dark, or when the moon rises," whispered Rollo. "He's nerving himself up to meet the old Kings with those bracers of moonshine tippie."

"Say, Rollo, what's the matter with our masquerading a little on our own account? We have plenty of toggery here."

"Brilliant idea!" exclaimed Rol'o. And in a few minutes they had attired themselves in cocoanut fibre armor, and hanging skirts of pandanus and ti-leaves. With helmets, spears and sharks' tooth swords, combined with their ferocious tattooed faces and breasts, the resemblance to old-time Hawaiian savages was almost perfect.

A gloom of deep twilight had settled into the ravine when Bazan applied himself again to the rape of Mine-lulu's legacy. He had conveyed one log of precious wood to his den, and had raised another on his shoulder, when a strong odor of sulphurous smoke permeated the air in his vicinity. Then suddenly, as if by magic, a ring of fire sprang up around him, fifty feet in diam-

eter. He threw his burden down, but instead of running, appeared to be transfixed with terror at the sight of two dark figures which rose, phantom-like and slowly, apparently out of the ground, cutting off his retreat. One of these apparitions had a white face, and bore the appearance of a Scottish patriarch. He wore a Highland cap, kilt and plaid stockings. Added to these, a long, flowing white beard and snowy locks presented indubitable proof that he belonged to a period of a hundred years before.

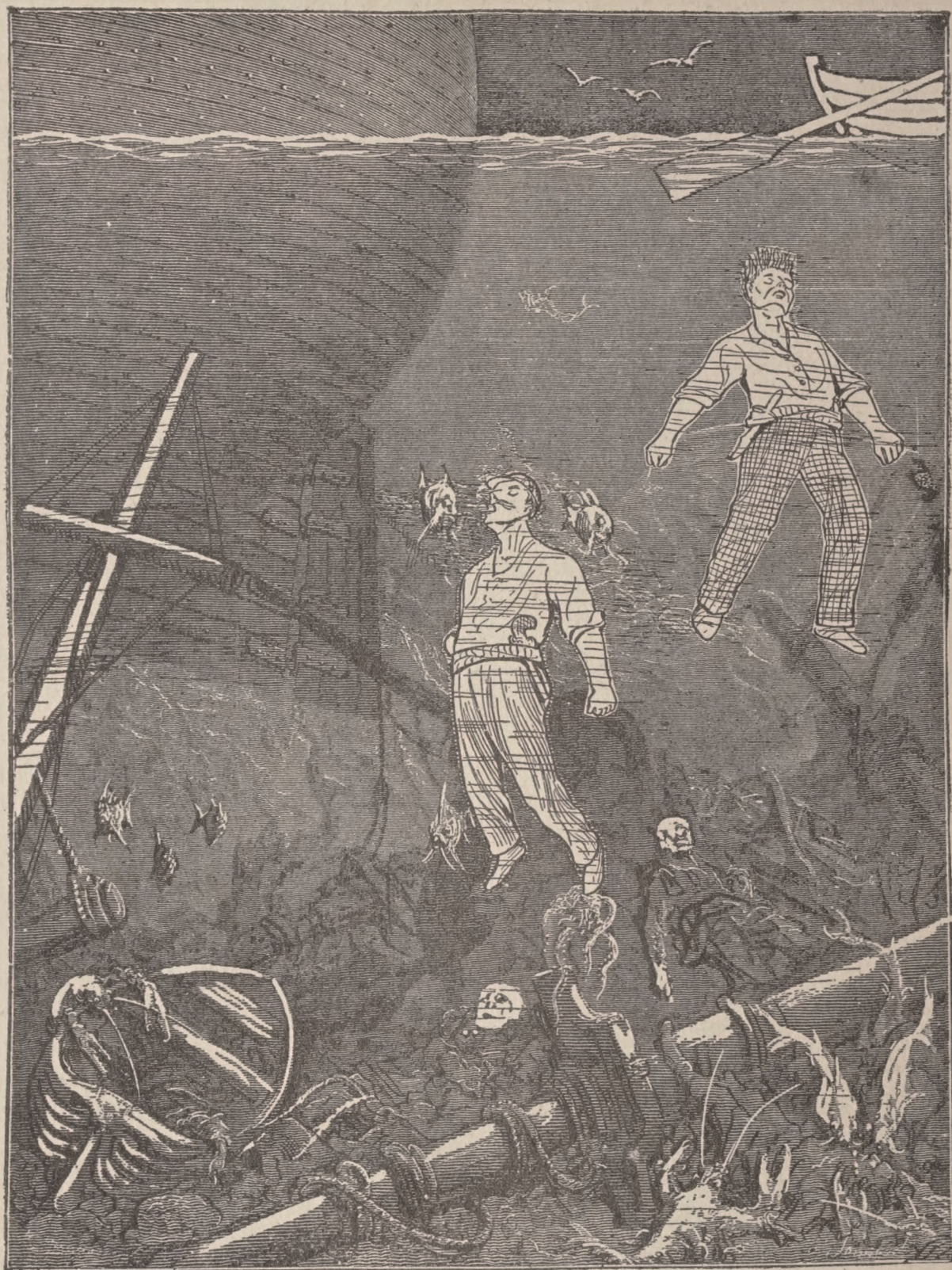
His companion was a Kanaka, most ferocious-looking, tattooed from head to foot, clad in wicker helmet and a bright crimson malo of kapa. The whales' tooth ornament hanging on his breast indicated that he was of the highest royal birth. In his hand was a spear tipped with ivory, poised ready for hurling. At the first gesture of the patriarch, the Frenchman sank trembling to his knees.

"Foul robber of maidens, knowest thou not the wraith of Roger McGregor, the son-in-law of Kamehameha the Great, or of this, his companion, the mighty Umi, King of all Hawaii and builder of famous Temples? His spirit, disturbed by the destruction of its earthly resting place, this fragrant sandal, has summoned me to avert the desecration of this, my beloved grove, a priceless legacy to my children. What doest thou here, impious vandal?"

"Only to cut deux little tiny trees, et fabricant von petit casket for jewels," whined the moonshiner. "I vill the price pay villing, your Excellencie."

"Liar!" shouted the old man. "Only yesternight I was present when you conspired with Hicks to hew down every tree in this sacred grove. Bind him, Umi, and we will cast the villain over the waterfall."

The Frenchman, with a despairing yell, leaped to his feet, and, dashing through the ring of fire, broke for



'Murderer,' shouted the old Scotchman: 'I can tell you why your foul companions never came back! You and they tied a gravestone to the princess' feet, after drugging her in the Chinese cemetery; so as to sink her into Davy Jones' locker. Your accomplices were fed to the sharks, in the bay of Whampoa, just as your carcass will be fed to the wild dogs tonight.'

his cavern. He had not run more than two rods when Rollo and Russell leaped out from their place of concealment and tripped him up; then with Umi's help he was tied hand and foot.

"Behold the great Kings, Keawe and Alapai-nui," cried McGregor, "whose spirits linger in this famous abode of their ancestors. They are driven hither by your desecrating axes, which destroyed the sandalwoods in Waihalulu. Your jugs of hell-broth were hurled down the precipice by their hands. Now, tell me, Frenchman, where is the Princess, the fair Minelulu? You made a secret journey to Canton, and soon after she disappeared from the American College."

"I know not ze mystery. Monsieur has a suspicion against an innocent man," whimpered Bazan.

"Villain! Murderer!" shouted the Scotchman, and seized him by the throat; "*you* took her down the river in a sampan; *you* with your two French conspirators dragged her through a graveyard and drugged her with opium; *you* made ready a gravestone in a sling, to sink her into Davy Jones' locker, because she would not sign away her birthright to the little Prince George, the descendant of this same Umi; and then you say her disappearance was a *mystery*, when the *only* mystery to you was why your foul companions *never came back!* I can tell you! They were fed to the sharks in the bay of Whampoa, just as your carcass will be fed to the wild dogs tonight, if you do not tell the truth. Here, warriors, bring the prisoner to the pali and let him gaze upon the resting place of his bones, two hundred feet below."

Without any more ado the wretched man was dragged through the rank underbrush to the top of the waterfall, beseeching for mercy and protesting that he would reveal the whole truth, if only his life was spared. He was told by Umi that at the first signal or shout he

gave to attract the attention of the villagers of Paliuli, he would be dropped over the declivity on the sharp rocks at the bottom of the abyss.

"Now," continued the Scotchman, "who hired you to go to China on this dirty errand, and who advanced the money?"

"It was the high chief Mau-mau of Kauai."

"Liar again! you know very well that Mau-mau died five years ago, and you got the money from Ah Fong Lo and Fred Hutchinson. In with him, Umi."

And the stalwart warrior flung him, bound hand and foot, into the river, but a few feet from the perpendicular plunge, holding him back from death in the swift current only by a small riata.

When he again promised with despairing wails and abject protestation to reveal all his secrets, McGregor hauled him out, and, taking him to one side, received his confession apart from the company. Then the Scotchman announced:

"He has told me all I want to know. The main plotters against Minelulu died not long ago. The Frenchman has given me his word of honor to reveal neither the existence of this sandalwood forest, nor the secret entrance, or what he knows of Minelulu and Paliuli, and he will sail within a month for Australia, never to return.

"Now, do you, Umi, Keawe and Alapai, in his presence, swear to me by the spirit of the great Kamehameha, that you will smite this outcast to his death with sword or fire, so soon as he fails to redeem these promises or conspires again against my children or their legacy?"

"We swear together by the spirit of the mighty warrior," returned the three.

Then the Scotchman conducted the trembling wretch out of the ravine, learning from him at the same time

the secret of the entrance. While he was absent, Bola-bola, alias King Umi, was making ready their supper. Rollo and Russell discussed the events of the day around the campfire.

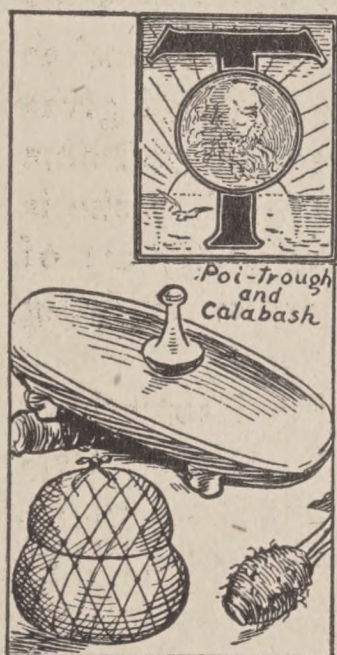
"I venture to say there'll be no more poaching of Minelulu's sandalwoods," said Rollo.

"Barney can impersonate a Scotchman as naturally as he can an Irishman," said Russell. "But what puzzles me is that ring of fire that sprang up so suddenly around the Frenchman."

"That was very ingenious and spectacular," said Rollo. "But not so difficult, after all. You see, Bola-bola had collected the dry grass and twigs in advance; then while Bazan was absent with the first log, he quietly crawled around and placed it in position. They lit the circle of combustibles instantly by means of a fuse made of sinnet rope soaked in salt-petre. But did you note what a magnificent specimen of anatomy the Marquesan presented? But for his brown skin and tattoo marks, you could take him as a model for an Apollo Belvidere. If Phidias were living today he could find no specimens of ideal physique more perfect in their majestic human figure than some of these descendants of the great Polynesian chiefs."

CHAPTER XX.

Detectives, Outlaws and Smugglers scramble to possess the Opium.—Barney treats those interested to a Surprise party.—Jardine is stunned by a colossal swindle.



THE charm and fascination of their stay in Paliuli, the Emerald Valley, increased day by day.

So soft and dreamy were the zephyrs that stole between the *palis* from over the laughing wavelets of the Pacific; so bewilderingly beautiful and varied the dells and grottos and bowers of the little ravines and gorges around the cliff bound settlement; so strange and interesting the marvels of plant and animal life; so weird, savage and unique the Children of Nature who peopled this Beulah-land,—that they

began to forget that a great human heart was throbbing,—and millions on millions of busy arms were toiling to move the wheels of progress in the big outside world.

"Oh, dear! It almost makes the tears come, to think we must soon leave this Eden," exclaimed Russell. "I haven't half read Grandpa McGregor's Journal of 'Life in Old Hawaii,' nor examined half the curios in Minelulu's Chateau."

"That's because you spend so much time in talking with the Princess," said Rollo.

"Can't help that; who wouldn't talk with such a dear good lady. I get deep into the Scotchman's diary, and then, presto! it vanishes; I glance up, and she is laugh-

ing mischievously and says, 'Russell, you've studied all that's good for you. Come right out and help me teach the boys' class in the primer, and tell us the wonderful things about America. I'm going to keep you and Rollo with me every minute possible. You'll be disappearing from Paliuli some day; and then I'm going to have a good long cry.' "

"She makes me feel a little guilty for not staying at the Chateau *all the time*," returned Rollo. "I was just a little afraid of the royalty of the Princess; but she makes herself so much like an own sister or mother, and gives us such a hearty welcome, that we feel free and welcome to come and go without any formality; even when she is too busy to chat with us. She learned the pretty art of banishing stiffness and embarrassment, when studying human nature as a teacher."

"By the way," said Russell; "I discovered something about that skull of Captain Cook's we found in the waterfall grotto on Mauna Loa. I was reading, last night, McGregor's story of the tragedy at Ke-a-la-ke-Kua Bay. In it he says a part of Cook's body was restored by two young priests, who brought it off in a canoe in the dead of a stormy night. The fragments were wrapped up in *ti* leaves and red *kapa*, and delivered in a koa calabash."

"And what does he say about the head?"

"Simply that only the *upper part of the cranium* was returned."

"Well, that explains something that puzzled me very much. You remember we studied those antiquities very carefully while the lava flow held us prisoners. Well, the jaw that held those gold filled teeth was *much too small*. It *wouldn't fit the skull*, anyway I could fix it."

"Yes, Rollo; Hiwahiwa tells me the priests of the several tribes were often at odds."

"So probably there was much pulling and hauling

among the Kahunas for the body of a man whom they believed was both a prince and a god."

"Oh, your granny! The reason why they brought *any* of it back, was because it didn't agree with their stomachs. Those old salts were so drenched with rum and tobacco that they were unfit even for a *savage's* diet."

"For shame! Russell; Judge Fornander himself says that man-eating was held in abhorrence by the Hawaiians. Only Cook's heart and liver were eaten, by two boys who mistook them for those of a dog. So McGregor says."

"The young chiefs were quite captivated with Lieutenant King's tact and diplomacy," continued Russell. "They coaxed him without success to run away from Cook's squadron; become a Kanaka, and marry the King's daughter. He believes it was a couple of King's friends who stole all they could of the Navigator's remains, and brought them secretly to the Lieutenant, to stop the bombardment the British were giving the coast villages."

"And what disposition did they make of the grewsome contents of the calabash? Embalm them?"

"No; simply buried them with military honors in the little bay."

"Now you forgot to tell me what you and Bolabola found in that little wild ravine you explored yesterday."

"Why, we came across a party of Kanakas, digging *ti* roots and gathering *wauke* and *olona* bark, and snaring *mamo* birds with nets and bird lime. They had crushed some narcotic roots, and thrown them into a pool. From this they gathered a big calabash of fish, that were floating helplessly on the water. The women and girls of the party had just come up from *lele kawa* (leaping a high cliff into a deep pool). They wouldn't let us eat with them; that was contrary to the taboo. But I had borrowed Minelulu's kodak, and they allowed us to take a photograph while they were busy at their luau."

"That will make a splendid addition to our museum of Wild life in the Tropics," said Russell.

"I see they have *bear skin* capes on their shoulders, and they are perfect *fits*, too."

"That's a new garment; what's the spelling did you say?"

"P-h-i-t-z, fits."

"Well, Rollo, you've got a bad spell of bare-skin fits today. You ought to apply a full bottle of *hair-restorative* for that."

"We are leaving the Emerald Valley," said Russell, "without having a chance to sample one of the famous Polynesian dainties, a baked dog. I wouldn't eat it, or even taste of it, over a long distance telephone. But I had a good mind to bribe Bolabola to feed one to you as a 'little pig,' when you were off your guard. If I could get you into the scrape, I'd be quite willing to play historian of the tragedy."

"Like the cook," suggested Rollo, "who invented some new French dishes, and tested each one first on his dog, to make sure it would not kill any one."

"Not exactly, for in this case it would be the dish of dog, fed to the cook. Now, what are you laughing so loud and immodestly about, Rollo? I don't see anything so scandalously humorous about these puppy dishes."

"Of course you don't," said Rollo, holding his sides; "but Barney and I did, when at the *luau*, you assured Minelulu that *no syren* could hypnotize you into eating roasted bow-wow,—and at the very moment you were creating a brisk market for what you called *sucking pig*, with '*such funny shark's teeth*' in his mouth, and lauding Bolabola's culinary to the skies. Minelulu herself almost lapses into hysterics when she alludes to it."

"Gee whiz," gasped Russell, "was that really a roasted purp? Well, that accounts for it. I've had *such a fellow*

feeling since for every little yellow dog I met in the valley."

"Exactly; just like Bolabola says the Marquesans love their enemies,—make them part of themselves."

After leaving Paliuli, Rollo and Russell made their way to Lau-pa-hoe-hoe, a coast village most picturesquely enclosed by the towering cliffs of the canyon in which it nestled. Here they met their Uncle on his way from Hilo to join them, and proceed to Kohala and then to Kona, the celebrated coffee and orange district, on Mauna Loa's leeward flanks and shore.

He laughed immoderately at their brown skins and the weirdness of their tattooed decorations.

"I'm intensely interested," said Mr. Hadley, "in your cattle hunt, the rock-slide, and the spectacular way in which you descended the waterfalls. So you finally discovered the Emerald Valley, and explored its strange mysteries?"

"Yes, *we did*," returned Russell; "and we have never enjoyed anything with such keenness as living with the Kanakas in simple Hawaiian style."

"Well, you must give me all the details when we take a day off to write home letters. Now, I'm going to the big valleys of Waipio and Waimanu with Professor Alexis; and then we will attempt an old time but dangerous route under the cliffs and over the surf beaten rocks to Kohala plantation."

"Say, Rollo," exclaimed Russell; "we left our horses tied to a tree in the jungle just before the cattle leaped the precipice. They've had nothing but faith, hope and charity to live on since, and their bones must be——"

"Ugh," returned Rollo; "don't mention it; the thought is too gruesome."

"Don't worry, boys," said their Uncle. "I was on the wire today, with Mr. Ramsey of the Parkman Ranch, and he told me your horses, left in the jungle, are safe."

You can ride up to the ranch, secure your own steeds, and cross the Waimea plain and Kohala Mountains, meeting me at the plantation."

"Will Barney go with us?" asked Russell.

"Not on this trip. He tells me he must report to Sheriff Anderson at Hilo what he has learned of the Opium mystery. This opium plot seems to thicken, rather than clear up."

"Did you meet the Sheriff in Hilo?" asked Rollo.

"Yes, two days ago. It transpires now that Captain Jardine has heard that the opium is buried under thirty feet of hot lava on Mauna Loa, and he has sold—or bargained to sell—his interest in it to the Honolulu Wrecking and Salvage Co., who will bore for it when the volcano flow cools off. Anderson tells me this renders Jardine liable for smuggling."

"Why so?" asked Russell. "The Salvage Company are now responsible."

"Not until they have possession. The Wrecking Company have notified the custom house authorities that they are ready to pay the tariff as soon as they or the Government can get hold of the drug; but that doesn't release Jardine."

"It looks to me," said Russell, "as if Anderson has a peculiarly complicated case on his hands; there are so many claimants and so many conflicting interests, and the opium is so completely gobbled up by the goddess Pele; it would give even a Philadelphia lawyer softening of the brain and nervous prostration."

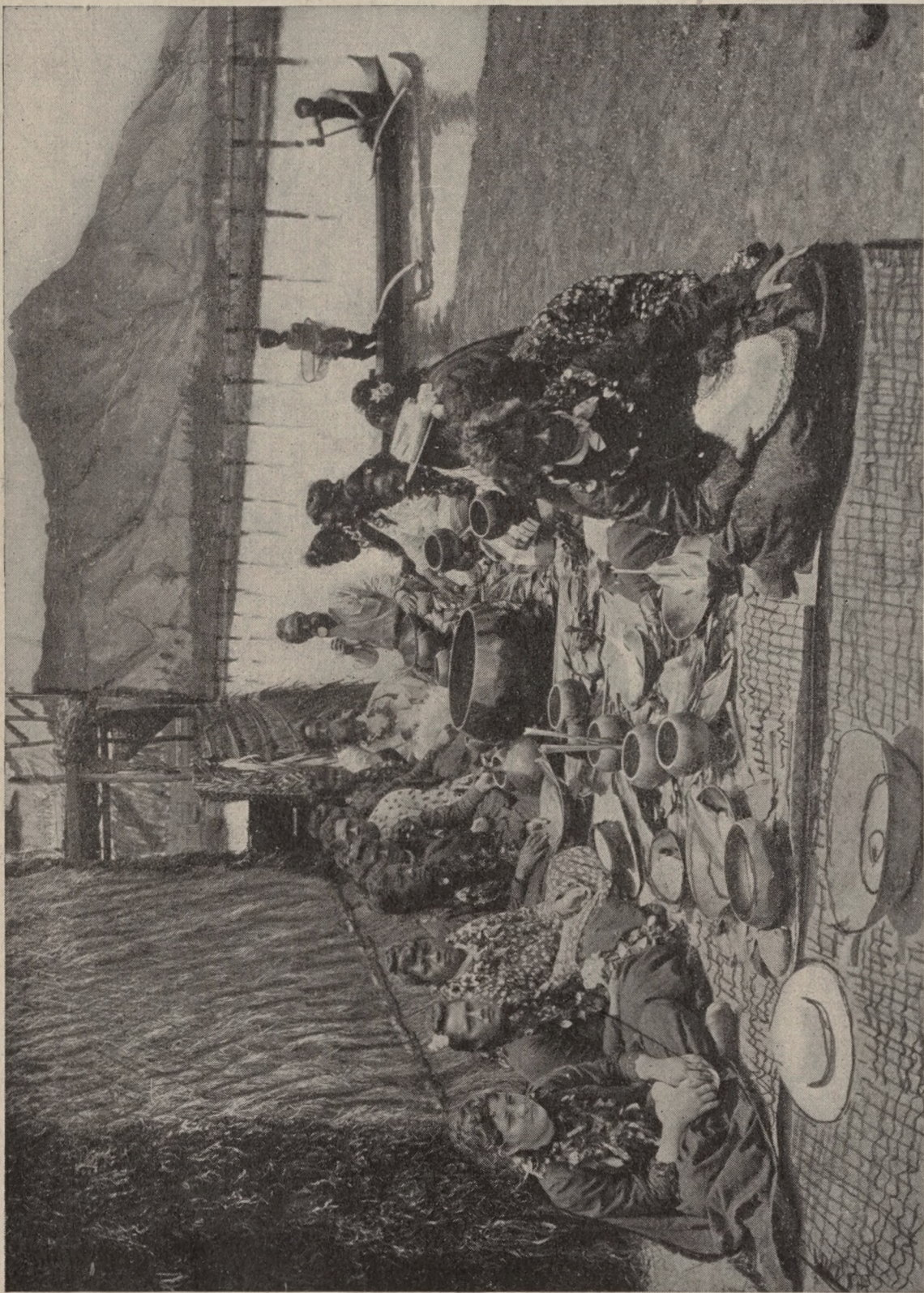
"He asked me if you would be willing to testify in court," continued Mr. Hadley, "providing Jardine's or Barney's cases come up while you are on the island."

"We would do *anything* reasonable to help Barney and Minelulu," exclaimed Rollo.

"Another rather laughable outcome of this opium embroglio. Jardine is instituting a damage suit against the



AN OLD TIME LUAU in the jungle. The Hawaiians were not only "Children of Nature," but lovers of nature. They made protracted visits in to the mountain wilds, to hunt wild boar, rare birds, Sandal-wood and many other treasures. The above represents a party of girls who have just returned from lele kawa (leaping a cliff into a deep pool), and are too hungry to dress for company.



A HAWAIIAN "LUAU." The banquet for entertainment of neighbors or visitors, is a "Society Event," whose celebration is a legacy of "Old Hawaii." A pig, or poi fattened dog was usually baked in the imu, and the guests profusely decorated with leis, or garlands of flowers. Before the advent of the Missionaries, women were excluded from the luau.

Australian Steamship Co., for the blowing up of his clipper Fay Yan."

"We can testify in that suit," cried Russell, "that the old rack-o'-bones tub wasn't worth the gunpowder they wasted on her. If she'd been through the battle of Manila, she could not have been worse 'dislocated and busticated,' as Barney described her."

"By the way, Russell," said Rollo a little later, "I had another good talk with Mr. Ramsey at the Parkman Ranch, over the phone this afternoon."

"And wasn't he surprised that we should take such unceremonious French leave of his bullock hunt when we tobogganed down the rock slide?"

"Yes, he wouldn't believe the story at first; but when I gave him some of the details, he urged with kindly warmth, that we come up to the Ranch and tell him the whole story of our adventures in these wild and wondrous canyons. He said he wanted to see the Yankee boys who could go tobogganing and shoot the chutes down the rock slides and precipices; and he was sure an anatomical search would discover the wings we sprouted to jump the three hundred foot waterfalls with.

"I suggested to him that we were not quite angels yet, and could prove it by our runaway appetites."

"Angels!" exclaimed Russell. "He forgets that it's only the real good little boys that die young."

"Yes; it's quite certain those wild cattle who jumped into the canyon made no mistake about our being angels. The very Old Scratch and his partners couldn't have given them worse conniption fits and sinking spells. By the way, did Mr. Ramsey tell you what the final wind-up of the bullock hunt was?"

"Oh, yes; two days later they came back to search for us, and found the cow Barney made fast to the tree. The plowed up soil and ferns showed where the wild herd had

slipped over the precipice and dropped into the canyon. They lowered a Spaniolo into the ravine to investigate."

"And he found them torn into sausage meat on the spikey rocks?"

"No; on the contrary, and very fortunately, they fell through the clouds into the tops of a tangled koa-tree grove, and the tough branches broke the final concussion. Though the tumble was a sheer one hundred feet, through the air and trees jutting from the cliffs, only the horns and bones were broken. The cattle were still alive, and they packed the hides and beef to the ranch on mules."

"That's a great relief, Rollo; but how came it that they didn't notice our absence for two days?"

"They did, but that terrible cloudburst detained them. Sylva got too daring; the next bull they noosed charged, broke the lasso, and tossed him over into a little ravine, breaking his leg. They started home at once with him, but the freshets in the canyon both before and behind were so furious, that it was thirty-six hours before they crawled out of the jungle, and came up to the ranch. When the rescue party came back to our rock slide, of course every trace of us had vanished except our horses and the cow."

Three weeks later found our boys and Mr. Hadley in Hilo again on their return from Kohala and Kona.

"Well, we are both of us subpcenaed," said Rollo, "in Uncle Sam versus Captain Jardine; and also versus Barney Morrissey. I was just now served, and the deputy sheriff is looking for you with a bull-dog and a shot-gun; that is, figuratively speaking."

"And every one is on the *qui vive* and excited over the several litigations," returned Rollo. "It's a comical mix-up, and would be an uproarious farce, if there were not so much money and reputation involved."

"To add to this comedy of errors, the tenure of office of Sheriff Lorin Anderson has expired by limitation and

he has accepted the position of U. S. Judge; so he will try the very cases he has been prosecuting. The opium cylinders will be brought right into court."

"Hurrah! Then they have really resurrected the opium from the tombs of the Kings!"

"Yes; the cylinders are down at the steamer warehouse at this moment,—\$160,000 worth of the wicked narcotic."

"But, how in the dickens could they bore through thirty feet of hard *pahoehoe* in so short a time?"

"Well, it wasn't the drill-man who finally got it out. What I'm telling you now must be considered strictly confidential. Jim Hicks went up to the lava flow with an experienced oil well driller from Oklahoma. They bored for several days without success."

"And how did Hicks know where to bore? The whole locality around the little green valley was swept over by the new river."

"Barney says Spunyarn showed Hicks the very blow hole which led down to its last hiding place. But never mind that now. Barney took advice from a good attorney, and went up with Boomguy to play detective on the moonshiners."

"He and the bullock catcher found a cavern, from which they could watch the proceedings with a spy-glass. They were prowling around the cavern in what *was* the green valley, when they found a rift in the rock which had been made by a subsequent earthquake. By drilling this out a little with an iron bar, they succeeded in entering the lower *grotto* and tunnel."

"Then that wasn't invaded by the lava!" cried Russell.

"So it seems. But the opium was even then as much of an *ignis fatuus* as ever, and could not be found; until Boomguy and Spunyarn made some kind of a conspiracy together, and then it bobbed up very suddenly."

"We always thought that Spunyarn was playing a deep game of his own," said Russell.

"Yes; and like that other Ah Sin, that Bret Harte tells us about, this Ah Sin proves most superlatively that

" 'For ways that are dark,
And tricks that are vain,
The Heathen Chineese is peculiar.' "

"Well, to make a long story short, Jim Hicks and his gang took possession of the opium cylinders with grim joy, and carried them on pack oxen to a cave near the shore of the old volcano of Hualalai. This took them over the tablelands and down to the coast by a much easier route than we *trekked* over from Hilo through the forest to the eruption."

"And how did they get it here to Hilo?"

"Suddenly, Sheriff Anderson's deputies got wind of this coup, which we might call 'The Rape of the Opium,' seized the treasure, and brought it last night to Hilo, by the Steamer Mauna Kea."

"It puzzles me," said Russell, "why Barney should allow both Hicks and the authorities to walk off with so much valuable treasure, and make so little effort to circumvent them."

"Reason enough. They were only two, and Hicks' gang numbered six,—a desperate set of cut-throats from Paliuli."

"There was some good reason, I'll warrant you. The Irishman's brain is making a good many revolutions a minute. This is a chance of his life time. Here comes the deputy to serve a venire summons on you."

The court-room was packed to suffocation when Judge Anderson, a stout, red whiskered American of fifty years, called the case of U. S. versus Morrissey. In this the latter was charged with complicity in smuggling \$160,-

ooo worth of contraband opium into Hawaii, and disposing of the same. During the trial the case seemed to go against him in every particular. A deputy sheriff had found a small package left by him for safe keeping in the vault of the Bank of Hilo, after his return from the first trip to the new lava flow. This contained a pound tin of opium. The evidence showed that he was one of the officers of the smuggler ship Fay Yan, a close friend of Jardine's; had been overheard discussing the wreck and loss of the drug with the Captain. He did not even deny that he had made an effort to discover and restore it to Captain Jardine. Then when he made the second trip to the lava flow, after locating the cylinders with Boomguy's help, he allowed them to be carried away by Hicks and his renegade gang, without notifying the Sheriff at Hilo until after the moonshiners had had abundant time to ship away the plunder. This happened after he agreed to co-operate with the Sheriff in locating and recovering the contraband opium.

"I will now call as witness Rollo Hadley," said the Prosecuting Attorney, Mr. Hitchcock.

Rollo now took the witness stand, and was questioned as to his knowledge of the smuggling operations.

"Under what circumstances did you first meet the defendant?"

Rollo then told the story of how the derelict wreck of the Fay Yan was sighted, the finding of Barney insensible in an empty water cask, the blood, bullet holes, wrecked furniture and other signs of a deadly encounter in the cabin; of how the Fay Yan was blown into fragments by a barrel of gun-powder, a few minutes after Barney's fortunate rescue.

"Did Mr. Morrissey tell you of any contraband opium concealed in any part of the ship?"

Rollo glanced at Barney and Mr. Kinney, his counsel,

and to his surprise, received a half nod from one, and an approving smile from the other.

"Yes, sir; he told me that after the Chinese desperadoes had hacked into and through all the large timbers of the clipper, they found a number of metal cylinders of the drug in a compartment of the keel." Then without further prompting, Rollo told the story of Barney's faithful devotion to Captain Jardine, his escape from the blood thirsty Chinchus, his several escapes by leaping into the sea; his place of concealment in a hogshead lashed to the rudder; the secret locker and Barney's bravery in gliding through the ship among the desperate pirates, while they lay befuddled with intoxicants and narcotics. Before the Prosecuting Attorney was aware of it, the outside crowd had gotten hold of the story and the little wirey Irishman had almost completely secured the public sympathy. He was fast becoming a hero in the estimation of the Hilonians.

"And did you and Mr. Morrissey later see this opium and under what circumstances?"

Rollo now saw, what the Attorney did not, and that was his chance to gain over the whole community to Barney's side by a quick stroke of dramatic and spectacular word painting. So he related briskly the tale of being entrapped by the lava flow, how they barely escaped by Barney's breaking into the catacombs of Mauna Loa; how they explored what he styled the *under side of Hawaii*.

Then he described the ghostly visits of the wraith of Old King Umi; his nightly visits to Pele's Pepper-box, to the cave where lay the priceless treasures of antiquity, and the tell-tale remains of Captain Cook. Then came the weird ghost-hunt through the catacombs, the sudden discovery and flitting again of the opium treasure, the dramatic events of bobbing into the grotto of the Hawaiian gods, where Barney and Hiwa-hiwa were having a secret consultation. So spellbound became the audience, includ-

ing the Judge and Attorneys, and so intense the interest, that every one forgot the controversy, while all bent admiring eyes upon Barney and the boys.

Then came the wild inruption of the white-hot lava, the spectacular escape by the ladder of slabs, and the terrific explosion of Captain Cook's grotto.

"Where is this Hiwa-hiwa now?" asked the Judge.

"Your honor; we have made every effort to summons the Kahuna but without success."

"I know him," said Judge Anderson; "and as he is an outlaw and the priest of a most abhorrent paganism, his oath and testimony would be of little value in this court."

"That is our case," said Attorney Hitchcock.

"I move this honorable court," said Lawyer Kinney, "that this case be continued until after the trial of Captain Jardine. We propose to show by evidence that will appear in that action, that Mr. Morrissey had a perfect legal right to take possession of the cylinders, and that he and Captain Jardine have delivered to the United States Government *every cylinder of the drug* which the Prosecuting Attorney claims was smuggled by them into Hawaii."

This extraordinary statement was like a bombshell, and set the whole audience to buzzing with suppressed excitement, in view of the expected development of some new mystery. The postponement was granted.

At daybreak the next morning, Russell burst into the suite of rooms occupied by them at the hotel. He had just returned from down town with the early morning paper.

"Gee whiz! Here's another pretty how de do! Jim Hicks has been arrested and incarcerated in the calaboose; likewise Captain Jardine!

"It seems that Hicks broke into the steamer warehouse last night, and succeeded in carrying away every pack-

age of the opium. He declared that Jardine put him up to the job with a promise to divide the loot."

"Well; shiver my timbers!" cried Rollo. "It looks as if that would wind up the bobbin with both Hicks and Jardine for several years to come."

"Uncle Sam is very strict. Occurred at *ten o'clock!* Why, we were down at the shore exactly at that time, and the street in front of the Maunakea warehouse was a blaze of electric light."

"But you'll remember the dock sheds and pier jut out over the water, supported by iron piles. He and his conspirators (I firmly believe Bazan was one of them) paddled directly under it in a big double canoe, bored out a trapdoor in the plank floor with an auger, then sneaked away every cylinder of the drug."

"How did they detect them so soon?" asked Mr. Hadley.

"A Chinaman by the name of Ah Sin ran across them down the bay, burying the swag in a trough dug out in the sand by the shore."

"And I'll just wager a gross of cocoanuts, that Ah Sin is our Spunvarn," exclaimed Rollo.

"No doubt of it. The examination of the moonshiners and the smuggler is set for nine o'clock; so the evidence which comes out in the early case can be used in the action against Jardine at three in the afternoon."

Rollo and Russell were on hand at the criminal court. The case against Hicks was very clear. It *was* Spunvarn who discovered the moonshiners loading the cylinders from the canoe after spading a trough for it in the sand.

The evidence against Captain Jardine was not so conclusive.

Hicks was placed on the witness stand and swore that Jardine had offered him \$10,000 if he would successfully abstract the treasure, and assist him in removing it from Hawaiian territory. In this he was upheld by Bazan,

who asserted he was present when Jardine made the proposition.

"Why, the smuggler has the same attorney that is defending Barney," said Russell.

"Your honor," said Mr. Kinney, "I propose to show you that the evidence of these two men is worthless. Call James Kalua Kai-koo, and his brother Daniel, of Waihalulu Valley."

"Why; they are our old friends, Jim and Dan," cried Russell with delight. "They'll simply make mince meat out of Mr. Sneak-along-at-midnight's reputation."

The two Kanaka boys testified to their finding Jim Hicks' secret mountain distillery, and to their seeing Hicks and Bazan dig up the jugs of rum from their secret hiding place under the cave. In their evidence they did not allude to Rollo, Russell or Barney.

"Your honor may now see that these men, who are hardened criminals of long standing, cannot have any respect for the sacredness of an oath," said Mr. Kinney.

Jardine was admitted to bail, and his examination continued.

"Now for the final wind-up of the Great Opium Mystery," said Russell, as they entered the court-room at three o'clock.

"Will it be returned to Captain Jardine, or confiscated by Uncle Sam? That's the question."

"It won't do Jardine much good," said Rollo, "even if he *does* win his case. I heard the Prosecuting Attorney say that he was pretty sure to get ten years in State's Prison for grand larceny. That was a bad break he made last night in conniving with Hicks to steal it from Uncle Sam. This very action shows that he hasn't much faith in his own innocence. I'm so sorry for Barney, too. Hitchcock says he's in a very tight place, and only a miracle can save him."

"Just wait, Rollo, until we see what Barney has to say.

He is so unconcerned, and his demeanor so serene, that I have a sly suspicion of some coup or spectacular surprise that will come from Jardine or Minelulu or other person yet under cover, that will change the whole situation; though as matters stand just now, I wouldn't give a picayune for his chances."

As the trial proceeded, every point told against Captain Jardine.

It was proved that he had bargained to sell the drug to the Honolulu Wrecking Company without offering to pay the duty to the custom house authorities. He did not deny that the Fay Yan had secret compartments built into her hull, or that he had offered a reward to Barney to watch the cylinders and assist in their recovery.

Spunyarn was now called, and testified that he was one of the Chinese crew of the Fay Yan and had seen his mutinous companions hack the ship's timber in pieces, and finally discover the cylinders in the keel. After they had discovered them, they loaded them on the boats and set sail for Hawaii. The first landing made was on the desert island of Kahoolawe, where they buried the cylinders in the sands of a large cave under the precipitous cliffs of the windward coast. They planned to divide it into six parts, and themselves into as many companies, then distribute themselves over the several islands to sell the drug secretly on the plantations.

But suddenly and unaccountably the whole treasure disappeared as if by magic. They believed it had been seized by the customs officers, and made haste to scatter themselves among their countrymen, working on the plantations and in the hidden valleys of Maui and Hawaii.

He himself had been arrested by Sheriff Anderson, but promised immutiny if he would turn State's evidence, and assist in locating the opium. Anderson had instructed him to shadow Barney, who he knew was one of the white officers of the Fay Yan. He also shadowed Rollo

and Russell when they were on the still hunt for the Ghost of Old King Umi among the catacombs. He was watching them when they came across the hollow boulder over the opium. That very night he conveyed all the cylinders to a cave which he had found in the roof of the grotto adjoining the little green valley. He reached it by lassoing a jutting rock and hoisted the cylinders, five at a time, in a sling.

"Great Pele!" whispered Russell; "no wonder we never could find it. We never thought of looking in the *roof* for the wicked stuff."

So far the Attorney for the United States had had his own way, and it seemed impossible to secure a verdict either in Jardine's favor or the Irishman's.

"And didn't Barney know that Spun yarn was one of the mutineers?" asked Russell.

"No; Minelulu told me that the Chinese was taken dangerously ill, the very night they left Canton, and she was the only one who entered the state-room in which he was placed. He was supposed to have a contagious disease."

"Call Mr. Barney Morrissey," said the Attorney for the smuggler.

Barney now entered the court-room and was sworn.

"He's as cool as a frozen cucumber," said Russell; "face as impassive and void of emotion as the Goddess of Liberty on a twenty-dollar gold piece."

After the preliminary questions, Attorney Kinney inquired:

"Mr. Morrissey, how much opium do you estimate is contained in these brass cylinders in question, and what is the aggregate value of their contents?"

"Not *wan cint's worth*, zur. There ain't enough dope in the hull bag of tricks to put a cross-eyed pussy-cat to slape."

There was a subdued buzz all over the court-room,

sounding as when an angry swarm of bees is about to emerge from their hive.

"Do you mean to say that you can prove beyond any question, that not one of these cylinders contains even an ounce or two of the high priced product of the poppy?"

"Yes, zur; and if anybody says as I'm a prevaricatin' av veracity, he may ax the Sheriff of Hawaii, just a comin' forninst the door yander. I come with him not twinty minutes agone from the jail, where them dope cans are locked in under a guard av United States' sogers. We tuk off the seals and on-screwed the kivers, and they wor every wan packed wid the foineest quality av *gold chop Chineese fire crackers and Canton rice*."

A roar of uncontrollable laughter went up from the whole audience, and a yell was immediately heard from the crowd just outside the door, as they learned of this new *coup*. The hilarity was repeated when the Sheriff, with a smile of grim fury, nodded a corroboration of Barney's statement.

He was placed on the stand and added a few details.

The Prosecuting Attorney was beside himself with chagrin and anger.

"This contemptible farce," he remarked in a loud voice, "has aroused more trouble, fuss and discussion in Hawaii than all the recent eruptions of the Volcanoes."

"I wish to recall the witness Ah Sin once more," said Mr. Hitchcock.

Spunyarn was now placed again in the witness box and testified that the 20,000 mats of rice found in the Fay Yan's hold contained nearly a thousand pounds of opium, in tin cans, each about the size and shape of a sardine box. These were taken, he stated, to Kahoolawe with the cylinders. He had not seen them since.

Captain Jardine was now recalled and questioned.

"What do you know about these tin cans of opium and 20,000 mats of rice?" asked the Prosecuting Attorney.

"Nothing at all, except that the rice was taken as freight from Woo Tung Fang Company, of Canton, consigned to Joy Yet Lo Trading Company of San Francisco. This is the first intimation I have had that the mats contained anything else but rice."

"That is very easy for you to assert, Mr. Jardine. Have you any witnesses or ship's papers to prove that you were not smuggling *this opium also* into the territory of the United States?"

The Captain looked very much confused and anxious.

Barney was now questioned and corroborated both Spun yarn's and Jardine's testimony.

"Your honor," said Kinney, "Mr. Morrissey now delivers to the court the Fay Yan's bill of lading of the 20,000 mat bags of rice in question. He was Supercargo of the Fay Yan, and happens to have rescued this particular piece of paper from the wreck."

"I found it among the scraps and curios we picked up before the barrel of gun-powder went off; wasn't it lucky?" whispered Russell to Rollo. "I believe this entirely exonerates Jardine as far as the opium concealed in the rice is concerned."

A general buzz of satisfaction went around the courtroom, as this new development came to light. Nearly every one present sympathized with Captain Jardine; his appearance and address being so kindly and gentlemanly. His benign countenance would indicate that he was a minister of the gospel, rather than an outlaw smuggler. The loss of the cargo and his clipper Fay Yan, had swept away his entire fortune.

"Mr. Morrissey seems to be able to produce most anything he needs out of his vest pocket," said the Prosecuting Attorney, with a suspicion of a sneer. "Perhaps he can dig up the other twenty thousand dollars' worth of opium from some pocket in his *trousers*."

"Opium does not grow on every bush," returned Kin-

ney. "You can't expect a man to produce such a large quantity as you suggest unless there is some object in it."

"Your honor," said the Sheriff, "I was only informed of the existence of this second installment of the drug yesterday, and we at once offered a reward of five thousand dollars for its recovery, to be used as evidence in these litigations; provided the United States can prove a legal right to its confiscation."

"Here is the offer of the reward, printed in the Hilo paper of yesterday's issue."

"And there's nothing like advertising, your honor," burst out Barney. "That's wot the chap said when he advertised in the Honolulu Commercial Advertiser for a boy; an begorra, it wasn't a fortnight before he had *twins* in the family."

At this juncture Boomguy entered the court-room, followed by several Chinese porters. Each carried two bales of flat tin cases, hanging from the ends of his *auamo* (shoulder stick).

"Mr. *Puako* (Boomguy) delivers to the court herewith the tin cans of opium in question, and claims the reward offered by the Sheriff."

There was a hubbub of approval and enthusiasm all over the court-room, which the Judge sternly repressed. Many of the young men who sympathized with Barney, left their seats and, joining the crowd in the court yard, gave three rousing cheers for the Irishman.

Boomguy now took the stand and told how he had found the cans of opium in the cave on Mauna Loa that was occupied by Hiwahiwa and the idols of Old Hawaii. It was concealed in a recess in the pahoehoe behind the hideous image whose comical grimace caused Russell to lapse into hysterics.

At the supper table they told their uncle of these exciting events of the day.

"I can't help feeling a good deal of sympathy for Jar-

dine," said Rollo. "When Barney announced the suddenly discovered substitution of fire crackers and rice for the opium, he was more astonished than any one else. I thought he was going to tumble over in a fainting fit. That was a terrible swindle the opium merchants of Canton or Calcutta—wherever it was—perpetrated on him."

"Don't waste your sympathy until the proper time comes," returned Russell. "There's another chapter to this comedy of errors coming yet:—mark my words."

"I don't see how that can be," remarked Mr. Hadley. "The evidence is all in now. Every one has shown his hand and thrown down his last trump cards."

"Excepting Barney," continued Russell. "I never told you, Rollo, that I *opened* that one cylinder which I found under the slab in the tunnel. When I unscrewed the metal top, I found it full of *genuine opium*, and *not rice and fire crackers*. Now *there's* some food for thought for you."

CHAPTER XXI.



THREE months later found our tourists in Panama.

"A letter from Minelulu!" cried Russell. "Let us sit here on this veranda, embowered by palms, cocoanuts and bananas, and imagine we are back to Paliuli, gazing out over the wimpling, dimpling waves of the Pacific."

"A very appropriate spot too," said Mr. Hadley: "for we have before us now the very landscape gazed upon by Balboa, who was the *first* civilized man to cross the backbone of the continent, and discover this, the *world's mightiest Ocean*. Read the letter aloud, Rollo; it's addressed to you."

"Here goes, then," said Rollo; "listen."

"My dear Rollo and Russell:

"You can hardly imagine with what genuine pleasure I write this, on receiving your note telling me where next to address you. The Steamer Mauna Kea leaves in an hour; so I'm going to condense the news with telegraphic brevity, reserving the details for my next. When you left Hilo, the result of the litigations was uncertain. Now everything seems to be settled. I think I hear you say, 'Who finally got the opium?' Well, Captain Jardine has just returned from San Francisco, and tell's us he *sold* the \$160,000 worth there, and *paid the duty*. You will laugh, I am sure, when you learn that Jardine *re-*

covered the drug; while the United States confiscated the rice and fire-crackers. I suppose Barney will not tell me how it happened, until after—well,—it makes me blush a little to tell you:—just *Minelulu* sounds a little lonesome, and we're going to add another name to it, and then it will read Minelulu Morrissey. Somewhere between its hiding place in the catacombs and the bay of Kailua, that opium suddenly left the cylinders, and its place was taken by the Canton rice. How it was done I'm as puzzled as you are to know; but I have a suspicion that Barney and Boomguy could tell if they wished to. In a conversation I had with Lawyer Kinney this morning, he told me that in the restoration of the contraband drug on the high seas, no smuggling laws were violated; but that Jardine, in his frantic efforts to sell to the Wrecking Company and then to get forcible possession of it through Hicks, was in a desperate fix; and that only Barney's shrewd maneuvers saved him from prison and total loss. He has given Barney the coffee plantation,—one of the finest in Kona,—and is purchasing the adjoining one on which to live himself.

“After the lawsuits Barney brought Jardine up to Paliuli, and we persuaded him to pledge himself that he *never again would engage in unlawful business*. It made me cry for joy, when he gave this pledge, and he wept too, kneeling and putting his head in my lap, as though I were his own mother. We will divide our efforts, spending a part of the time on our plantation, and the rest of it in the Emerald Valley. My Uncle Kalulu has proposed to pass over to me his position as Chief:—he is growing very feeble. Then Barney and I will carry out our plans for educating and Christianizing my dear people. By the way, the will of my great-grandfather McGregor has turned up very suddenly; and by its terms all the lands in and around Paliuli come to me with an unquestioned title. Barney took me up to see the Sandal-

wood orchard;—oh, dear! what a *dizzy scramble* it was! It almost stunned me to see what a valuable legacy dear Grandpa left to me.

“Now, just a few words more. Jim Hicks is in the calaboose, serving a short sentence for the petty larceny of those cylinders. Boomguy is a plantation overseer; and in a few months he will take charge of our coffee ranch. Spunyarn, too, will work for us. He is so devoted to me for nursing him on the Fay Yan that I believe I can make a real good man out of him. Keawe, the guide, sends his *aloha nui loa* (very big love), and wishes you joy, *me ka mahalo o ke Akua* (by the grace of God). Hiwahiwa is on the point of burning his idols and destroying the *heiau*. He says he lost faith in the goddess Pele, when the white-fire river invaded the Pepper-box and destroyed the sacred remains of the Old Kings.

“Barney was really the one who found the opium behind the idols in Hiwahiwa’s secret cave. He received the reward of \$5,000; but by agreement Boomguy got an equitable share, and Spunyarn was not forgotten. With many *alohas* we are your devoted friends,

“MINELULU OF PALIULI AND BARNEY.”

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